



THE FASHIONS

Expressly designed and prepared for the

Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.

THE
ENGLISHWOMAN'S
DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL,

COMBINING

Practical Information, Instruction, and Amusement.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. I.

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of possessing the confidence of Sixty Thousand of the fair sex, our bump of self-esteem rises Titanic amidst its lesser brethren, and we feel that we shall be equal to any emergencies, and that, as we have conquered our post, so, like good soldiers, we shall know how to keep it. And this brings us to consider how we have come to this envied eminence; and, after much reflection, we are led to this—that our acknowledgments will be more suitably returned by deeds—by the accomplishment of our promises—than by the most copious verbiage. Still, at all times is it fitting to express, as far as in us lies, our due sense of the value of benefits received; and, in this belief, do we now offer to the ladies of this Empire our exceedingly grateful recognitions of the generous support they have afforded us. Furthermore, we may declare that, as it has hitherto been our happy lot to minister, to the furthest extent of our ability, to the desires and wishes of our fair friends, so will the goal of our ambition, the aim of all our undertakings, be to retain and increase their good opinions, in order that each successive half-year may be but a division of time to mark the gradual advance of the



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CHAPTER I.

THE LAUNCH.

As goodness only knows the shoals, and quicksands, and perilous weather you and I may have to encounter in the course of this history, now getting under weigh, let us have the satisfaction of starting in a fair sea, and under serene skies. It would be more imposing, perhaps, and redound to the credit of the master mariner, to sail out upon the undiscovered waters amid lightning and tempest, and a very high wind; especially as (the master mariner being also clerk of the weather) nothing is easier than, just before the passengers begin to experience sensations of nausea, and the captain to lose his faculties, and the vessel to exhibit symptoms of dissolution—nothing is easier than to bring-to in a sudden conjuration of halcyon seas and spicy airs. No; life, upon the whole, begins in calm. In childhood and youth we launch many fairy barks, on bright and shining rivers, and sail in them hither and thither, as imagination listeth; and not till after a long by-and-by enter upon serious navigation. And so we will begin in calm, too, and in one of those very fairy barks which Love itself launches. They are ticklish craft, as you know, Mademoiselle the Dear Reader, and have record of in that log of many leaves, which you preserve under lock and key, with your cuffs and collars, and pretty jewels—that log of many leaves, beginning “My dearest love,” and ending with “Your ever attached Frederick;” beginning with “Dear Miss Ponsonby,” and ending “Yours truly;” “Dear madam,” and “Your obedient servant.” You know, Mademoiselle the D. R., that those little craft always sail away from the *terra firma* of matter-of-fact as trim and taut as a Cowes yacht in the month of June; and you also know how dreadfully subject to squalls they are—how difficult it is to keep the bark afloat, under the pressure of tiffs from the sou’-west, or hurricane-quarrels from the north, and how often the captain abandons you on some desolate

island, a prey to the cannibals—your own gnawing miseries. Therefore, though we *do* start in fair weather, prepare for the worst. Still the good ship may come to grief—may be assailed by famine and fire—may founder even before any happy haven is sighted. To such uncontrollable events Mademoiselle must submit, without quarrelling either with me or my chief mate.

Besides, what is the use of varnishing life? The varnish won't stand, even though you lay it on as thick as the japan on your papier-mâché card-tray. For Life lives! and beats, and throbs under the varnish; and the varnish cracks away in hideous patches. The attempt reminds me of two things. Of an old beauty, who was enamelled with the bloom of sixteen every morning, and for the rest of the day dare not move a muscle of her countenance. But one day she burst into a fit of laughter; the mask cracked into fifty fragments, and some fell off, and some curled up; and, behold! my great-grandmother! So it is with Life. Enamel that an inch deep; but in some unexpected moment it laughs at you; and you start with horror before the result. The other simile—well, it is not so dignified as the above, and has reference to the lovely poodle I purchased for four pounds, in Regent-street, and which, after presenting some extraordinary symptoms of uneasiness, had to be ripped open (I mean his beautiful skin had, for it had been glued on); when there appeared a good, honest cur, with no pretence to beauty, but much to fidelity and worth. And here comes in my chief mate, with his views of the matter. He wants to know whether an Ethiopian ceases to be a nigger, if you *do* succeed in combing his hair smooth, and in washing him white; and opines that if you want an unspotted leopard you must flay him: which is an unnatural operation.

And now, having, by our united efforts, clapped as much philosophy and as many figures of speech into this opening address as it can conveniently bear, we call upon the publisher to approach with the bottle; and, having judiciously partaken of its contents—we three—he hurls it at this history, after the manner of an old slipper, and we declare the vessel launched.

CHAPTER II.

THE FAIRY BARK UNDER SAIL.

BUT what do you mean by a calm—in story-telling, or otherwise? My idea of it is associated with a quiet sea, a June sky, a wide summer landscape. If ever you had any idea of a calm without an association with one of these, I'll undertake to stab my ambition with my own steel pen. (Alas! how many a man has done that under no provocation whatever!) Therefore let us ascend Brierly Hill, and take in, in one view, the whole village of that name, and especially Brierly House, over there amongst the trees, and this more modest residence by the brookside which is still called the Mill, though there is nothing of the mill about it, save the foundations of the original edifice. Very quiet and self-contained those two houses are; not a soul is seen moving about the broad grounds of the one, or the tidy little brook-fringed lawn and peaceful orchard of the other. Peaceful? What else? It is such a scene as this that Imagination, which compasses all things, flies to for peace, when Endeavour is thwarted, and Hope is broken on the wheel, and Love returns, alone, and starved, and weary of wing, to die in the nest it was

born in. See the shadow of the rooks skimming over the fields, as the birds fly slowly overhead toward the domiciliary elms. "Cheep, cheep!" cry the grass-hoppers, hopping out of those shadows superstitiously. "Hup! hup!" That is the far-away voice of Farmer Twigg's boy, driving the cattle home across the downs lazily. Lazily blow the summer airs; lazily wave the many boughs; and on the topmost leaves the sunshine dozes lazily. It is all quiet here where we stand, like the quiet of my love, dreaming. It is quiet down there, amongst the meadows, like the quiet of an infant, sleeping. It is quiet over yonder, on the downs, like the quiet of the evening star, watching. And how quiet it is about Brierly House, and about the Mill!

And about you, Mademoiselle the Reader—an exquisite quiet, as you view these scenes so charming. The calm of the afternoon landscape embraces you too, and the ribbons in your pretty bonnet stir only as the leaves do, with the exterior life of the atmosphere. But do you feel no stir within? And as to Brierly House and the Mill, I wonder what stir of strong life and contending thought may be within them, for all the peace they show!

Well, all seems fair enough within too. Here, in one, you may behold two ladies; and one is young and the other is not, and both wear all the repose which ages of nothing to do and generations of gentle ancestry have bred in them; to say nothing of other circumstances, other qualities, which my chief mate insists upon rather savagely. But then he never respected the aristocracy, and I always did. These are very high people indeed. It is true the gentleman of the house is only a baronet; but that is his smallest title to consideration. He really belongs to a family ennobled, for some service which must have been very great—there is so much mystery about it—by that excellent monarch, King James I. Some people affect to laugh at an ancestry thus ennobled; but I say, let those laugh who win. The Grovellys always maintained the Stuart traditions—not the fighting ones, but those of a later date—the gay and gallant ones, the rollicking, good hard-drinking, swearing, courtly ones; which, so far from degenerating after the time of Charles II., culminated in the later days of Queen Anne. At that period the family was rather unfortunate. One member of it fought three duels—two in a tavern and one in Fleet-street, each time killing his man. This made him many enemies. To avoid such a result, another Grovelly ran away when he was challenged (concerning something he had said of Lady F——, a paltry business to fight about!), and had his nose slit in consequence, by two ruffians in the garb of private soldiers, in Covent Garden. A third is suspected of having died in an hospital.

By this time the family had established a respectable branch, which immediately afterwards threw off a foolish branch; so that people said one half the family made the penitence, while the other half had the punishment. But, for my part, I never could discover the difference between them; and therefore have little hesitation in avowing that the present proprietor is of the foolish Grovellys—the head of that branch, in fact. An old man, late married, and now sixty-eight. Lives alone in the west corner of the house—there in those tower-like chambers—and has never been out of them for six years. The ladies dine with him on three days a week, when he exerts himself to the utmost to be polite, and succeeds in a measure which no able-bodied gentleman of this generation is equal to—speaking of the fatigue alone. For the rest of his time, Sir Thomas reads all the new works on all the thirteen diseases he believes himself subject to; a change in the

treatment of whatever disorder happens to be paramount at the time, furnishes him with excitement; while as for meditation, there is that grand problem of his, how to combine the treatment, most equally, of the greatest number of disorders. So, then, looking across the peaceful landscape, you behold Sir Thomas Grovelly in Sir Thomas's chambers.

But the ladies: they have most interest for us. The elder lady—that is to say, Sir Thomas's lady—is of noble blood, too—nobler in point of antiquity than that of her lord—and she is always surrounded by a consciousness of that fact, visible to all observers. Indeed, this intangible self-assertion appeared so strongly when Sir Thomas first brought her home, that his man took instant offence at her man in consequence; and, before many days had elapsed, fought it out with him in the servants'-hall.

My lady, however—whatever may be said of Sir Thomas—appears to have had neither health nor intellect forfeited, in anticipation, by the follies of her forefathers. She is a tall, handsome, robust woman, with large dark eyes, some times bewitchingly frank, sometimes inscrutably cold and glittering; with an imperious mouth, which yet can smile a smile that floods her whole face with sweetness, especially when she permits her eyes to remain so sober and frank, like little islands of rest and shade in a sunshiny lake. Then she has the broad, low forehead of the old Greek women, where now an imperial crown seemed to sit, and now invited every wind in the neighbourhood to kiss it. A dangerous woman in her time—a true sorceress and trapper of men, by no means herself to be trapped. And there she reclines, by an open window in the rear of the house—calm, elegant, with an almost Egyptian dignity and repose; and she looks lazily out on her flower-garden; and her miraculous little foot (at forty-four) is extended, and the half-shed slipper balances at the point of her delicate toes.

But for a specimen of thorough breeding, turn to the younger lady. There is nothing about her which you would call beautiful; for it almost seems as if Nature, having endeavoured to give her fine aristocratic features, had rather overshot the mark, and had put too much of them into the compass of a human face. She is fair—of the genuine fairness of *race*: of our mighty Northern race—and that is the best point about her. She has a grand high nose—dangerously near the limits of grandeur. Her mouth is wide and straight, her lips thin as the scarlet thread she works with, and her teeth form a true white bow within them—all faultless up to the faultiness of waxwork. For every one of these features demands your whole admiration, which, indeed, you willingly give; but, taken together, they make rather a hash of it, so to speak. Her eyes are full, and blue, and cold as sapphires. Look when you will, the *spark* is not there. They disdain to sparkle. You may find the bright drop of dew in the daisy, and in the eyes of most ordinary young persons; but it never appears on your conservatory camellia, and never in the eyes of Adelaide Dacre. Nothing here, if you please, between calm and storm! Is it love? Is it hate? Then I had rather not be the man to be loved or hated.

However, up to the present moment, no passion was ever seen to invade the young lady's eyes. No—nor any emotion; and, certainly, as she bends over that elaborate altar-cloth, now nearly completed for presentation to her favourite church in town, no sign of emotion is visible about her.

But does none exist? Is all so very placid here in the bosoms of these women—

so very serene and undisturbed? Well, no. Observe this young man who comes sauntering in, in a loose shooting-jacket, and who throws himself, with so curious a mixture of abstraction and impatience, on a sofa in the darker end of the apartment. The ladies appear to take little notice of him, though their eyes do rest languidly upon his recumbent figure for a moment, as they ask him whether it is not very warm out of doors, and whether it is not much cooler in that room than in the library. The young man does not appear to be very much interested in these questions, nor they in his answer; but, the fact is, their hearts and heads are full of him. They think of little beside him. Their imaginings compass him about, going or coming, sleeping or waking, in such wise that if they were tangible, and each no stronger than the web of the silkworm, he would find himself very prettily enmeshed. But pray do not misunderstand my application of the word. They would not cross him for their lives; for one is his mother, and the other his cousin, and the lady whom he ought to marry in the natural course of things.

It is true, not a syllable has been breathed on the subject, and it would come as quite a surprising piece of intelligence to one of the parties; for the idea of such a marriage has never yet entered the head of Herbert Grovelly. Lady Grovelly, however, after many, many hours of reflection, has settled the whole matter, resolved all difficulties, arranged how the declaration is to come about, fixed the year and month of the marriage, planned the bride's trousseau, and even rehearsed the marriage ceremony. And Adelaide? She also has decided the question in Herbert's favour; and though the two women have never exchanged a word on the subject, they perfectly understand each other, and, in a thousand agreeable little ways, work together towards the desirable end. Herbert is an only son; Adelaide is an orphan, an heiress (though not a very big one), and Sir Thomas's ward. What could be more desirable? And how much better to arrange these alliances in a pleasant, family way, than to render them open to such disturbances as often arise from becoming connected with a host of new people?

Such being the case, the complacency with which these ladies viewed the affair was well deserved; but our deserts are not all regarded in this world, and lately the ladies have experienced some disturbance. They experience it strongly at this moment, for all their placid demeanour; and even since Herbert has entered the room both are filled with a certain vague suspicion, and instinctively know that they share the feeling.

Now, if you will remove your gaze from Brierly House, leaving my lady with her slipper still dangling on her delicate toes, Adelaide still idling over the altar-cloth, Herbert still tossing his heels on the sofa, with occasional pauses, during which he is absolutely breathless, while, by a strange coincidence, the ladies are then breathless too—if you turn away your eyes from this picture, and carry them over the landscape to the Mill, there we may discover the source of the two ladies' uneasiness.

The Mill is a handsome house enough; but whereas the Grovelly mansion is all richness and elegance, like Adelaide's Brussels veil, the Mill is only a tolerably expensive neatness, like Charlotte Leeson's frock of Indian muslin. Lotty Leeson is the daughter of the house, and the mistress of it, though now she is but eighteen, and very like a child. And not to trouble you, at present, with other details than that her father is an exceedingly simple-minded cattle-farmer, behold her! behold Lotty, surrounded by her walking-dresses, in a terrible

dilemma as to what she shall wear. That is what she is doing, while Mr. Grovelly is tossing on the sofa, and the two great ladies are occupied with a little fidgety suspicion. I hope you perceive the connexion in all this.

Lotty is going for a walk presently—only for a walk—and yet it appears to be a serious undertaking. The time for starting is rigorously fixed for an hour and five minutes from the present moment—as if it were an execution, or a bridal, and not merely a walk—and here we have the little maid, as anxiously divided about the necessary preparations as if she contemplated a journey of a thousand miles, and was forbidden to carry luggage. Well, a person going to be executed starts on a longer journey than that, without luggage—on the journey of death. The bride at the altar also (I am sorry for this association of persons, but I didn't originate it) she begins a new journey of life under similar circumstances; but, as this is *not* a bridal, and *not* an execution, but only a walk——?

But stay. After all, much depends on circumstances; and it is impossible to overlook the strong and various emotions which our little maid so evidently suffers. I do believe there is a bridal in the case, and an execution! See how, while in the very act of choosing between two bonnets, a luminous mist seems to come between her vision and those objects, and how, dropping them, she drops into a chair, and folds her hands upon her lap, and gazes, with a dreamy, beatified gaze, into the luminous mist, which is full of enchantments. You know how much a certain Sultan beheld in a single moment, with his head in a bucket of water. At least as many magic pictures, and infinitely more happy ones, rise into our Lotty's vision and fade away. In them is the whole story of a happy love, and a happy wedded life. I cannot tell you what touching pictures there are amongst them; for there are many noodles abroad, of both sexes, and many hypocrites and slanderers of human nature, who would call the child indelicate, and immodest, and I don't know what, all if, for instance, I revealed that in one of these pictures Lotty beheld herself folded in the arms of a Man, and bending with him over a little fat face in a cradle. Well, I don't care, she did; and fifty other pictures, equally domestic, equally felicitous, equally indelicate; and all your protestations will not persuade me, Mademoiselle, that your head has not been in the bucket too.

A longing smile, half sweet, half sad, and altogether unconscious, plays over Charlotte's face, as her imagination paints these "interiors" on the gauzy summer air; tears tremble under her eyelids, and her lips move as if they themselves would rather break the spell and have done with it, since it was all unreal. They *would* say, "Oh, no!" but they *do* say, "Oh, Herbert!" It is all the same; the enchantment is over, the smile vanishes, the tears fall cold over her freezing cheeks, and there is nothing to be done but to dress, and walk—to execution.

For, in few words, this is how the case stands. This evening is appointed for Charlotte's final answer to Herbert's question, "Will you marry me?" and she is going to say, "No!"

She has argued the whole question out to herself, in a heart-breaking manner. That he loved her was not to be doubted; this she frankly acknowledged a hundred times. And did she really—*really*, you know—love him? Ah, who could doubt that? What nonsense it was to ask herself the question! But then, all this while their affection had been kept perfectly secret. They had met in secret, they had corresponded in secret; it was clear from the beginning that their love could never bear the light, and Herbert must have felt that as well as she; and now what did

he propose? A secret marriage; for it was well understood between them that Lady Grovelly would no sooner sanction their union, than she would sanction what sometimes appeared a natural alternative—their mutual suicide. And then were they not very young?—young enough to wait for many a year yet, if need be? He was scarcely turned of twenty-one, she little more than eighteen. It was true it had been arranged that he was to make a long Continental tour next season, and then in Italy or France she would be sure to lose him!

And Lady Grovelly had always been so kind to her—inviting her often to spend a day at Brierly House when her father (a great favourite with Lady Grovelly) was away on his business, and making her so many pretty presents! How ever could she, Charlotte, face that lady, with the imputation of having taken advantage of her kindness to steal away her son! What would her father think of such conduct? What would the village say? It would never do. She had been foolish to encourage her love for Herbert—foolish to listen to his love for her. And yet——! But never mind. “No” should be the word, and firmly said. Better to suffer once than suffer always; better to suffer for him than with him; and—there’s a great deal of comfort in a broken heart. That last reflection, however, is mine, not Miss Leeson’s. She, poor little dear, had merely a dim consciousness of the fact—a consciousness she shrank from encouraging, though, in truth, it was the only solace she had left.

So the question is settled; and nothing—nothing in the world, she says, as she shakes her weary head at the apple-trees without—shall ever alter her determination. She only wishes it all over, and she lain down to have one last good cry in the dark, and a long sleep.

Meanwhile time passes, and she must soon set forth upon that *via dolorosa*, at the end of which she is to murder her dearest hopes, and bury them. This is an important ceremony; and thus it is that our little maid, who is sensitive and impressionable to the last degree, has so much difficulty about choosing her dress. She would like, for her love’s sake, to look very pretty; especially as that is natural to her. But to look pretty, and to feel so very sad! There is a difficulty in that which only a moment’s reflection magnifies into monstrous proportions. And, then, is it quite in character to break a lover’s heart, and one’s own, in such an engaging little bonnet as that which she supports on the tips of her fingers? In imagination, Lotty sees her chin faltering above the pretty new strings, as she says “No,” and thinks it will not do. Besides, what insincerity—what coquetry, or worse—would appear in the endeavour to engage her lover’s admiration at the moment when she declared against him? Who knows? He might think it a trick! Ah, that puts the question out of doubt at once. And yet, what harm is there in trying to look nice? If they are never, never to meet again, that is a reason why he should carry away with him as pretty an image of her as possible, at the last. On the other hand, a sad, sober dress would be most appropriate; but Herbert *might* imagine it a little trick too—planned to work upon his feelings—to seduce him to overbear a resolution she never meant to keep.

Such trivial *pros* and *cons* can occupy Lotty’s mind, for all its perturbation and distress. Were she a thoroughbred lady, like Miss Dacre, they would never have occurred to her; but she is not.

At length Charlotte decides, and is ready to take that walk. With the best intentions in the world, she *has* made herself very pretty; and her tears are over:

and as her passions are all at war together in her heart, not one is left to give life to her face. She slips out of the house, and the procession has commenced.

Look! Almost at the same moment, Miss Dacre abandons the altar-cloth—quietly. The suspicion we wot of has been growing and growing—increased by every glance at the young man on the sofa, until it has taken root like a superstition. To resolve it, she glides from the room, takes her hat and scarf, catches up a book, and sails out, stately and noiseless as a Greek brigantine. Lady Grovelly, anticipating her intention, watches for Adelaide's appearance at a wicket, opposite the window, and at the end of the grounds; and, presently, beholds her sail through it, with much apparent satisfaction. Indeed, as Miss Dacre turns towards the house for a moment, my lady unconsciously nods approval.

You may now observe that the two young ladies—the one with her book, the other with her beating heart—are slowly approaching the same spot; and, just as Lotty enters the Brierly plantation from the south end, Adelaide enters it from the north. Not the least curiosity is apparent in Miss Dacre's demeanour—she is a mere saunterer, evidently; and yet Lotty, whose glances pierce through and through the plantation on every side, fails to catch a glimpse of her; and that though they have passed and repassed each other several times.

Miss Dacre may have observed that Lotty always lingers longest at a little break in the plantation, whence several young trees have lately been removed; and perhaps the young lady derives inferences from the circumstance. However that may be, she presently seats herself, with becoming deliberation, behind a tolerably thick clump of underwood in the neighbourhood of the small clearing; and, opening her book, begins to read. It is a good book; and is very well known as the "Christian Year."

Enter Herbert—suddenly. Lotty starts and trembles, as if she were a poor little snared partridge, and this the eager poacher who was about to take her by the neck, and kill and eat her. And, like the little bird, she does not attempt to flutter away, but remains still, and trembles. The other young lady, who cannot be unconscious of Herbert's approach, peruses the "Christian Year" undisturbed.

The young man, then, has not been tossing and fidgeting all the afternoon for nothing, it seems. It is a pity though, perhaps, that he allowed his thoughts to appear so plainly in his demeanour, thus enabling his female folk to divine that he was to meet Someone this evening, as they had discovered he had met her before.

"Well, dear Lotty!" says he, taking possession of her hand.

"Well, dear Herbert!" says she, resigning it.

And, notwithstanding all resolutions to the contrary, when he bowed his head to kiss her, she lifted her face to kiss him.

Of course there was a little pause after that, during which their eyes and hands exchanged salutations, answering to our "How do you do, to-day?" and "How charming you look!" and "How long it seems since last we met!" with other sentiments more tender yet, but which are not set down in our common colloquial formula. Lotty herself would have been well content to have kept up the conversation in this wise till sundown—that is to say, till parting time; and I am persuaded that thus she might have disburdened herself of her resolution, urged all her arguments in its favour, answered all her lover's against it—without any passage of words between them. And I am very sure she would have come out of the struggle victorious—in that case.

As it was, they had not taken three turns backward and forward in the clearing, before Lotty's hand opened communication with Herbert's; though how I cannot tell, except that her fingers shrank and fluttered in his. They replied by a warm, strong grasp, but Lotty's fingers only shrank the more, and fluttered the more, and a living current of cold trembled through them. Already they had communicated enough to create anxiety and surprise. So the young man brought the pacing up and down to a sudden conclusion, and turned our little maid's face



towards him, and looked fair and steadfast into her eyes, that swam, and flickered, and glowed amidst their two tears, like the sun's reflection in the sea. By that time the young man knew pretty well all about it.

However, he said nothing at present, but releasing her head, which he had held between his two strong hands while he regarded her, turned about and sauntered on a little before her in silence. For, in fact, he was shocked, and even angry. Twenty years at least had he lived in the world, and not once had he been thwarted in any desire (for reasons that will afterwards appear), hardly in any expectation. With regard to this affair, he had looked on its difficulties as the romance of it; anticipating no more than that they should give it zest. And though he by no means lacked generosity, he could not help thinking to himself that if *he* made light of the obstacles that lay between them, Lotty could scarcely be sincere in doing otherwise. It was this reflection that made him angry; but with the thought his anger passed away. Then it occurred to him that Charlotte might have observed his impatience, and that it distressed her. So he desisted from

scourging the grass with his stick, and turned to look kindly at her. No, she was not distressed—rather worse; for all her emotions were at war together in her heart, and not one was left to give life to her face. It was pitifully pale and passionless, and her eyes, that saw not, were addressed to the ground.

Herbert was not the man to stand this. His countenance burst into a flame at least half pale tenderness, though the other half was red anger, and he cried, "Charlotte!" in a reproachful tone.

"Dear Herbert!" said she, still timidly, and clasping both her hands round his arm while she looked up to him; "I have thought about it ever since, and it cannot be!"

"Nonsense, my dear!"

"Ah no, but it cannot, indeed!"

"Tell me why, then."

"Oh, so many, many things! But you know what you promised. You said, if I would think it well over for two days, and meet you here, you would let me give a woman's answer, yes or no, without reason why."

And here she smiled—to please him, but the smile had not that effect.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that would have been all very well if you had said yes. I never dreamed—— Didn't you know you were expected to say yes?"

"I knew you wished me to say so."

Ah! that wistful, miserable look! I have seen such an one when a child has been stood in a corner and forbidden to approach baby for a punishment. It had such an unreasonable effect on the young man that he laughed a low, triumphant laugh, with a touch of the crowing of a cock in it, and fairly hugged our little maid.

All this while, Miss Dacre was perusing the "Christian Year," in which work there are many beautiful, soothing little pieces.

"Now, Charlotte," said her lover, while she adjusted the pretty bonnet—a work which she never seemed able to accomplish without opening her mouth somewhat—"now, Charlotte, confess."

"What, Herbert?"

"That you weep and cry 'No,' like other foolish little brides, only because the moment has come for the irrevocable 'Yes'?"

He looked so sure of his answer this time, that Lotty's heart sank within her, and she was afraid. And all the more because behind the bright, earnest glance that lighted on her face, she beheld a certain expression that had vaguely troubled her before, and his mother too, and Miss Dacre a little.

But Lotty had a stupid, honest heart, with no invention, and no tact. She could not hide her affliction at this tone, nor find him any new answer; but, very seriously and solemnly, she said—

"Herbert, don't let us deceive ourselves. Don't let us talk any more about it. I thought it wise of you when you said I might give you an answer without why or wherefore; for what is the use of debating them when—when we are together? You know what the reasons are. You know—(sob)—I'm sure, dear Herbert, I'm almost as willing as you to disregard them. But suppose we *did* disregard them, what would happen? Who knows what would happen?"

"Happiness, Lotty."

"For a little time—for a long time, perhaps. But your mamma, you love her

too; and how dreadfully disappointed, how dreadfully angry she would be! And then your papa—all your friends—your cousin, Miss Dacre!"

"To Jericho with my cousin, Miss Dacre! What has he to do with it?"

"Well, it would be awkward, Herbert. And then, my father. He would be as angry as Lady Grovelly. He would say, 'Here have I, and my family before me, been growing rich as tenants on this estate for more than a hundred years. My grandfather was once little better than a labourer on it. Now what does this forward creature mean by—by——'"

"Taking such a liberty?" suggested her lover, bitterly.

"Well, my dear, *something* like that! He might feel it as a disgrace—and be not the less anxious for my happiness either!"

"I don't understand, Charlotte."

"We might both suffer. There is much danger of your being disappointed me—many chances of your being sorry and ashamed of having married me, when you grow older, and mix in society more; and—we might both suffer!"

She shook her head, continued to look down, and to swing her foot over the grass, and said no more. Herbert stood silent too. At length he gently said—

"Well, dear Lotty, I see what you mean. You think we had better bother no more about this affair at present; better forget it; better wait—though, for my own part, I had as soon hang myself!—and hope, and meet as before."

"That will be almost as bad, won't it?" faltered our little maid—not so sure of her ground now, but striving bravely to keep firm and upright. Herbert appeared astonished.

"Why, what does this mean, Charlotte?" said he.

"I think—(sob)—I think we had better *not* meet again, as before. I came determined to say good-bye!"

Herbert, bethinking himself a moment, replied cruelly, and with that troubling air about him, which, however, Lotty did not see.

"Ah!" he said, "I perceive how it is. While for love of you I am ready to meet all risks without question, for love of me you have set them all down on paper, added them up, multiplied them by five—[a strange, savage, humorous look about him now; and no wonder, for five little children present themselves before his mind]—and, finding they do not balance with other chances, you decline the venture! Very well!"

And thereupon the young man wheeled about, and sauntered up the plantation—not in the direction of Brierly House, but in Lotty's way home. By this she knew he was not downright disgusted and done with her; and that gave a little ease to her heart, otherwise ready to break. The little simpleton!

He paused. He sauntered back a little way. "Shall I see you through into the road, Charlotte?" he cried.

A simpleton, indeed! She said, "Thank you, Herbert!" advanced and took his arm, and even smiled at him, as much as to say, "And now it's over, and all's for the best." Whether that was the view *he* took of it remains to be seen.

What more passed between them I do not know; but they lingered long by the gate which led out of the plantation. Sometimes they seemed to speak earnestly—once he had both her hands in his, and they parted not without tenderness.

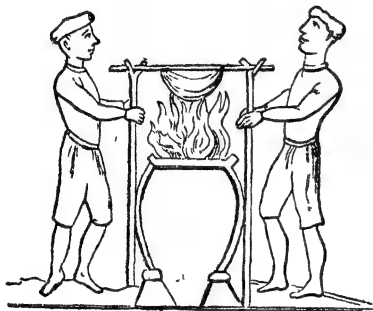
The sun has set, the dark has fallen. Good night! The lovers have gone their several ways, and Miss Dacre, closing her little book, sails elegantly home.

THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

ANCIENT BRITONS AND ANGLO-SAXONS.

"Old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp."

THE inventions, the conveniences, the privileges, and the wonders of this boasted—nor unwisely, or without reason be-praised—nineteenth century, are so rapid, so wonderful, and so various, that few amongst us sufficiently contemplate



COOKS.

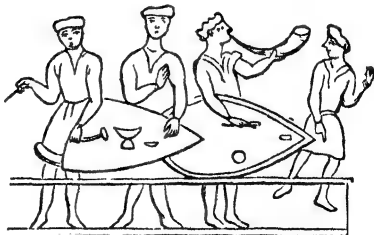
(From the Bayeux Tapestry—1035.)

or remember how very gradual has been the growth and development of that civilization with which we are surrounded, and from which we derive so many incalculable advantages. The folly of overlooking or forgetting the steps by which any nation, and particularly a great nation like ours, has risen from obscurity to the highest pinnacle of earthly glory, is, however, self-evident; and we believe that so great an oversight arises, in most instances, rather from want of thought than from any wilful determination to ignore or forget the deep debt of gratitude which we

owe to our forefathers, for their inventions and their industry, from which we are reaping so large and abundant a harvest.

The old boast of the ballad-maker, and his gibes at Parliamentary proceedings, are not so senseless as may, at first sight, appear; for, as Burke says, "Manners are of more importance than laws, as upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend." Happily, the history of "*common things*" is assuming a proper importance, and the chronicling of every-day events growing a more, and still more, important work; nor can we imagine a subject fraught with deeper interest to the women of England than an examination of the domestic history of their own country.

If we wander, in imagination, to the days—not before the flood, but before the descent of the Romans, or the appearance of the Saxons, we shall behold our most rightly-denominated "rude forefathers," grimly tattooed, stained with woad, dwelling in dens and caves, and contented to take for food the green herb whose seed was in itself. How different, even from these men, were the brave warriors who opposed the landing of Cæsar, whose bodies, if only covered with skins of beasts (worn with the fur inward), were, at least, no longer disfigured and

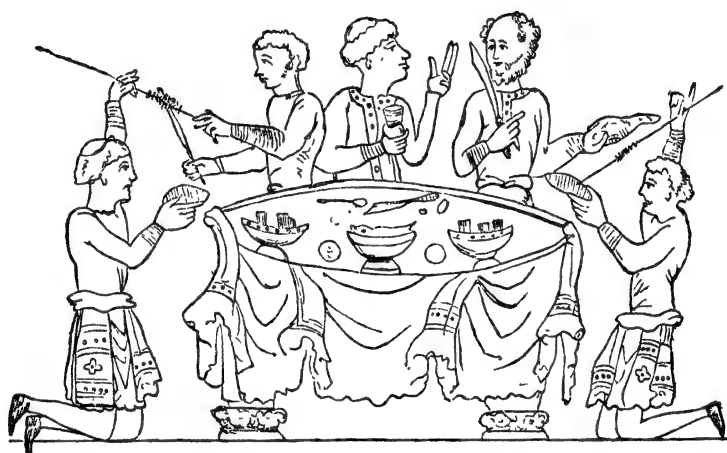


SERVANTS CARRYING UP THE DINNER.

(From the Bayeux Tapestry.)

unclothed, and whose homes—though, as yet, merely osier defences, interlaced with boughs, and daubed with untempered mortar, and in shape very strongly resembling tea-canisters (the part where the lid shuts being left open, to allow the smoke to pass out)—were yet a very great advance upon the hiding-holes of former generations. Beasts that had been killed in the chase began, also, to serve for food, while acorns, wild berries, and roots proved accessories to, instead of forming the principal feature of, their meals.

When we remember that, at the time when the Romans first invaded Britain, the country was full of bogs and marshes, and covered with innumerable forests, we shall not be surprised to learn that they had nothing answering to the Roman, or our own, ideas of a city or town. Indeed, Cæsar expressly says that what the Britons call a town was a tract of woody country, surrounded by a *vallum* (or high bank) and a ditch, for the security of themselves and cattle against the incursions of their enemies; and Strabo tells us that the forests of the Britons



DINNER, AND SERVANTS SERVING THE MEAT FROM THE SPITS, ON THEIR KNEES.—(From Strutt.)

were their cities, for, when they had inclosed a very large circuit with felled trees, they built within it houses for themselves and hovels for their cattle. These buildings were very slight, and not designed for long duration.

How the Romans felled forests, drained the fens, built bridges and walls, and made splendid roads right across the country, is a matter of history too well known to need any comment; sufficient for us to remember that these works wrought great physical as well as social changes in the country, and paved the way for the introduction of pasturage and agriculture.

All that we know of the rough manner in which the hovels of the Britons were furnished, is derived from some of their earlier coins, where we find the interior of habitations furnished with seats resembling our modern chairs, stools like the crickets of our peasantry, and others composed of round blocks of wood, while upon the walls are ranged the arms of the warriors.

By this time it is probable that the house was built with large stones, laid on each other without mortar. The upper rooms only were lighted by windows.

There is no appearance of chimneys; and the doorway is one of the gables, and reaches more than half-way to the top. The Saxons made bricks, but they were thin, and were called wall-tiles.

The oldest kitchens in this country are said to have been built by the Romans. They were mostly octagonal, and had several fire-places, but no chimneys; there was no wood in the building; and a stone conical roof, with a turret at top, let out the steam and smoke; but some of the kitchens had a vent below the eaves, to let out the steam. In the first stage of the art of baking, however, the use of ovens was unknown, and the cake, when properly kneaded, was toasted, either upon a warm hearth or upon a gridiron. Such was the bread of the Anglo-Saxons; and an excellent proof of their baking it after this fashion is to be found in the well-known anecdote of King Alfred in the neatherd's hut; so that the Roman ovens, like their baths, must have fallen, after their departure from this country, first into disuse, and afterwards into ruins. The next public bakers were the monks, since bake-houses were found as appendages to monasteries; and the host, or consecrated bread, was baked by the monks with great ceremony. In olden times tenants were compelled to bake at their lord's oven, as they were also obliged to grind corn at his mill. Although the monks were early bakers, they do not appear to have fared much more sumptuously than the people, as far as bread was concerned; for the Anglo-Saxon monks of the Abbey of St. Edmund, in the eighth century, ate barley bread, because the income of the establishment would not admit of their feeding twice or thrice a day on wheaten.

But to return to their domiciles. We find, first, that the floor served for a bed, and the mantle of the sleeper for a blanket; though in winter, no doubt, they had recourse to the additional warmth of shaggy skins. Wooden bowls and platters, and the celebrated baskets of osier-work, would contain their provisions and other necessities; and, in addition to these, they had, as already mentioned, articles of coarse pottery, consisting of bowls, cups, and jars. Moreover, these houses consisted of but one large circular room, or hall, with a fire in the middle, round which the whole family, visitants, men, women, and children, slept on the floor, in one continued bed of straw and rushes. According to Cæsar, ten or twelve families used to live under one roof; which excited unfavourable suspicions in the minds of strangers accustomed to a more decent manner of living, and gave rise to the impression of the general prevalence of promiscuous polygamy, an idea which—judging from the storm of indignation that the conduct of Cartimandua, Queen of the Brigantes, raised, and from the sympathy extended to Boadicea and her daughters, and the undoubted influence for good that the Saxon women exercised over their husbands and sons—was, probably, without any real foundation. Indeed, the British ladies not only excelled in fairness, and in the whiteness and softness of their persons, but were held in general respect—assuming, as well as men, the prophetic office, and dictating for the emergency of the future. Occasionally they held the sovereignty of states, and commanded armies on the field of battle; and this is the reason that some of the sepulchres, when opened, display an assortment like the commodities of Ulysses, when he went to discover Achilles—viz., implements of housewifery, trinkets, and warlike weapons.

We do not know what particular ceremonies were used at the interment of the dead, but, from the contents of the graves, we find that, like other

nations, they buried with the body whatever they accounted most valuable. The prodigious labour with which the old British barrows (or burying-places) were constructed—by soil, in many cases brought from a great distance—and the care and ingenuity displayed in their forms, excite the wonder of modern ages. The most elegant of all these barrows are those known as the Druidical barrows, which appear to have been generally occupied by females, from the fact of their containing trinkets of a finer and more feminine character, and bones of a smaller size than those of the others.

All ceremonies in the first stages of society are necessarily few and simple; and little more seems to have been customary, in contracting marriages among the early Britons, than the mutual affection of the individuals, and a few presents expressive of that affection, delivered to each other in the presence of their friends, at the marriage feast, to which all relations of both parties who were within the third degree of kindred were invited by the bridegroom, at his own house, on the day when the bride was conducted thither by her friends. When nobles or chiefs married, they made presents at this feast to their friends; but at the nuptials of the poorer classes, the friends of the couple made them small presents, according to their ability or generosity. On the morning after the marriage, the husband made his wife a present of considerable value, according to his circumstances, and this gift became her peculiar property, and was entirely at her own disposal.

The wives of the ancient Britons, especially of their warriors, had not only the management of their domestic concerns, but the care and direction of the whole affairs of the family without doors—the husbands being constantly employed either in war or hunting, and, even when not so engaged, were too lazy or too proud to labour.

As the women among the ancient Britons were generally of robust and healthy constitutions, and led simple, innocent, and rural lives, they brought forth their children with little pain or danger, and often without any assistance or interruption to their business. When a birth was attended with any difficulty, they put certain girdles, made for that purpose, round the women, which they imagined gave immediate and effectual relief. These girdles, which were believed to facilitate the birth of heroes, are reckoned in the poems of Ossian among the treasures of kings. Such girdles were kept with care until very lately, and not improbably our readers may have seen them among the old families in the highlands of Scotland. They are impressed with mystical figures; and the ceremony of binding them about the women's waists was accompanied with words and gestures which showed the custom to have been derived originally from the Druids.

It was the practice of all Celtic nations to plunge their new-born infants into some lake or river, even in the winter season, with a view to try the firmness of their constitution and to harden their bodies; and every mother in Britain, not excepting even those of the highest rank, nursed all her own children, without having the least idea that it was possible for any other woman to perform that maternal office.

If we may believe Solinus, the ancient Britons had also a custom of putting the first morsel of food into their son's mouth on the point of the father's sword, with the prayer that the child might prove a brave warrior, and die on the field of battle.

That it would be beneath the dignity of heroes to roast, bake bread, and

mix mead (cunningly invented by some ancient observer of the subtle chemistry of nature), is no more than might be expected; and though we are not certain for how many generations in this country men and women have existed willing and ready to serve as "hired servants," we do know that, for a lengthened period before hiring became the fashion, all manual labour was performed by slaves taken in battle, who were placed at the plough and at the spit, and performed, whether willingly or not we have no means of ascertaining, all the mind of their masters.

For very many years these serfs or slaves, whatever might have been the amount or the nature of their service, never lived in the same huts as their masters; and when we remember that the first Saxon church was only constructed with watlings, or hurdles interwoven with osiers or other pliable wood, we see at once that the cost of a separate domicile for the serfs would be so small, and the conveniences arising from such arrangements so great, that we are not surprised to learn that the *Bondarii*, the *Cottarii*, as well as the *Villiens*, lived upon their lord's land in their own hovels, waiting his wishes, and ready to perform any service he might require.

The former were bound to provide poultry, eggs, and other similar articles for their master's table, while the *Cottarii*, who were instructed at the expense of their lord in such handicraft as is indispensable in the country, pursued their several operations for his sole benefit.

These serfs or bondmen generally married amongst themselves, and the number of *servi* is registered in Domesday Book at 26,000, in addition to which it enumerates about 184,000 *Villarii*, *Bondarii*, and *Cottarii*. The progress of Christianity after the Conquest contributed much to alleviate, not only the sufferings of these unhappy serfs, but also to diminish their numbers, as their manumissions were greatly promoted by the clergy, without whose assistance, indeed, we do not see how they ever could have been freed, since a cruel law declared, "*Na bondman may buy or purches his libertie with his awin proper gudes or geir, because all the cautel and gudes of all bondmen are understand to be in the power and dominion of the maister, swa that without consent of his maister, he may not redeme himself out of bondage with his awin proper denires or money.*"

By a law of Wihtred, it was also declared that a man who gave meat to his servants on fast days was liable to be punished in the pillory; and if the servant ate of it of his own accord, he was either fined or bound to "suffer in his hide." It was no unusual thing in those days for servants to be branded, as cattle are now, with the initials of their owner, and nearly all wore a collar round their necks as a badge of servitude.

The very absurd and pernicious idea entertained by the Caledonians and ancient Britons, that any employment except that of arms was undignified and beneath the attention of free men, contributed in a great measure to prevent these unhappy men from bettering their forlorn condition. Not only did their traditions declare that the "labourers" lived despised and died unlamented, but also affirmed that the souls of such, after death, hovered in the lower regions among fens and marshes, and never mounted the winds, nor mingled with the souls of warriors in their airy halls—nay, not only were the workers despised and rejected, but the fruits of their industry were seized as lawful prey; no wonder, therefore, that labour languished, and that the most necessary and useful arts were neglected.

Even in the reign of William I., "the cottager that holdeth a cottage, or a croft

or a roode land, shall do manual worke with one man every weeke in the yere for one day; and from the 1st of August shall also do all manner of other worke as the *nativie* do; also he shall not marry his daughter without lycence, nor make his son a priest!"

For a lengthened period, the only labour required by the lord of the manor subsisted in connexion with handicraft and agricultural pursuits; women, as servants, therefore, had no share in domestic work, from the very fact that domestic life could scarcely then be said to exist. Shepherds attended Saxon flocks, milked the ewes, made the cheese. Even the chamber of rest, which, in "kings' palaces," contained only a bed, with thick boards, a thin covering, and stiff, hard pillows, was prepared by *men* ("beer-servants," as they were called); nor had women penetrated into the kitchen even at the time of the Conquest, as may be seen from the accompanying engraving, copied from the Bayeux tapestry. Tradition also tells the not improbable tale of an opulent Saxon dame, living at this period, who bequeathed her cook to one of her friends. We wonder what Soyer would have said to such a proceeding.

Our ancestors used to rise at five, break their fast at nine,* making supper their principal meal, upon which occasions the guests sat in a circle on the ground, with a little hay or grass, or the skin of some animal, under them. A low table or stool was set before each person, with the portion of meat allotted to him upon it. If any one found a difficulty in separating any part of his meat with his hands and teeth, he made use of a large knife that lay in a particular place (lacqueys were not) for the benefit of the whole company. The host and hostess, together with their children, stood behind the guests, ready to assist them to drink or anything else they might require; and when at length (*see engraving*) servants were introduced to wait at table, we see in their lowly attitudes the reverence with which they beheld their master and his friends. It is to be noticed that the cooks are here offering the meat on the spits upon which it has been cooked. The chief visitors were placed in the middle, and the next in rank on the right and left. And by the time of Canute, the ceremonies and forms of the festal board had assumed such consequence, that a person sitting out of his proper place was to be pelted from it by bones, at the discretion of the company, without the privilege of taking offence. Square tables and long benches now began to be customary, and the mistress of the house sat, as at present, at the head of the table, upon a raised platform under a canopy, and distributed the provisions to the guests, whence came the modern title of lady—*i. e.*, *læf-dien*, or the server of bread. The tables were covered with fine cloths, some very costly; a cup of horn, silver, silver-gilt, or gold, was presented to each person; other vessels were of wood, inlaid with gold; the benches and seats were carved like animals, and covered with embroidery.

The drinking customs of the Danes, and the practice of sitting and pledging each other in strong drink, produced so much quarrelling, that several Saxon and Norman laws were enacted against these customs; and it will be remembered that the singular practice of dividing bowls and tankards into stages by pegs commenced at this period. These tankards usually held two quarts, so that there

* To rise at five, to dine at nine,

^ Makes a man live to ninety-nine.

was a gill of ale—i. e., half a pint—Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person that drank was to empty the tankard to the first peg or pin, the second to the next pin, and so on. Peg-tankards, made of maple-wood, have been found in Derbyshire, and one is to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum. A finer specimen, of undoubted Anglo-Saxon work, formerly belonging to the Abbey of Glastonbury, is now in the possession of Lord Arundell of Wardour. It holds two quarts, and formerly had eight pegs inside, dividing the liquor into half-pints. On the lid is carved the Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John, one on each side of the Cross; and round the cup are carved the twelve Apostles.

Ale is mentioned in the laws of Tia, King of Wessex, who ascended the throne about the year 689. It was the favourite liquor of the Anglo-Saxons and Danes—it is constantly mentioned as one of the constituents of their feasts—and so attentive were the Saxons to its quality, that, in their time, it was the custom in the city of Chester, that any person who brewed bad ale should either be placed in a ducking-chair, or, in lieu of that punishment, should forfeit four shillings.

For several centuries, knowledge was confined to the clergy, and children gained orally what little instruction there was to be imparted; many psalms, and some books, were learned by heart; while so minute are the accounts of education of this period, that figs, grapes, nuts, almonds, apples, pears, and money are stated to have been the school rewards. Needlework, from the earliest time, has always formed an important branch in the education of women; and the work of the Anglo-Saxon ladies was soon celebrated, both in England and abroad; indeed, we are told that, a long, long time ago, women were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed-furniture; and ladies of rank nowise considered it derogatory to embroider the hangings of the State-bed; in fact, the leisure hours of Saxon women (even including those of the highest rank) were chiefly spent in spinning, with this exception, that they occasionally ground corn, in hand-mills, after the custom of Eastern countries. Neither was it considered any dishonour for the lady of the house to be much among her maidens (chiefly, we presume, because they were literally they of her own household—not strangers within the gates), helping and working, in common with them, at the distaff, the loom, and the needle. The various kinds of work then practised would astonish the most industrious modern female; and many curious books of patterns were produced. It is supposed that such books were generally cut to pieces, and used by women to work upon, or transfer to their silk or cloth.

The dwellings of the higher classes appear to have been completely and, for the age, splendidly furnished; and the walls hung with silk, richly embroidered with gold or colours—all the work of our Saxon ancestresses. Ingulphus mentions some hangings ornamented with golden birds in needlework, and a veil or curtain, upon which was represented, in embroidery, the "Destruction of Troy." While another historian tells how a certain Saxon lady, proud of the exploits of her husband, worked, in the same fashion, the gallant actions of her spouse.

The daughters of Edward the Elder were taught to occupy themselves in this manner; and Alfred, in his will, terms the female part of his family the spindle side; and the word *spinster*, applied in the present day to unmarried females, had its origin in an age when the distaff really occupied a large portion of their time.

The names of many of the Anglo-Saxon women are very gentle and expressive,

affording a fair hint of the high estimation in which they were held by their husbands—for instance, Wynfreda means the peace of man; Addele is the noble wife; Deorwyn, dear to man; Deorswythe, very dear; Winnefride, a winner or gainer of peace.

Saxon women might, until they were fifteen years of age, be married, by their father, to whomsoever he pleased; but after that period their destiny was in their own hands. Wives could be associated with their husbands in law-suits; were possessors of land, of slaves, and of other property; they might make wills; and assumed the guardianship of their children upon the death of their husbands; and the respect paid to them, and the position they occupied, appear to have been greater, among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, than some of the general characteristics of their state of society might have led us to expect. Women mingled indiscriminately with men at the dining-table. It was a customary and laudable practice for water to be brought to a stranger on entering any house, to wash his hands and feet; indeed, their habits of personal cleanliness deserve to be especially noted, for the advantages arising from frequent ablutions were well known—warm baths being constantly used, and held in such estimation, that the deprivation of them was inflicted by the Church as a penance, and cold bathing imposed as a mortification.

With regard to their coinage, a Saxon pound was nearly three times the weight of our present money, and there were forty-eight shillings in a pound, and five pence made a shilling; consequently, a Saxon shilling was nearly a fifth heavier than ours, and a penny three times as heavy. A sheep, by the laws of Athelstan, was estimated at 1s.—i. e., 1s. 3d. of our money. The fleece was two-fifths of the value of the whole sheep—much above its present estimation; and the reason probably was, that the Saxons, like the ancients, were little acquainted with any clothing but what was made of wool. An ox was computed at six times the value of a sheep; a cow, at four. If we suppose that, from the defects in husbandry and pasturage, cattle were not so fine, or so large, as they are at present in England, we may compute that money was then of ten times greater value than it is now. A man was valued at 3*l*.; and a father, when compelled by necessity, might deliver up his son to a state of servitude, i. e., slavery, without the child's consent; but a child above fifteen might evade this power by choosing a religious life.

A horse was valued at about 3*l*6*s*. of our present money, or thirty Saxon shillings; a mare at a third less. In Athelstan's time a ram was valued at a shilling, or fourpence Saxon; and tenants of Shireburn paid, according to choice, sixpence or five fat hens. From one of the Saxon chronicles we learn that, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, there was so terrible a famine that a quarter of wheat rose to sixty pennies, or 15*s*. of our present money; consequently it was as dear as if it cost 7*l*. 10*s*. Between the years 900 and 1000, Edwith bought a hide of land for about 118 shillings of our present money. This was little more than an acre, which appears to have been the usual price, as we may learn from other accounts. A hide was a common measure of land, and contained about 120 acres.

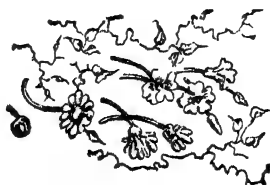
The progress of the Anglo-Saxons in the arts of design and painting was very limited. The talents of the artists varied, but none bear the impress of genius, and few even of correctness; what little art was exercised was chiefly employed in illuminating manuscripts. That the art of engraving on metals was not unknown, is proved by a jewel found in the Isle of Athelney, in Somersetshire, bearing the

inscription in Saxon letters, "Alfred commanded me to be made." This jewel is of pure gold enamelled, and on one side partly faced by crystal; the weight is somewhat more than an ounce, and the length about two inches and a half. It is of an oval form, but at the lower end is a projecting head of some sea-monster, from whose jaws issues a small tube, within which is fixed a pin of gold, intended, probably, to connect this ornament with a band or collar, when worn pendent from the neck. The edge has a purple border of a rich net or filagree work; at the inner side of the inscription is a narrow border of gold, edged with small leaves or escalops, which fasten down a thin plate of crystal. This covers a kind of outline representation of a half-length male figure, with a grave countenance, wrought upon the area within. His head is somewhat inclined to the right, and in each hand is a sceptre, or rather lily, the flowers of which rise above the shoulders, but are joined at the bottom. On the reverse of the jewel, upon a thin plate of gold (retained in its place by the purple border), on a matted ground, is a larger lily, the stalk and leaves rising from a bulbous root, and the upper part expanding into three flowers, not ungracefully disposed. The reader may be surprised at so curious a specimen of art in these early times; but it must be recollected that Asser, in his life of that King, states that, when Alfred had secured peace to his subjects, he resolved to extend among them a knowledge of the arts, for which purpose he collected, "from many nations, an almost innumerable multitude of artificers, many of them the most expert in their respective trades."

The art of making glass was also brought into this country from the Continent (France). The founder of the Abbey of Wearmouth requiring the monastery windows glazed, caused cunning workmen to come over to Britain, and instruct his countrymen, who were, according to Bede, "helpless and ignorant" of the manufacture of glass. So much for the state of art.

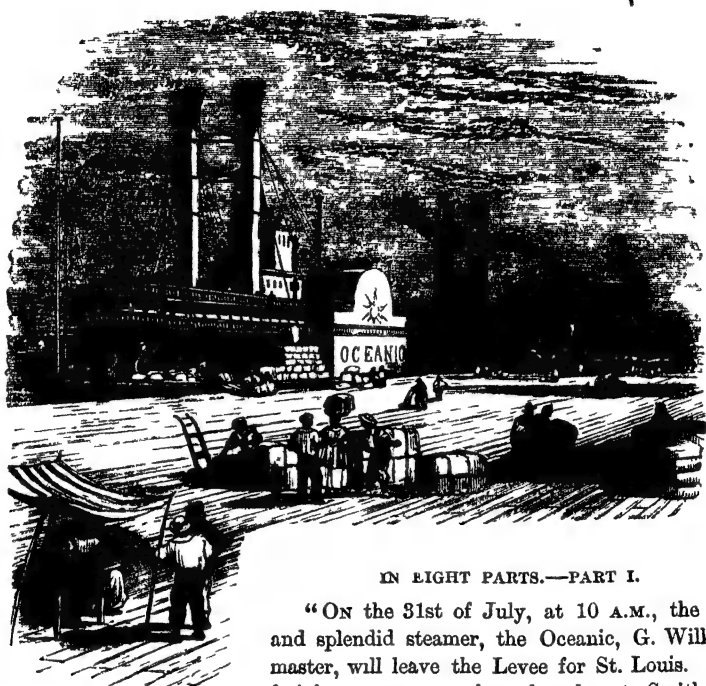
We cannot leave the Anglo-Saxons, however, without a tribute of admiration for their many and great virtues. Their talents were, by nature, far from despicable, their industry was real, and their ingenuity progressive. Their laws betray a spirit of natural equity, and their institutions were founded on notions of freedom and justice; women were respected, and children carefully educated. As a whole, their kings were brave and honest, their nobles hospitable, their women chaste, and their peasantry industrious. How many advantages we enjoy that are traceable to their influence and institutions! and probably we are not very far wrong when we say that this nation owes more to the Anglo-Saxons than to any of its other rulers and governors; for it was through their influence that the foundation was laid of nearly all that is great and honourable in the English character.

M. S. R.



AMONGST THE AMERICANS.

BY F. GFRSTÄCKER.



IN EIGHT PARTS.—PART I.

"ON the 31st of July, at 10 A.M., the fast and splendid steamer, the Oceanic, G. Wilkins, master, will leave the Levee for St. Louis. For freight or passage apply on board, or to Smith and Richfield, agents, No. 52, Custom House-street."

This announcement might be seen in the New Orleans *Commercial Times* on the 29th of July, 184—, along with twenty similar ones of as many various boats, bound for the Mississippi, Red River, Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, or for the Gulf of Mexico.

The Levee was all alive, and boxes and portmanteaus, hat-boxes, beds, and all sorts of furniture were being carried in a great hurry to the steamer, from whose two immense chimneys thick clouds of smoke had been pouring out during the last half hour; for the first bell had been rung, and the Oceanic would start before the hour, as the captain assured several passengers while walking up and down before the cabin.

Fresh drays, however, still poured in—laden with sugar, coffee, molasses, cotton, and coarse salt—whose burthen disappeared, almost as soon as it arrived, in the immense hold of the vessel, by the aid of some thirty firemen and sailors. A number of little wherries tossed and glided among the steamers, stopping chiefly near those that were just ready to start, in order to sell the fruit that was piled up in them to the passengers, partly to eat, and partly to carry with them into a more northern climate. These little gaily-painted boats presented a pleasing sight. One

was pulled by a sun-burnt Spaniard, with a broad-leaved straw hat and black beard, at whose feet lay, in picturesque confusion, pine-apples, oranges, figs, pomegranates, bananas, cocoa-nuts, &c., on which a parrot was constantly moving about, and appearing to invite the travellers to purchase by his noisy chattering; while, in the stern of the little boat, fastened by a thin chain, a monkey was playing all sorts of antics, and showing his teeth at the passengers of the various vessels past which his master pulled, and who tormented him by throwing peel and shells at him.

The bell had been rung for the second time, and passengers hurried up from all sides in order to reach it before its immediate departure, as they fancied. Many of them bore heavy burdens, and groaned along beneath them with the exertion of their utmost strength, while one even waved his handkerchief as a signal that he was coming. The captain turned away with a smile. Loaded drays still arrived with more freight for the vessel, and two-thirds of the hold were yet filled, but the smoke rose thicker and blacker from the chimney, and that must be the surest sign of immediate departure.

Three boats had already left the Levee, also bound for St. Louis; but the *Oceanic* was notoriously a quick vessel, and many of the passengers preferred waiting half an hour to going on board another which they expected to be passed by her in a short time. The third bell was now rung, long and loudly—almost always the sure signal for departure—and again fresh passengers flocked in, but at the same time fresh freight, and the chains were still fastened to the Levee.

"Captain, when do you start?" a Mississippi planter asked, who had just sent a nigger up into town for something.

"Well, sir," he replied, "hardly before evening—your freight is not arrived yet."

"Good, good!" he said. "It's all the same to me. I only wanted to know. Then I can go up to the St. Charles, and dine there?"

"Of course," the captain said politely. "If the boat starts before night, I will send one of my people up to you."

The planter lounged on shore, and went quietly up to the hotel.

He had scarcely left the captain, when a poor emigrant, a German—who, with his family, were 'tween-deck passengers—walked up to him, and asked timidly, in very broken English, whether he could go on shore, if he made haste, to buy some things absolutely necessary for his family, as he had heard the bell ring in the morning, and, for fear of being too late, had come on board without them.

"Good, good!" the captain replied, tired with the long address; "but make haste; the boat starts in half an hour, and I can't wait for you."

The man flew into the town—ran from one shop to the other—gave the price demanded, for there was no time for bargaining—and returned, fatigued to death, at the expiration of half an hour, to find the vessel in the same state of rest as when he had left it.

Thus the afternoon arrived, and the last boat bound for St. Louis, except the *Oceanic*, had just left the quay, in which many of the passengers would, undoubtedly, have sailed, had they not had their luggage on board the latter. So they were forced to stay; and the chief mate now informed all who asked him

when the boat would really start, that the captain was on shore, but that their departure would hardly take place before morning.

Many of the passengers swore and abused, but to the majority it was a matter of indifference, as they now knew, for certain, that they would pass another night in New Orleans.

The heat was oppressive, and every one, whom business did not force to go out, remained in the cool of the houses; but those who had to attend to the shipping or unshipping of merchandise, lounged along the Levee, with their umbrellas up, to ward off the burning sunbeams.

Among the numerous bales piled up on the Levee, were hundreds of coffee-bags, waiting for vessels to carry them to Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Pittsburg. Around them a throng of women and girls were collected, busily engaged, as it appeared, in picking up the berries that had fallen out, and placing them in their little baskets; but, in reality, the majority of them had sharp little knives in their hands, with which they cut holes in the bags, when they fancied themselves unnoticed, and so filled their baskets! These were mostly Germans and Irish.

The people on the vessels, however, for which the coffee had been brought down, were well acquainted with the tricks of these vagabonds, and attacked them now and then with whips, to drive them away; but, if scattered ten times in succession, they always returned, like vultures to their prey, and surrounded the wounded coffee-bags.

"Drat the Dutch!" the mate of the Oceanic at last growled, as he returned on board, bathed in perspiration, and quite worn out, after his sixth unsuccessful attempt to rout the feminine band. "I should like to know why Dutch, Irish, and musquitos were created? They're only sent to plague us!"

"And isn't it us who do all your work, honey?" an Irishman asked in his brogue, from another vessel. "Tell me, isn't it the Irish and Dutch who make your roads and canals, till your land, and build your houses? Now, sir-r, what have ye to say to dat?"

"Go on with your work, Pat!" said the mate of his vessel, interrupting the scarcely-commenced discussion. "Don't stand there arguing. Work, boys, work! and get the bales aboard."

The sun was now setting, and the streets, which till then had been deserted, became suddenly full of life. People flocked in, in picturesque groups, to enjoy the coolness of the evening on the Levee. The ice and sherbet-booths were filled with guests; crowds of coloured and remarkably handsome flower-girls traversed the throng, or seated themselves at the door-ways of the hotels; and the whole city seemed suddenly aroused from a deep and unconscious sleep.

On the vessel itself, it seemed that the quiet, which had deserted the city, had taken up its abode. After the decks had been washed, the sailors and firemen went ashore, and the watch walked slowly up and down the fore-castle, busily engaged in repulsing the attacks of the furious musquitos.

Gradually, deep silence again lay over the town; the lights were extinguished, the coffee-houses and hotels were closed, and only on the lower market, close to the Levee, the lamps of the coffee and chocolate-stands still glistened, which were attended by pretty young girls—nearly all of them Germans—who sold, through the whole night, hot coffee, tea, and chocolate, and some iced soda-water; and their bright coffee-cans, which glistened in the darkness—their clean stands,

covered with white cloths—their plates of cakes, as well as their pleasant, cheerful faces—formed a delightful contrast to the surrounding quiet and gloom.

In the still streets echoed the signals of the watchmen, who struck their heavy hickory sticks on the pavement; and groups of idlers, or single wanderers, stopped at the stalls, drank their cup of tea, paid their picayune, and walked, laughing and talking, to another street, or to another market, to pass the night in the open air, and throw themselves, at daybreak, on their beds, to sleep a few hours.

At twelve o'clock, a number of sailors, who were somewhat intoxicated, came in the lower market, drank their coffee, and laughed and sang.

"Listen, Tom," one of them at length said to the noisiest of the group. "Don't make such a thundering row, or you'll spend the night in the calebouse."

"Hang the calebouse!" he replied. "I'm a white man, not a cursed nigger; and I'd like to see the man who'd put me in the calebouse! Here, girl, is your money!" He turned to the little one, who was timidly packing up her cups, through fear of having some of them broken. "Here—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—here's half a dollar! Are you satisfied?"

"You've a picayune change to receive," the girl replied modestly.

"Hang your picayune! I'll have a kiss! Now, come, don't be a fool!"

"Let me go, or I'll call the watch."

"Call and be hanged! I'll have my kiss!"

He tried to seize her, in spite of the advice of his more sober comrades, but the girl had scarce uttered a loud cry for help, when one of the watchmen, buttoned up in a coarse brown coat, with a helmet-shaped hat on his head, behind which, in sailor's fashion, a broad ribbon fluttered, while in front was a yellow number, came up, pushed back the disturbers, and ordered them to go away.

The sailors tried in vain to drag away their comrade; he used most vehement language to the watchman, and tried to take a stick from one of the bystanders to attack him. "K-r-r-r!" the rattle sounded; and the watchman sprang on the drunkard, seized him with the left hand, and said—

"You're my prisoner!"

The others drew back, and were surrounded in a second by some twenty well-armed and powerful watchmen. The drunken man gave in, and was led away, while the others quietly dispersed.

Now the first beams of day broke in the East, and the Oceanic became again all alive. The watch awoke the firemen and sailors; and, while the first kindled the fire under the boilers, the latter washed the several decks, so that they glistened and shone in the first beams of the morning sun. Breakfast was eaten, and again drays arrived with freight, or boxes and trunks belonging to passengers; the fruit-boats glided once again among the vessels, and once more the sound of the great bell was heard above all the noise of the port.

Little boys with newspapers, others with fruit, or baskets full of books, novels, and stories; young negro and mulatto girls, with coloured handkerchiefs tied gracefully and coquettishly round their woolly heads, with large pewter cans filled with sweet or buttermilk, crowded over the narrow planks which connected the steamer with the shore, and tried to sell their various articles.

Two of the milk-girls, a mulatto and a negress, neither more than eighteen years of age, and both tall and graceful in their figures, had commenced quarrelling on board, and went on with it on shore. One word brought on another,

and the mulatto girl at length put her milk-can on the ground, tucked up her sleeves, and challenged the other to fight it out. In a second, sailors and firemen rushed up from the vessels, and formed a large circle round the two girls, who now were eager for the fray. The negress had also tucked up her sleeves, and had boldly and successfully withstood the attack of the "yaller" girl.

"That's right, Mary," some one cried, guessing at her name, "that's right. Give it her!"

While, on the other side, might be heard such encouraging shouts as these—

"Between the eyes, Jinny! That was a famous blow! Now another! That's your sort!"

A man forced his way through the crowd, and, seizing the mulatto by the arm, tried to drag her away.

"Let loose—let loose!" five shouted simultaneously. "It's a fair battle! Let 'em fight it out!"

"She's my slave," the new comer said angrily, while still striving to separate the two girls.

"Confound you and your slave!" said a gigantic sailor, as he hurled him back. "Let 'em have it out!"

"Yes; let 'em fight it out!" the mob shouted; and the owner of the slave was obliged to leave her to her fate, unless he wished to be attacked himself.

The two fighters had given up their fisticuffs, and had seized one another by their woolly hair and clothes, so that the latter hung in rags; at length the negress saw an opening, seized the mulatto by both hands round the neck, and struck her own forehead with such violence against her temples that she fell down unconscious.

"Look at the nigger," the mob shouted. "Well done, little one! you're a famous fighter! Your husband will have a benefit!" and so on, sounded from all sides, and they willingly made way for the girl, whose clothes hung in strips about her, that she might go home and receive a beating from her mistress for destroying her raiment, which, as much as herself, were her mistress's property; while the man lifted up his mulatto girl, threw her on one of the empty drays, and ordered the driver to carry her to his house. In two minutes the whole mob had dispersed, and no one thought any more of the occurrence.

Serious preparations appeared, however, now to be making on board the *Oceanic* for starting, and not merely the thick smoke poured from the chimneys, but the white steam rose in a cloud from the 'scape-pipe. The bell had been rung for the second time this morning, the chains were pulled in, and the vessel was only held by two thin warps; the paddle-wheels were working slowly against the current, and the mate sent two of his sailors out to stand by the iron rings on the quay, and throw off the ropes on a given signal.

The bell now sounded for the last time, with quick, re-echoing strokes. All who were still on board to take leave of their friends sprang hastily over the single plank, for fear of being carried off. Others, who were still on shore, jumped on board. The ropes were unfastened, the pilot stood in his little round-house, the two sailors ran over the plank on board, and some twenty men exerted themselves in pushing the vessel away from shore with long poles. The pilot rang his bell, the engineer answered by another bell that he understood the signal, and the immense vessel clove its way noisily through the fruit-boats, which quickly got

out of its path, and in a few moments the steamer floated freely on the powerful river, dividing the waters with its paddles, so that they bounded high and foaming against the bow; and the wherries rocked backwards and forwards in the waves raised by the gigantic paddles.

But who comes running up the Levee, waving handkerchief and cap, and yelling and shouting, to the no small amusement of the bystanders, calls till he can no longer utter a sound, waves his cap till he has no strength left to lift an arm, and then seats himself—when he sees that the vessel is going further and further from him, and all his haste, trouble, and fear were in vain, desperately wringing his hands—upon the ballast that is piled upon the Levee?

It is a poor German, who arrived only three days before from his fatherland, who intends to go up to Missouri, and his whole family—a wife, three young children, and an aged mother, who would not be left alone in the old home—are on the vessel that is gradually disappearing in the misty distance. Many ask him what is the matter, many laugh at him, some pity him—he himself sits unsympathizing, and with his eyes fixed on the river. He understands no English, and, consequently, does not comprehend their questions, their ridicule, or their pity; but all he understands is, that he is alone, destitute, in a foreign city, and will never, never again see those who belong to him, and to whom his heart cleaves.

The poor fellow's wife scarce perceives that the boat has started, and knows her husband is on shore, than she rushes with flying hair, forgetting all else, to beg them to wait for him who may be nought to all the world, but is all the world to her. Poor woman! 'Tis the first time she has travelled in an American steamer; and the belief that anything would be done out of *charity* may be forgiven her—she knows no better!

"Don't understand!" is the reply she receives to her entreaties, accompanied, probably, by an oath, as she is in the way of those drawing in the cable. A German sailor, at length, hears her complaints, and runs to the mate, to represent the poor woman's situation to him.

"Go to the captain. I've something else to do. Why wasn't the German fool on board?" is the reply he receives. He runs to the captain, and tells him the story in a few words.

"Too late—too late!" says the latter, shrugging his shoulders. "The man had time enough to come on board."

"But, captain, his wife and children are alone on board, and don't speak any English. They have no one, therefore, to protect them."

"It's very bad; but I cannot help them. I cannot turn back five or six miles to pick up a 'tween-deck passenger, who neglected to come on board betimes."



THE SON-IN-LAW.

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

I.

IN the little drawing-room of a rustic cottage, from which the Seine and the low hills of Meudon could be descried, an extremely animated dialogue was being maintained between two individuals of a different sex—one was a man, about fifty-five years of age, endowed with an open, kindly cast of features, and dressed in one of those loose costumes which many people adopt with the approach of advanced years, as if they were thus preparing for increased corporeal dimensions. The other was a lady, some two lustres younger, of a full-blown, flaunting maturity, and whose pretentious toilette announced the existence of a coquettish disposition, in better preservation than her personal attractions.

"But, my dear sister! But, Mademoiselle Bailleul! But, dear sister!" exclaimed the male personage in a doleful tone.

"Your dear sister, indeed! That is not the question. Yes or no—will you do what I request?"

"But, my dear sister, it is impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible!"

"But you won't see that it is a question of a sacred promise, of an engagement of honour, of a clause in a marriage-settlement."

"Nonsense! In family matters, such strict notions are not at all proper."

"But permit me to observe, it is anything but nonsense—it is a very serious affair. When your niece, Adolphine, married Chaudieu, I settled on her a marriage-portion of 40,000 francs, payable three months after the signature of the marriage-contract. Eight months have passed already, and Chaudieu has not touched a single sou."

"What a terrible calamity! Is not Adolphine your only child? And will not all you have go to her after your death?"

"After my death! How you talk! I, for one, must frankly confess that I am not impatient for that consummation to be brought about. Anyhow, it is quite clear that I owe 40,000 francs to my son-in-law; and it is an exceedingly painful reflection to me that I did not discharge that obligation the day it was due. Poor Chaudieu says nothing, but I am not at all sure he would be sorry to see the colour of my money. This house has cost him a large sum, and he has spent a great deal of money in furnishing it, and on the wedding-presents. A married life does not end on the bridal day; and perhaps he is reckoning on this money to cover a part of his expenses."

"How fond you are of contemplating bugbears! I think, sir, that people in our position might be considered safe for 40,000 francs!"

"Precisely—you are quite right," answered M. Bailleul in a dignified tone.

"And that, failing M. Benoit Chaudieu, Adolphine might have secured a husband!"

"Undoubtedly. But he ought to have received this money two months ago; and it would be exceedingly disagreeable if he were to ask me for it some fine morning, and I were not in a position to comply with his demand."

"Indeed, I should like to catch him doing anything of the kind!" replied Mademoiselle Bailleul, with a contemptuous curl of her lip. "I should teach him how to conduct himself towards people of our position. But you are giving yourself a great deal of uneasiness without any cause. Chaudieu is not a man to forget the respect due to us—I must say that for him."

"It is precisely because poor Benoit is such an innocent lamb that I am scrupulous ——"

"If he were a wolf, your scruples would, I believe, be still greater; but I wish to put an end to this discussion. Of the 40,000 francs you have agreed to give with Adolphine, you have handed over 10,000, three months since, to M. Laboissière, to invest in his inexplosible-ship speculation, which he guarantees will yield you ten per cent. at the least. And now M. Laboissière requests, on the same terms, a second investment of 10,000 francs. You surely don't ask me to break my promise?"

"Most assuredly not, my dear sister!" replied M. Bailleul, awed by the glance of his imperial relative. "I am always only too glad to comply with your wishes. But it is on Chaudieu's account that I am embarrassed."

"Everything embarrasses you! One would suppose you were asked to swallow the sea at a gulp. Just understand what you are required to do. Instead of giving 40,000 francs to Chaudieu, you will pay him by yearly instalments of 2,000 francs. Your money, invested at ten per cent. in M. Laboissière's project, will yield this sum. Consequently, you will get rid of your debt without opening your purse; and you will gain 20,000 francs to boot. That is quite clear, I believe."

"Undoubtedly. But I don't like to propose this arrangement to my son-in-law."

"Then leave the matter to me."

"And as to those inexplosible ships, are they safe?"

"Safe! When they cannot be wrecked!"

"The ships—yes! But the money of the shareholders?"

"Ah! that's quite another thing! Do you consider M. Laboissière an honest man?"

"Oh! certainly!"

"Do you think he would inveigle you into a bad speculation?"

"I didn't say that."

"Then what do you say?"

"I say ——"

"Black, because I say white; that's your way. I believe that you would positively become ill if you were but once to agree with me."

"At any rate, I fancy that I always end by agreeing with you," exclaimed the brother with a sigh.

"In that case, why don't we commence with the end? It would save us a great deal of tiresome argument. I hope, however, that this last is quite exhausted, and that it is agreed you will hand over the 10,000 francs to M. Laboissière. By the way, he will be here soon, and all you'll have to do will be to give him a line to your lawyer."

M. Bailleul took several turns up and down the apartment with the air of a whipped spaniel. Presently he stopped, and, turning upon his sister with a suspicious look—

"Laboissière dines here again to-day, then?" he said in a low voice.

"That displeases you?" replied Mademoiselle Bailleul sharply.

"I didn't say that. Laboissière is a very agreeable fellow—one I am always glad to meet; but, between ourselves, I should be better pleased if his visits to this house were less frequent."

"Why, pray?"

"Ah! if you are going to lose your temper, I shall hold my tongue."

"Now, am I in the habit of losing my temper?" answered the lady, in a voice which rose a note at each reply.

"I didn't say that."

"Now, pray proceed. What have you to say against M. Laboissière?"

As she uttered these words, Mademoiselle Bailleul blushed slightly—a strange proceeding on the part of a female of her age and temperament.

The brother did not observe this embarrassment, completely occupied as he was in preparing a speech which should not create a storm.

"Personally, I haven't the slightest objection to M. Laboissière," he said—"not the shadow of an objection. This I have proved by consenting to place, at your wish, another ten thousand francs in his hands. I have not a single word to say against him myself, but—but you surely must be able to guess what I am going to say. It is on Adolphe's account."

"Oh, if that's all——"

"Poor Chaudieu might yet consider it a graver matter than you consider"

"Now there's not a grain of common sense in your remarks. I grant you that, before her marriage, M. Laboissière's visits to your house were mainly on Adolphe's account, and that he appeared anxious to become her husband."

"That reminds me it might have been the case had you desired it."

"It was not agreeable to your daughter."

"Precisely! and my fear is that it might not be disagreeable now."

"Monsieur Bailleul!" exclaimed Adolphe's aunt in a stern voice.

"I know what I am saying," replied the old man in a firmer tone than was usual with him. "You are feared, matters are hidden from you, consequently you remark nothing; but as for me, I am looked upon as an amiable being, who sees no further than the end of his own nose; and it is only when your back is turned that any constraint is deemed necessary."

Mademoiselle Bailleul's features underwent a sudden change, and the contemptuous irony of her smile gave place to a violent agitation. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkled, and the veins in her neck swelled till that particular portion of her figure resembled the head of a double bass. Perceiving the terrible effect of his words, M. Bailleul recoiled several paces.

"Explain yourself. Speak! What have you seen?" demanded his sister, in a voice broken with emotion.

"But, first of all, my dear sister, don't allow yourself to be so overcome by your feelings. It is only natural that you should love your niece, but Adolphe is not a child. And, besides——"

"Speak, then!" replied Mademoiselle Bailleul with redoubled energy.

"But what do you wish me to say?" stammered out M. Bailleul, whose hesitation was increased by the agitation of his sister. "Well, I have seen, or, rather, I believe I have seen, that Laboissière, instead of thinking no longer about my daughter, as you imagine, thinks all the more about her. Now this is

exceedingly unfortunate, especially for poor Chaudieu, who in honesty and goodness personified. In a word, Madame Adolphine flirts rather too much with Labojassière. I have been almost on the point of telling her so."

"That is not your business; this concerns only me," interrupted Mademoiselle Bailleul with a gloomy air.

"I am glad to hear you say so. You can't fail to see how awkward it would be for me to speak on the subject with Adolphine, while the only lady in the house, her aunt, seemed totally unconscious ——"

"I repeat, this is not your business!" replied the tempestuous lady, in a voice so loud that M. Bailleul appeared desirous of subsiding into the arm-chair whereon he was seated.

An interval of silence ensued. The easy brother durst not breathe a syllable lest he should draw down upon his head the lightning he saw sparkling in his sister's eyes; the latter was rendered mute by an indignation which aunts rarely experience, towards even the most unpardonable faults of their nieces. At length, unable to overcome her emotion, Mademoiselle Bailleul rushed to the window, as if choking for want of air.

At this moment the sound of coach-wheels was heard, and almost at the same instant the bell announced a visitor. Hidden by the window-blinds, Mademoiselle Bailleul could perceive all that took place outside without being seen herself. The gate opened; an elegant cabriolet immediately drove into the courtyard. The proprietor of this spruce equipage was a young man about thirty years of age, of small stature, but very well made, and with an erect carriage. The expression of his face was bold, not to say insolent; a bantering smile played about his lips, and his least gesture announced an assurance bordering on presumption. The slightly reddish tint of his hair and moustache assisted in giving boldness to a cast of features with which also the style of his dress and his coat, decorated with gilt buttons, and cut in the martial style of the days of the empire, harmonized completely.

After stepping from the cabriolet, this deliberate individual handed the reins to a servant not less resplendent than himself, who drove the vehicle out of the courtyard with the ease of one perfectly acquainted with the spot. Having crossed the garden, and reached the porch of the cottage, the visitor made a smiling salute to some person who was not Mademoiselle Bailleul. The latter, slightly drawing back the curtain, perceived, at the parlour window, her niece, who, however, withdrew immediately, without being aware of the espionage of which she was the object. Mademoiselle Bailleul herself made a sudden movement in retreat from the window, and knocked against her brother, who had silently placed himself behind her, and had lost nothing of the scene.

"Well, have I been deceived?" he said, wagging his head mysteriously. "She waits for him at the window, so as to see him first. She hardly allows him to leave his cab before she salutes him. We need not fear that they will come here, for she knows where we are."

"Will she dare to receive him?" replied Mademoiselle Bailleul in an ominous tone.

"I didn't say that; but the garden has some pretty walks."

"Is not Chaudieu there?"

"He is in the kitchen-garden, absorbed in painting his trellis. Poor fellow!

he dreams only of Montreuil peaches and prize grapes, and totally forgets the existence of such a being as Adolphine. Shall we join them?"

Instead of replying, Mademoiselle Bailleul fixed her eyes on the carpet with a

"Don't you think we had better go down into the garden?" anxiously repeated the honest old man, after a moment's silence.

"You must remain here," answered Adolphine's aunt imperiously, seeming to awake suddenly from a painful dream, to play a decided part. "I tell you again, you must not interfere one jot in this affair. Remember that on no pretext must you quit this apartment till my return."

"But, at least, let me have the newspaper," pleaded the well-disciplined brother, casting a longing glance at the *Constitutionnel*, which the lady convulsively crumpled up during this conversation.

Every one knows that in those households where there is no male head, the right of breaking the postal envelope of the newspaper, and of reading it before any one else, belongs incontestably to the ruling lady. There was no Madame Bailleul in existence, and consequently Mademoiselle Bailleul rigorously exercised this prerogative, and from it her brother, a zealous national guard, and an elector full of patriotism, suffered more than from any other abuse, but suffered submissively, according to his temperament. On this occasion, the politician was silenced in the aunt, who, without a word, and with unparalleled condescension, deposited on the table the newspaper which she had only half read.

"Thank you, my dear sister!" cried the old man, eagerly taking possession of the print. Speedily forgetting the flirtations of his daughter, and the easy, careless disposition of his son-in-law, in the leaders of his favourite newspaper, the father of the family was merged in the citizen.

Before he had fairly balanced his spectacles on his nose, Mademoiselle Bailleul was out of the apartment, and had descended into the garden. What she had heard from her brother, as well as her natural shrewdness, led her to seek her niece and M. Laboissière at the extremity of a shaded winding avenue, which was terminated by a bower, whence the eye could follow the capricious course of the Seine. This was the spot where a confidential conversation could best escape interruption. Instead of proceeding thither by the avenue, Mademoiselle Bailleul took a little bye-path which led to the bower, and which enabled her to reach the place without any one seeing or hearing her. As she drew near, she redoubled her precautions against making the slightest noise, and walked, we might say, were not a lady in question, with the step of a cat. After proceeding in this fashion for a few moments, she took up a position behind an enormous ash-tree, which completely shaded her from the sight of any one occupying the rustic bank in front, upon which, at this very instant, were seated Madame Adolphine Chaudieu and M. Gustave Laboissière.

Scarcely three paces separated Mademoiselle Bailleul from her niece and M. Laboissière, and, though they spoke in a low tone, their conversation could be caught by her. The solicitude of an aunt alone could not satisfactorily explain the emotion with which Mademoiselle Bailleul gave ear to their dialogue.

Madame Adolphine Chaudieu was a pretty brunette, some twenty-three years old; and, allowing for the difference in age, was a tolerably close copy of her father's sister. If the slightly-curved, black eyebrow, the aquiline nose, the

decided lines of the mouth—and if, more than all, the easy, confident glance revealed aught, it might be surmised that this attractive young lady was nowise disposed to allow a prerogative to fall into desuetude which, in her family, permitted to its female members supreme power. The conduct of her father and aunt towards her, combined with the contrast afforded by their character, had produced the fruits which might have been predicted. To the weak nature of her father she responded by an ever-changing, capricious mood; towards the stern character of her aunt she displayed a sullen subordination; loving the one without fearing, and fearing the other without loving.

As for her husband, during the past five months no opportunity had offered for engaging with him in one of those decisive encounters which are, in married life, what a great debate, involving a change of ministry, is under a constitutional government. Provisionally, she exercised the power which usually belongs to a bride during the honeymoon period. To convert this power into something solid and unchangeable, she reckoned on two things—her own strong will, in the first place, and next, the easy, sluggish good-nature of which Benoit Chaudieu every day gave proofs. Like her father, he was all docility, amiability, abnegation even. Young husband and elder brother, each appeared equally created to serve as the very obedient servants of a lady.

On her marriage, Madame Chaudieu prepared herself for a struggle, and not for spontaneous submission. Determined to fight valiantly for victory, she was overcome with surprise and embarrassment when she found herself a conqueror without an engagement. Against the passive obedience of her husband how could she employ the wonderful artifices she had prepared?—caprices, poutings, imperious airs, persuasive wheedlings, irresistible smiles, dramatic tears, nervous catastrophes, and as many more matrimonial stratagems as her own instinct might have placed at her disposal, if the example of her aunt had not long ago taught her their use? Madame Chaudieu was, accordingly, constrained to stow away in magazine—ready to be produced on the first alarm—her material of war; not, however, without experiencing a little of that vexation which a skilful engineer may be supposed to feel when, just as he is about to open fire from his trenches, he sees the flag of truce flying on the enemy's ramparts.

If, however, the young wife found her life monotonous, and complained of the length of each day, a sympathetic being had presented himself who was ready to reconcile her with her existence. On this occasion, the charitable individual who had imposed upon himself this task could the more easily appear on the scene, as he was already at the wing. A very old friend of M. Bailleul, it was quite natural that Gustave Laboissière should be introduced into the house of Chaudieu. The personage in question possessed all the qualities necessary to impress the imagination of such a lady as Madame Adolphine. Agreeable, without being handsome, hiding his lack of wit and accomplishments by an easy, confident raillery, insincere even to perfidy, bold even to effrontery, enjoying the prestige accompanying a number of successful duels, of which he was only eager to increase the number; in a word, braggart in speech and soul, he was precisely the man to fascinate many women who, like Madame de Sévigné, love so much a neat thrust with the sword.

Adolphine was not exempt from this weakness. When adventures came to be spoken of in which M. Laboissière had been victorious, and in which he had behaved with the insolent bravery of the duellist, a little thrill passed through

her which was not at all unpleasant; and when in her presence she beheld him subdued, tender, and submissive, it was with a secret pride that she enjoyed the transformation. Involuntarily she lent an ear to the gentle bleatings of this wolf, changed by herself into a lamb.

It was from the several causes which we have set forth, that, at the commencement of this narrative, there existed, between M. Gustave Laboissière and Madame Adolphine Chaudieu, a very dangerous flirtation, which one, at least, of the parties wished might enjoy a long and prosperous existence. This was the person whose pleading accents Mademoiselle Bailleul heard.

"Oh! were this Spain, I would entreat you to grant me this interview," said Laboissière.

"You would not dream of it," responded Adolphine, absently tearing in pieces a rose she held in her hand. "I could not consent to such a piece of extravagance."

"Perhaps you would prefer my dispensing with your consent?"

"You would not dare!" said the young woman, tossing her head with an air of defiance.

"On my word, I would dare!" replied Laboissière in the most resolute tone. "As midnight struck I would be under your window."

"Then you would climb the wall?"

"That would be an easy affair. But why need I climb, when I could enter by the door?"

"What door?"

"The door of the garden."

"And who would open it for you?" asked Adolphine, with a mocking smile.

"This!" calmly replied Laboissière, taking from his pocket a key.

"The key which has been missing for some time, and which we thought lost!"

"It was not lost to every one, you see."

"Then it was you who had taken it?"

"It was."

"But this is the act of a thief!"

"No; it is the *ruse* of an admirer."

"And you would dare to use it?"

"Not later than to-night — Were this Spain!"

Madame Chaudieu shrugged her shoulders. "This is so absurd," she said, "that I must not allow it to anger me."

"Much as I might fear your displeasure, it would not alter my determination."

"Well, madman that you are, we will suppose you really had the audacity to admit yourself into the garden. Do you know whom you would find there?"

"Turk!" said Laboissière.

"Yes, Turk; and you would count yourself lucky if he only barked at you. The other day he almost devoured a poor workman."

"You forget that it was I who gave him to you. Turk is a discreet and intelligent dog, incapable of ingratitude to his old master. He would not open his mouth."

"And was it with this intention that you made us a present of him?"

"With no other, I assure you," answered Laboissière in a lively tone. "I must tell you I am a marvel of foresight; and in prudence I am sixty years old."

There was an interval of silence. A prey to poignant emotion, Mademoiselle

Bailleul could only restrain herself by a strong effort. Her breathing was suspended, her eyes sparkled with fury, she leaned against the tree which favoured her curiosity.

"You are in the garden, then," replied Adolphine, destroying the beautiful flower in her hand. "Instead of tearing you in pieces, the traitor Turk allows you to pass. What next?"

"I advance softly—like a sylph, like a shadow. In a moment I am before your window, and your room is on the ground floor."

"What next?" repeated Madame Chaudieu with increased irony.

"What next!" he said in a soft voice, and slightly bending, as though, on the slightest smile of encouragement, he would fall on his knee. "Listen! Don't interrupt me, but say afterwards if I am too presumptuous. Remember, we are in Spain. There *senoras* often elude the vigilance of the *duenna*, and, night come, when all sleeps but love, in the shadow of some low-barred window, they refuse not to allow themselves to be seen by their slaves. Would you be more cruel?"

"My window is low, truly, but it is not barred," replied Adolphine maliciously.

"Has it not shutters?"

"They are not as secure as bars."

"What have you to fear?"

"What have I to fear from a burglar! That is a charming question! Come, give me that key!"

"Never! and, although you would treat me as a burglar, the happiness of seeing you might cause me to make use of it. A window and shutters are not so difficult to open from the outside as you suppose."

"Better and better! I see you are determined, at any rate, to destroy my night's rest. I am certain to dream of nothing but burglary and assassination. At the slightest noise, I shall imagine a band of brigands are rushing into the house."

"What if you heard that noise at midnight?"

"And what if others besides me heard it?" said Adolphine in a serious tone, with a stern glance at Laboissière, and rising suddenly from her seat. "But this is a waste of words. You are mad!"

With all his effrontery, Laboissière felt it would be best to make no reply. He well knew that women dislike to have matters which they consider serious regarded as a mere pleasantry.

"Let us return to the house," said Adolphine; "I am tired of playing *senor* and *senora*; we are not in Spain. Your cab was seen to drive up to the house, and our absence may have been remarked."

"By whom? I saw your husband perched on a ladder, painting his trellis; and that is an occupation too absorbing for him even to dream of anything else. As for your father, isn't it the time when your aunt hands him over the newspaper?"

"It is my aunt I fear."

"Bah!" replied Laboissière with a contemptuous laugh. "I wager that at his moment she is putting on her rouge. She couldn't dine without it!"

On hearing herself spoken of so disrespectfully, Mademoiselle Bailleul's motion became most violent. She trembled like a wounded tigress in her safe hiding-place. She made a movement, as though she were about to rush

upon the man who was turning her into ridicule, and from whom she had received other wrongs beside this impertinence. Passion urged her forward, but reflection held her back.

"I will be revenged," she muttered between her teeth. "But the time has not come!"

Whilst Madame Chaudieu and Laboissière were slowly walking towards the house, Mademoiselle Bailleul, with her brain bewildered, rushed, almost without knowing it, along the narrow side-path which led to the house. As she reached the door she perceived her brother.

"What brings you here? Did I not beg of you to remain up-stairs?"

"Heavens! my dear sister, what **has happened?**" exclaimed the worthy man in the greatest alarm; "**your face is crimson!**"

"Do you not perceive it is my rouge?" **replied his sister** with a forced laugh.

"Your rouge?"

"Yes, I wear rouge! A wig, also, no doubt. And, perhaps, artificial teeth," she continued, gnashing her teeth as though she would pulverize them.

M. Bailleul believed his **sister was attacked with a violent fever**. Strongly impressed with this idea, he looked around him uneasily, as if in quest of some assistance. At this moment Adolphine and Laboissière came unexpectedly in sight. They were slowly approaching, when they first perceived the strange motions of the old man, who was making signals to them like a shipwrecked seaman on a raft. As she perceived them, Mademoiselle Bailleul mastered, with a mighty effort, her emotion. She attributed her flushed face to a severe headache, from which she had **suffered all the last night**. The barking of Turk had robbed her of her sleep; it was all owing to that wicked Turk. She said all this in a natural tone, and even carried her heroism so far as to smile when she spoke to the man who had mortally insulted her!

"Poor soul!" said her brother, in the simplicity of his heart; "how loss of sleep will upset us."

As for Laboissière, he played his part with a perfect ease, and conducted himself like a man determined to make himself agreeable to all the world. To M. Bailleul, who had funded property, he spoke of the Exchange, and the price of shares. He narrated the plot of the last new piece to Mademoiselle Bailleul, who usually affected that taste for literary conversation which, in a lady, denotes superior attainments. Finally, in his anxiety to constitute himself a general favourite, he inquired after the master of the house, of whom nobody thought.

"Where is the King of the Castle?" asked he suddenly. "I have a letter for him."

"A letter!" said Adolphine. "From whom?"

"I do not know. Seeing it in your porter's hand as I drove past the lodge, I took charge of it."

"Your husband is in the kitchen-garden," said Mademoiselle Bailleul to her niece. "For the last two days, he has thought about nothing else than painting his trellis. Shall we go in search of him?"

MRS. JAMESON.

*(From a Photograph by Kilburn.)*

THIS celebrated authoress, whose sudden and recent death we have all to deplore, was of Irish extraction, being the eldest daughter of Mr. Murphy, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte, an artist well known during the earlier years of the present century. His eldest daughter, Anna, was very naturally taught by him the principles of his own art, but she had instincts for all—a taste for music, a feeling for poetry (some short pieces of hers are still preserved), and a delicate appreciation of the drama. As a young woman, she occupied the post of governess in two or three families of distinction, and to the last used to speak occasionally of the young girls who had been her pupils, particularly of one who had died early.

At thirty years of age, however, she had entered on her literary career, by the publication of notes on foreign travel, under the title of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." It appeared anonymously, and had only a partial success, never reaching a second edition. About the same time she married Mr. Robert Jameson, late Vice-Chancellor of Canada, a man of some talent and artistic taste; but the

marriage was notoriously an unhappy one, and a separation eventually took place. Mrs. Jameson only survived her husband six years.

The "Diary of an Ennuyée" was followed by "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," which consisted, in a measure, of a reprint of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," and of reprints of some smaller pieces. Three years later her "Loves of the Poets" appeared; after that, "Female Biography," "Romance of Biography," "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.," "Female Sovereigns," "Characteristics of Women" (chiefly Studies from Shakspeare), one of her most popular and deservedly popular works; and in 1838, "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," the latter work containing recollections of a visit undertaken to that country in a hopeless attempt to arrange her family affairs. In this book there is the account of her solitary canoe-voyage, and her residence among a tribe of Indians.

To this list of Mrs. Jameson's literary works may be added her "Reminiscences of Munich," and a translation of the "Dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony."

Mrs. Jameson's literary life may, to use the words of a contemporary journal, be divided into three epochs. The first includes various books of foreign travel, containing social and artistic criticism—in short, all the works that we have already named belong to this period; to the second epoch belong her elaborate works on Art proper, beginning, in 1842, with a "Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London;" and the third is represented by her two celebrated lectures on the "Communion of Labour" and "Sisters of Charity," and her "Letter to Lord John Russell."

Mrs. Jameson only busied herself with "Art" as it was understood in the last generation, when it meant almost exclusively painting and sculpture. To appreciate her labours aright, it is essential to remember the state of literature and art before she commenced adding to it. The Germans had, indeed, begun their laborious reconstruction of the history of art; but in France there was not much, and in England still less; for there were only Richardson's old world talk and Walpole's gossip, Reynolds's *discourses*, and a few fossil lectures of the Academicians; Ruskin, Lord Lindsay, Fergusson, and others, were all subsequent to Mrs. Jameson's first appearance in the field.

Her contributions to the literature of art, or, rather, of painting—the direction in which she created for herself her soundest and most enduring reputation—stretch over nearly twenty years. After the "Handbook to the Public Galleries" (1842), came her popular memoirs of "Early Italian Painters," first published by Charles Knight in the "Penny Magazine," then as two one-shilling volumes, and finally they were reprinted, in a revised and more expensive form, by Murray, in 1858. As a condensation of Vasari, and a *resume* of all that need be said about the early painters and their works, these volumes are invaluable.

Other books of a similar scope are the "Companion to the Private Galleries in London," "Memoirs and Essays Illustrative of Art and Literature," collected from various periodicals. Then came the large and copiously-illustrated volumes of sacred and legendary art, "Legends of the Monastic Orders," "Legends of the Madonna;" and death found her busy in the completion of a "History of the Life of Our Lord, and of His Precursor, St. John the Baptist; with the Personages and Typical Subjects of the Old Testament, as Represented in Christian Art." For two long years had Mrs. Jameson been engaged upon this work; she had taken many and exhausting journeys, made diligent examination of far-

scattered examples of art, and, in completion of this labour, had revisited Italy, and passed several months in Rome and other Continental cities. Mrs. Jameson was putting the last finish to the work (which we are happy to hear is nearly ready for the press) when she was, after a very brief illness, bidden to cease for ever.

Of her "Communion of Labour" and "Sisters of Charity" we cannot speak too highly. Prisons, reformatories, schools, hospitals, workhouses, all engaged her attention; and she most eloquently pleads that women may take their share in every good work with men. When the "Letter to Lord John Russell" was written and published, she said—

"Now I have said all I can say upon these subjects, and I must return to art." But at the meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at Bradford, in October last, she attended, and sat, during the whole of one day, in section B., where papers on the employment of women were being read, and occasionally joined in the discussions which ensued, while her brief observations and suggestions were received with marked respect.

In the course of her indefatigable literary career, she drew around her a large circle of steady friends, and "many foreign households will grieve for the English friend who knew how to sympathize with every nation's best; how many learned and literary circles in Rome, in Florence, in Vienna, in Dresden, in Paris, will regret the bright mind, the accomplished talker, the affectionate heart, which recognized merit, and cheered the student, and made the studio and the *salon* gay and pleasant with her cordial smile."

Mrs. Jameson came up from Brighton, where she resided, to work at the "Life of Our Lord." At the British Museum, where she went to inspect some prints, she caught a severe cold, which increased to inflammation of the lungs; and on Saturday evening, the 17th of March, within eight days of her seizure, she expired, at her lodgings in Conduit-street, in the sixty-fifth year of her age.

A contemporary pays this tribute of respect to the deceased lady:—

"The death of Mrs. Jameson is a great loss to the literature of the arts, but a greater still to the many friends of this most exemplary, intelligent, and genial lady. Few of the public knew under what circumstances Mrs. Jameson's works were produced, at what cost of ill-remunerated [*i. e.*, for the amount of labour bestowed upon them] but most conscientious labour; and on what holy and self-sacrificing purposes the proceeds of that labour were employed. For many years Mrs. Jameson was the almost sole support of her mother and sisters, and a sister's child besides. No one ever bore a heavier load of self-imposed obligations, or carried that load more uncomplainingly. She moved as if she never felt it. But it was very heavy for all that; and it broke her down at last. Her almost incessant labour, during the latter years of her life, was lightened by an annuity of 100*l.* (in addition to a Government pension of the same amount), which annuity she owed to the determined kindness of her friend, Mrs. Procter (wife of that sweetest of singers and kindest of men, better known to the world by his *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall), who raised the sum required for the purchase of this annuity, by her own unaided efforts, from among Mrs. Jameson's friends, and presented it to the unsuspecting and astonished dame as a birthday gift. It is well that such acts should be known, especially when done so unostentatiously and bravely."

A DWARF MARRIAGE.



At the outset, let us boldly confess that, for the present, at any rate, we don't intend to display anything else than a little subtlety in avoiding the main issues of the great Marriage Question. We shall not say one word now of the objects, rewards, forfeitures, of marriage; of hasty marriages, or of marriage as the result "of a long engagement;" of marriages for love, money, or any other consideration. No; we are inflexible—we won't look at matrimony other than from one point of view at present. We refuse to speak our thoughts, on this occasion, with as much firmness as we should refuse, being no way skilled in dental surgery, to extract one of our reader's teeth.

But when we have to tell how Master Richard Gibson, dwarf, painter in oils and water-colour, Page of the Back Stairs to Charles I.—and, we might have been tempted to add, tiny plaything generally with the full-blown beauties who graced the King's court, and sat for their portraits to Sir Peter Lely, like his contemporary, puny, irascible, ugly, homicidal little Jeffery Hudson—only truth compels us to say that he was not at all this manner of little man, but, on the contrary, a miniature version of a graceful, accomplished, well-bred English painter;—when we have to narrate how this compendious artist was wedded to his no less compendious bride, we cannot help admitting just so much of the philosophy of matrimony as relates to choice in marriage into this sketch.

Fate, destiny, chance, it would appear, then, direct our choice in marriage; but sometimes, as in the case of the maiden who "was married one morning as she went into the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit," the bride must be selected because of some peculiar fitness which induces the husband to make his "choice in marriage" after the most expeditious fashion. When we make known our discovery as to the reason why Master Richard Gibson decided to wed Mistress Anne Shepherd, our insight into the harmony and fitness of things matrimonial

will be admitted instantly. Master Richard Gibson was three feet ten inches high; Mistress Anne Shepherd was just two inches short of four feet! We expect our readers to accord us the full measure of applause due to such penetration of intellect!

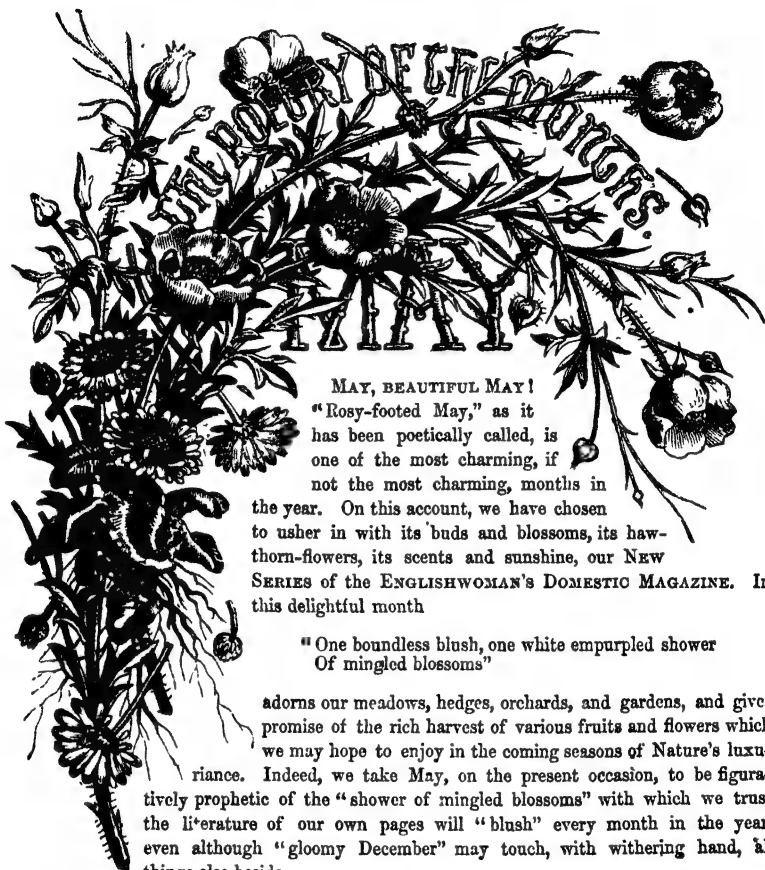
History—apparently considering she has done enough, for so small a subject, in informing us that, on the day when Master Richard Gibson led Mistress Anne Shepherd to the altar, the King of England and his Queen Henrietta honoured the wedding with their presence, and that Charles I. himself gave away the bride—refuses to gratify our curiosity as to the antecedents of the bridegroom, except to a very limited extent. She has very little to say about him indeed. As for the bride, she only takes notice of the little lady while under the shadow of royalty, at the altar; and, so far as we have been able to learn, never directly speaks of her afterwards. A poet was, however, ready to immortalize the pair. Waller sang on their marriage-day—

"Design, or chance, makes others wive;
But Nature did this match contrive;
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame,
And measure out, this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly,
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,

As if the world held none but them.
To him the fairest nymphs do show,
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And every man a Polypheme,
Does to his Galatea seem;
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah! Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had severed us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!"

In his youth, Gibson was page to "a lady living at Mortlake." A clever, discriminating, worthy lady she was, however; for she discovered traits in the tiny youth's character which made him worth a better fate than that which awaited him as a toy and butt for fashionable ladies' and gallants' wit. This nameless, excellent woman placed Gibson under Francis de Cleyn to learn drawing. He rapidly displayed great talent, and in a few years he copied many of Sir P. Lely's portraits with so much success as to gain him a place near the Sovereign. Charles I. fostered painting and the arts if he erred in other respects; and when he gave the post of Page of the Back Stairs to Gibson, we may be sure that the little man's talent attached a dignity to him which effectually protected him from the courtiers' ridicule. The King himself so highly appreciated his excellence as a painter, that he desired Vanderdoort, the keeper of the pictures, to lay up carefully a small water-colour subject, "The Parable of the Lost Sheep," by him. So completely did Vanderdoort carry out his Sovereign's commands, that when the King asked for the picture, the keeper could not find it, and hanged himself in despair. After his death, however, his executors found and restored it.

Sir P. Lely, Vandyke, and Dobson painted Gibson and his wife. Of Gibson's own artistic efforts, it may be said that he worked best in water-colour, and through his long life painted people of a very different stamp. He copied Queen Henrietta's portrait by Vandyke; Cromwell he painted several times. The Gibsons had a large family—nine in all, five of whom lived to maturity, every one of them being, unlike their parents, of the ordinary height of mankind. Gibson died in his seventy-fifth year, but his wife reached the age of eighty-nine.



MAY, BEAUTIFUL MAY!

"Rosy-footed May," as it has been poetically called, is one of the most charming, if not the most charming, months in the year. On this account, we have chosen to usher in with its buds and blossoms, its hawthorn-flowers, its scents and sunshine, our **NEW SERIES** of the **ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE**. In this delightful month

"One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms"

adorns our meadows, hedges, orchards, and gardens, and gives promise of the rich harvest of various fruits and flowers which we may hope to enjoy in the coming seasons of Nature's luxuriance. Indeed, we take May, on the present occasion, to be figuratively prophetic of the "shower of mingled blossoms" with which we trust the literature of our own pages will "blush" every month in the year, even although "gloomy December" may touch, with withering hand, all things else beside.

May, lovely May! we hail thee, with all thy blessed bounteousness, and regard thee as a frontier province standing between spring and summer, and participating in the beauties, the sweets, the riches of both. Thou art the fifth month of the year, and, some say, receivest thy name from the Roman Romulus, out of respect to his nobles and senators, who were called *maiores*. Others, however, affirm that thou wert designated after Maia, the mother of Mercury, and the brightest of the Pleiades. It mattereth little, however, after whom thou wert called, as, without dispute, thou art the Goddess of Spring, and must, according to Peacham, be drawn with a "sweet and amiable countenance, clad in a robe of white and green, and embroidered with daffodils, hawthorns, and blue-bottles." But we must reluctantly bid thee adieu, to speak of the customs which "merry England" has, from time immemorial, celebrated on thy opening day.

In England, the First of May has, in rural districts especially, been always held as a day of festivity. May-poles of great height, and profusely adorned with garlands, were wont to be generally—we had almost said universally—erected in honour of that day; and round them the peasantry would dance and make merry for hours together. Even in London this was the case.

"Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand."

This was a little way to the east of Somerset House. These were the light-hearted, hilarious, and sociable times, when even the priests joined with the people, and went in procession, on the May morning, to some adjoining wood where the much-prized pole was cut down and borne

triumphantly into the city. Not only the priests and the people, however, but the Kings and Queens of England, threw aside their cares on May-day, and entered into the innocent enjoyments of rustic life. Did not Henry VIII. hide a-maying from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, with his Queen Catharine, accompanied by many lords and ladies? But every man, according to old John Stowe, would "walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." As the birds in their way, so the poets in theirs. They, too, have poured forth their songs in prayerful gratitude for the month of May, and have, at the same time, rejoiced in the goodness of that All-Creative Being who, on the wide field of Nature, has spread around them the countless delights of

"Bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire."

Listen to their songs.

Spring.

Now the lusty Spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbiners of sweet honey full—
All Love's emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not plucked, we die.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, 1576—1633.

To Daffodils.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do; and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HARRICK, 1591—1674.

To Blossoms.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;

And, after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

HARRICK.

Song, on May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! thou dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire.
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON, 1608—1674.

Song to May.

MAY! Queen of Blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead,
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?
Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousands more
Songsters that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

'Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too,
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night,
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers.

When, with the jacinth,
Coy fountains are tressed,
And for the mournful bird
Green woods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
May, be thou blessed!

LORD TUNFOLLO, 1732—1826.

To the Cuckoo.

HAIL! beauteous stranger of the grove,
 Thou messenger of spring!
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.
 Soon as the daisy decks the green
 Thy certain voice we hear.
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?
 Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.
 The schoolboy, wandering thro' the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.
 What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fliest thy vocal vail—
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.
 Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Attendants on the spring.

JOHN LOGAN, 1748—1788.

To the Cuckoo.

O BLITHE new-comer, I have heard,
 I hear thee, and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?
 While I am lying on the grass,
 Thy twofold shout I hear;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near.
 Though babbling only to the vale
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.
 Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing—
 A voice, a mystery—
 The same that in my schoolboy days
 I listened to; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways,
 In bush, and tree, and sky.
 To seek thee, did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love—
 Still longed for, never seen.
 And I can listen to thee yet—
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.
 O blessed bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial faery place
 That is fit home for thee.

WORDSWORTH, 1770—1850.

May.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
 The winds, that fan the flowers,
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
 Tell of serenest hours—
 Of hours that glide unfelt away
 Beneath the sky of May.
 The spirit of the gentle South-wind calls,
 From his blue throne of air,
 And where his whispering voice in music falls,
 Beauty is budding there;
 The bright ones of the valley break
 Their slumbers and awake.
 The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
 And the wide forest weaves—
 To welcome back its playful mates again—
 A canopy of leaves;
 And from its darkening shadow floats
 A gush of trembling notes.
 Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May:
 The tresses of the woods
 With the light dallying of the West wind play;
 And the full-brimming floods,
 As gladly to their goal they run,
 Hail the returning sun.

J. G. PERCIVAL, 1795—1856.

Summer Longings.

AH! my heart is weary waiting—
 Waiting for the May—
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles
 Where the fragrant hawthorn-branches,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
 Waiting for the May.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing—
 Longing for the May—
 Longing to escape from study
 To the young face, fair and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer's day.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing—
 Longing for the May.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing—
 Sighing for the May—
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
 All the winter lay.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing—
 Sighing for the May.
 Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing—
 Throbbing for the May—
 Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows;
 Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
 Glide the streams away,
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing—
 Throbbing for the May.
 Waiting—sad, dejected, weary—
 Waiting for the May;
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away;
 Man is ever weary, weary—
 Waiting for the May.

DENNIS MCCARTHY, BORN 1810.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

The Mill on the Floss. BY GEORGE ELIOT,
Author of "Adam Bede."

THE appearance of "Adam Bede," some twelve months since, was hailed by the readers of fiction as proclaiming the advent of a new, fresh, and powerful writer. The book excited an absorbing interest in the minds of the subscribers to the circulating-library, whose voracity for fiction is only paralleled by that of the Esquimaux for blubber and train-oil, and whose wants are met by caterers chief among whom is the magnate Mudie. Very natural was it, that a book which had so deeply affected the emotions of the novel-reader should also stir his curiosity. On concluding the final chapter, the delighted novel-reader turned once more to the commencement of the book, and fastened upon its title-page. After some reflection, a spirit of hardy scepticism came over this typical representative of his class—and, out of his gratitude, he began to doubt the sex of the author. Notwithstanding the very masculine christian and surname placed upon the title-page, it was considered that certain traits of style betokened the hand of a lady. "Jane Eyre" immediately recurred to the mind of the sceptic, and the transformation of Currer Bell into Charlotte Brontë was deemed a sufficiently good precedent for a similar change in this instance. Unfortunately, the feminine equivalent for George Eliot was not forthcoming at this stage. But, after some short epistolary skirmishing in the newspapers, it appeared that the author was really a lady—a Miss Evans; and, although George Eliot is again placed on the title-page of "The Mill on the Floss," all its readers—with the exception of a few illlogical individuals who are said to consider the workmanship too good for a woman—will agree in assigning its creation to a feminine brain.

The novel opens with a dialogue between Mr. Tulliver and his wife, wherein the male member makes known to his better half his resolution about Tom, his son. Mr. Tulliver is the owner of Dorlcote Mill, standing on the "Floss"—a broad, navigable river, which "hurries on, between its green banks, to the sea." "I mean to put him to a downright good school at midsummer," says Mr. Tulliver. "The two years at th' academy 'ud ha' done well enough, if I'd meant to make a miller and farmer of him; but he's had a fine sight more schoolin' nor I ever got: all the schoolin' my father ever paid for was a bit o' birch at one end and th' alphabet at th' other. But I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholar, so as he might be up to the tricks o' them fellows as talk fine and write with a flourish. It 'ud be a help to me w' these law-suits, and arbitrations, and things. I wouldn't make a down-right lawyer o' the lad—I should be sorry for him to be a raskill."

Thus speaks Mr. Tulliver, farmer and miller, apparently prosperous, but, in reality, sunk in embarrassment, through always being at law.

Mr. Tulliver has a special hatred for lawyers—they are never spoken of but as "raskills"—the agents of Satan; and in giving his boy, Tom, a "scholar's education," it is with the view of making him a match for these wily gentry. We are presently introduced to Tom Tulliver and Maggie—the son and daughter of the miller. A considerable portion of the first volume is taken up in laying bare the minds of this boy and girl. Maggie is a wayward, impulsive, fretful, passionate, sensitive girl. Tom is a strong, practical, unromantic, domineering boy; and, in depicting their early characters, the authoress has made Tom, the boy, father to the man; and Maggie, the child, is but a foreshadowing of Maggie, the woman.

The father insists on putting his son to a better school than that which he is in at present, for the reasons above given. Mrs. Tulliver consents, after suggesting that she should "kill a couple o' fowl, and have th' aunts and uncles to dinner, next week, so that they may hear what sister Glegg and sister Pullet have got to say about it."

The portrait of Mrs. Tulliver is sketched, at this point, in a few powerful touches.

The three sisters of Mrs. Tulliver are drawn with remarkable force, but all their characters are so hard and disagreeable, that one feels the want of some relief. So uninviting are these three representatives of the awful "Dodson family," that one seeks to believe that, unlike all the rest of the book, they are unnatural creations. They are all vulgar, selfish, and narrow-minded. Mrs. Glegg, the eldest of the Dodson girls, is a bitter being, the wife of a "wool-stapler, retired from active business for the purpose of enjoying himself through the rest of his life." Mrs. Pullet is a tearful woman with a passion for tidiness and order. Mrs. Deane is a swarthy woman, of a sour disposition. One of these ladies has a daughter, Lucy Deane, a neat, pretty, amiable girl, and a most striking contrast to the daughter of Mr. Tulliver, Maggie, who is chiefly remarkable for her tall, graceful form, dark, heavy locks, and brown skin.

After some domestic deliberations, Mr. Tulliver sends Tom for his "first half" to the Rev. Mr. Stelling, a well-sized, broad-chested man, not yet thirty, with flaxen hair standing erect, and large, lightish-grey eyes, which were always very wide open. He had a sonorous bass voice, and an air of defiant self-confidence, inclining to brazenness. He had entered on his career with great vigour, and intended to make a considerable impression on his fellow-men. In short, Mr. Stelling meant to rise in his profession, and to rise by merit, clearly, since he had no interest beyond what might be promised by a problematical relationship to a great lawyer who had not yet become a Lord Chancellor. A clergyman who has such vigorous intentions naturally gets a little into debt at starting

it is not to be expected that he will live in the meagre style of a man who means to be a poor curate all his life. Under the direction of this worthy divine, Tom Tulliver's practical mind is plunged into all the awful miseries of Latin grammar and Euclid, these being the Rev. Mr. Stelling's text-books for making a sound scholar. He believes in no other sort of training for a boy. After some time, Tom finds a slight diversion in his toilsome studies in the advent of a new pupil, Philip Wakem, the son of Lawyer Wakem, old Mr. Tulliver's enemy. The boy Philip is a hump-back, but is endowed with a fine and sensitive nature. The lad has the perception of an artist, the soul of a poet. Tom's feelings on first seeing this poor youth are graphically detailed. He had a vague notion that the deformity of Wakem's son had some relation to the lawyer's rascality, of which he had so often heard his father talk with hot emphasis; and he felt, too, a half-admitted fear of him, as probably a spiteful fellow, who, not being able to fight you, had cunning ways of doing you a mischief by the sly.

So far there is very little complication of plot—indeed, the first volume is chiefly a collection of portraits, with a slight variation of incident, or, more properly speaking, it is a chain of events. But troubles for the house of Tulliver are at hand.

We should have liked to have quoted a series of bright, freshly-painted portraits from this novel. Our limited space forbids this. We must proceed, rather, to give our readers a slight notion of the plot. The miller has lost his great law-suit, and his ruin is impending. Lawyer Wakem has been the chief instrument in bringing the affair to a termination so disastrous to Mr. Tulliver. The violent struggle which ensues in the mind of the miller is described with a minuteness and a power truly marvellous. Mr. Tulliver must now become the agent of his hated neighbour, the "raskill" Wakem. He determines to serve him like an honest man, but, in the overwhelming force of his malice, he makes his son inscribe, at his dictation, a terrible curse in the family Bible. And so the Tullivers set out on their journey through the valley of humiliation. A long and weary journey it is, but the Tulliver family are stout of heart, and both Tom and his father are resolved to remove the disgrace of debt by years of manful energy. Time goes by. Maggie is now seventeen. Her form has developed into queenly proportions. Long intervals of silent, solitary self-communing have given her mind an unusual fervour and intensity. The deformed youth, Philip, has been abroad, and has now come home; and the childish gratitude of the maiden for his gentle sympathy with her has ripened into love for the son of her father's enemy and master. She has stolen interviews with her lover in the Red Deeps, an exhausted stone-quarry. Discovery awaits the lovers, however. Tom, who combines all the decision and inflexibility of the Dodson nature with the hard, practical character of his father, suspects his sister, and, on extracting a confession from her, forces her to spurn her lover, whom he cruelly insults. There is another pair of lovers

Guest, "whose diamond ring, attar of roses, and air of nonchalant leisure at twelve o'clock in the day, are the graceful and odoriferous result of the largest oil-mill and the most extensive wharf in St. Oggs."

Poor Maggie! Her whole heart belongs to Philip Wakem; but Stephen has been fascinated by her magnificent form and powerful intellect. The young man forsakes Lucy Deane for Maggie. Maggie's wild, impulsive nature betrays her into what will appear to most readers a cruel piece of treachery towards her cousin. Hardly has she realized the extent or nature of her feelings towards Stephen Guest, when this bold and disloyal lover rows away with her out to sea in a boat. He declares his passion; but honour and duty are not dead in Maggie's breast. She spurns the offer of his hand, and, with an angry resistance, demands to be taken back. She returns, but her absence has been remarked; the town of St. Oggs is scandalized, and unhappy Maggie is sacrificed on the altar of social propriety. The bitter reproaches of Tom cut like a whip; his words are awful in their intensity of scorn. The catastrophe approaches: the old mill is swept away by an inundation; Maggie and Tom seek to escape in a boat; the frail craft is borne along the dark flood; but, just as the sight of some tall, strong houses revives hope in their breasts, death, in a most horrible shape, starts up before them. The boat is driven against some immense fragments of wooden machinery, which are being driven along with the boiling current. Brother and sister are clasped in each other's arms as the boat is driven beneath the black water, and, when it reappears, keel upwards, both have gone down in an embrace never to be parted.

Although the "Mill on the Floss" may be set down as inferior to "Adam Bede," it displays no evidence of diminished powers in its author. In some quarters, surprise has been expressed that George Eliot—or Miss Evans—could have produced so grand a piece of literary workmanship within a year after the publication of her "Adam Bede." But it surely must have escaped these people, that such a book as that could never have been written without vast preparation. A goodly pile of MS. must have been the forerunner of this first work. The order of publication is not necessarily the order of composition. Did not Charlotte Brontë's "Professor" appear as a posthumous work? And is it not known that this was the very novel which the lamented lady sent to almost every publisher in the United Kingdom without finding one willing to produce it to the public? And was not "Jane Eyre," the first novel published, in reality written subsequently to this last-issued work?

We believe the "Mill on the Floss" to be inferior to "Adam Bede," merely because it was written partly, if not totally, before "Adam Bede." To our mind, the comparatively crude sketches of the Dodson family were the first efforts of the author in that marvellous, minute, and daring style of word-painting which resulted in the more mellow and harmonious characters of Mr. and Mrs.

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNERS IN MAY.

Soups.—Asparagus Soup, Soup à la Julienne, Potato Printanier or Spring Soup, Cold's Head Soup, Soup à la Reine.

FISH.—Carp, chub, crabs, crayfish, dory, herring, lobsters, mackerel, red and grey mullet, prawns, salmon, shad, smelts, soles, trout, turbot.

MEAT.—Beef, lamb, mutton, veal.

POULTRY.—Chickens, ducklings, fowls, green geese, leverets, pullets, rabbits.

VEGETABLES.—Asparagus, beans, early cabbages, carrots, cauliflowers, cresses, cucumbers, lettuces, peas, early potatoes, salads, sea-kale—various herbs.

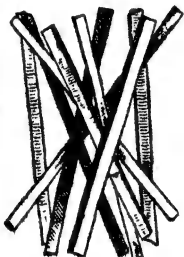
FRUIT.—Apples, green apricots, cherries, currants for tarts, gooseberries, melons, pears, rhubarb, strawberries.

RECIPES.

Soup à la Julienne.

INGREDIENTS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of turnips, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of onions, 2 or 3 leeks, $\frac{1}{2}$ head of celery, 1 lettuce, a little sorrel and chervil, if liked, 2 oz. of butter, 2 quarts of stock.

Mode.—Cut the vegetables into strips of about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, as shown in the engraving, and be particular they are all the same size, or some will be hard whilst the others will be done to a pulp. Cut the lettuce, sorrel, and chervil into larger pieces; fry the carrots in the butter, and pour the stock boiling to them. When this is done, add all the other vegetables, and herbs, and stew gently for at least an hour. Skim off all the fat, pour the soup over thin slices of bread, cut round about the size of a shilling, and serve.



Time.— $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. **Average cost,** 1s. 3d. per quart. **Sufficient** for 8 persons.

Note.—In summer, green peas, asparagus-tops, French beans, &c., can be added. When the vegetables are very strong, instead of frying them in butter at first, they should be blanched, and afterwards simmered in the stock.

Potage Printanier, or Spring Soup.

INGREDIENTS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of green peas, if in season, a little chervil, 2 shredded lettuces, 2 onions, a very small bunch of parsley, 2 oz. of butter, the yolks of 3 eggs, 1 pint of water, seasoning to taste, 2 quarts of stock.

Mode.—Put in a very clean stewpan the chervil, lettuces, onions, parsley, and butter, to 1 pint of water, and let them simmer till tender. Season with salt and pepper; when done, strain off the vegetables, and put two-thirds of the liquor they were boiled in to the stock. Beat up the yolks of the eggs with the other third, give it a toss over the fire, and at the moment of serving, add this, with the vegetables which you strained off, to the soup.

Time.— $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. **Average cost,** 1s. per quart. **Sufficient** for 8 persons.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND DIRECTIONS.

—With the exception of June, this month is the driest in the year. The weather becomes gradually warmer, but, as an occurrence of severe frosts in the night is not unusual, it will be well to be provided against the injury which will be occasioned by these. In all gardens, by this time, all the walks ought to have been picked up, if necessary, all weeds removed, the lawns mowed, so as to give every chance for the flowers soon to display their beauties.

WHAT SEEDS TO SOW.—Seeds of Brompton and Queen stocks, tiger flowers, mignonette, and annuals may be now sown to succeed those which were sown in April. The annuals should be sown in patches, and, as soon as they begin to show themselves, they should be gradually thinned, as this operation will greatly increase the strength of those which remain. Other seedlings also, which require it, should be pricked out and transplanted.

WHAT PLANTS TO BED OUT.—As fuchsias, geraniums, verbenas, and hydrangeas attain a much finer growth when placed in the open ground than when they are kept in the flower-pots, as do also all similar plants, it will be well to plant these out into the borders about the end of the month. Both verbenas and geraniums, being of a straggling growth, are not well adapted to mix with other flowers. When planted in small beds by themselves, circles, ovals, pine-shapes, &c., they will answer much better, and make a far more beautiful effect. Cupheas may now be planted, and little patches also of the dwarf blue lobelia, to which may be added the tall scarlet flower. Dahlias may also now be planted.

THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT TREES.

It will be very necessary to keep a sharp lookout for the insects which, now that the warm weather has invited them forth from their winter hiding-places, will very likely play "old gooseberry" with the fruit-trees.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

WHAT SEEDS TO SOW AND VEGETABLES TO PLANT.—A row of cauliflowers may be planted this month, in addition to those which have already been planted, and the ground should be well stirred amongst the latter. A further planting of potatoes may also be now made, and the ground earthed-up round the earlier ones, taking care, at the same time, to remove all weeds. Such rows of peas and beans which had not previously been hoed and staked, should now be attended to. Cabbages, lettuces, celery, and other crops of this kind, which require it, should now be pricked or planted out. Crops of vegetables to succeed those already in the ground may now be sown, and, if not already done, a full potato and scarlet-runner crop may be planted. Endive and broccoli should also be sown. Carrots, parsnips, and onions should also be thoroughly hoed, thinned out, and weeded, so that they may grow strongly and finely. At night and early in the morning, snails and slugs should be carefully removed from all young lettuces, cabbages, scarlet runners, and other vegetables.

THE FASHIONS.

We have just been inspecting the show-rooms of our first houses, and will describe two or three out-door garments for the beginning of the fine season. In the first place, for the country and sea-side, we saw a *demoiselle* made of a thin grey cloth, in the form of a jacket, with side-pieces. It had a narrow square collar bordered by a diminutive fancy trimming; buttons in front as far as the waist; close sleeves, with passamenterie figuring a square opening. The back was quite straight, without a seam down the middle; pockets in front, with passamenterie round the openings.

For a more dressy toilet, there was a mantilla forming a shawl, and trimmed with two deep flounces, the lower one draped at the sides by a bow of ribbon or gimp. The flounces terminate in a point in front, and the ground is decorated with two rows of gimp trimming.

As to DRESSES, they are all trimmed at the bottom only. One of the prettiest we have seen, intended for the spring season, had nine narrow flounces scarcely exceeding a nail in width. Just over the highest flounce, a row of buttons begins and runs up to the top. The body is plain and the waist short. The sleeves, wide, with an elbow, form a band just below the bend of the arm. A narrow frill is put on the reverse. These sleeves are always accompanied by large puffed muslin under-sleeves.

Another dress has its flounces arranged in three groups; the bottom one consists of five, the next of three, and the third of two. The sleeves are puffed and slashed, with a ribbon bow in each of the slashes.

IN BALL DRESSES there is little novelty, for winter balls are almost over, and summer balls have not begun.

Dresses are worn so long behind that they form quite demi-trains, but in the front they are made only the ordinary length, just to touch the ground.

A NEW TRIMMING for dresses we may here mention. It consists of rows of velvet squares round the skirt, each square touching at the corners. These squares are first cut in stiff muslin, and then covered with black velvet by turning over the edges and sewing on the under side. The squares are then slip-stitched on to the dress. Smaller squares form a trimming for the sleeves, which are made large and open. A small lace collar is worn with it, and puffed under-sleeves trimmed with lace.

BONNETS are worn rather large this season, slightly pointed in the front, raised at the top, projecting slightly over the face, and receding at the side. White crape bonnets are exceedingly fashionable. We may also mention a new trimming for bonnets: it consists of a straw chain, which may be looped on the bonnet in any way that taste and fancy may dictate. They are also trimmed with a bow at the top, without ends.

Plain crinoline bonnets are very suitable for the spring season, trimmed with black lace and some bright shade of ribbon—pink is very fashionable, also Eugénie blue and maize.

FOR HEAD-DRESSES we have quite a new style. The *cache-peigne* is no longer worn, but the trimming is placed high at the top of the head, and very little at the back. For the morning, ribbon is much used. A pretty head-dress is made of three rosettes of ribbon to the front, with a rosette of black lace between each; a piece of ribbon then passes down each side of the head, and finishes at the back with a knot and two short ends.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

1. WALKING DRESS.—Bonnet of white crape, with a bunch of feathers at the side, and trimmed with white blonde. The front is wide at the bottom, and rather flat at the top, with a full white cap in the inside. On the right-hand side of the bonnet is a bunch of ostrich feathers, which should be so arranged as to fall a little over the front of the bonnet, and the tips fastened in the cap. On the left hand, inside, is a bunch of green and white daisies. The curtain is formed of one piece of crape, and is covered with a piece of blonde rather wider than the curtain, so that it just comes below all round. The strings are of plain white silk ribbon, with a very narrow fancy edge of the same colour.

Dress of white muslin, with a double shawl of the same material. The dress has seven flounces, each one trimmed with small ruchings of green. The edge of the shawl is trimmed to correspond.

2. WALKING DRESS.—White silk bonnet, bound with black velvet and trimmed blonde and violet poppies. The front is bound with black velvet, covered with blonde. The curtain is made of black velvet, and trimmed with blonde to correspond, and should be made spreading. The crown is soft, and made of white silk. Three violet poppies are arranged on one side of the bonnet, rather forward, so that one of them comes into the cap. Full cap of white blonde, with white ribbon strings.

Dress with plain skirt in violet-coloured silk. Black silk mantle, falling over the shoulders, with two frills, the top one finished off by a puffing of black silk.

3. DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OF AGE.—Straw hat, with turned-up edges, trimmed with green velvet. A feather is fastened in the front, and falls over to the back on the left side.

Dress of pink and white striped material, trimmed with strips of darker rose-coloured silk. The body is three-quarters high, and is trimmed with a berthe, which crosses in front. The sleeve forms a puff, with one frill; the waist is round, with a rose-coloured sash tied in front. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces. The width of the rose-coloured silk on the berthe and sleeves is an inch and a half; that on the bottom flounce, three inches; on the middle one, two inches and a half, and on the top one, two inches. The drawers are trimmed with muslin embroidery.



J. PURR.—Our correspondent, not a young lady, we think, is in a terrible fright about our going to war with France, or France going to war with us. She thinks, she says, if we have no objection, that the first is the best; by which we fancy she means that we had better go to war in France. Yea, that certainly would be the better plan; for no Englishman or Englishwoman would like to see Napoleon's Zouaves, and the Chasseurs de Vincennes, quartered in the pleasant corn-fields of Sussex, or turning the Kentish hop-poles into tent-poles. And then, too, terrible question—most terrible of all questions—where would our ladies get, how could they get, when could they get, that without which we are perfectly assured that no young maid, or middle-aged matron, could do without—the Paris fashions; especially now they have once seen them engraved, printed, and painted so beautifully in this magazine? No, Miss J. Purr (does she mean *j'ai peur*), the force of fashion alone, we believe, and the immense interests connected with the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, would keep this nation from a war with France. This is in entire confidence; but we hereby give each of our readers permission to impart the secret to her husband, brother, or lover (yes), so that he may take it into account in his next operations on the Stock Exchange, and, as a return for the information, present her with a new silk dress (now the duty is off, they don't cost much) and a set of the eight volumes of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE already published.

GEORGIANA.—Be kind enough to send your real name and address. These must always accompany every letter, not necessarily for publication, but as a pledge of the good faith of the writer.

MILlicENT TORNBULL.—"Wayside Weeds and Forest Flowers" will be commenced in our next number. The first part will be devoted to directions for collecting, examining, drying, and preserving wild-flowers.

CAROLINE.—You are not quite right in your estimate of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Her beauty was always of the scornful and imperious kind, and her features and air announced nothing that her temper did not confirm; both together, her beauty and temper, enaltered her heroic lord, who, though so great a general in the field, was as nothing in his own house. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day, at her toilette, being in anger with him, she cut off her commanding tresses and flung them in his face. Nor did her insolence stop there, nor stop till it had estranged and worn out the patience of the poor Queen, her mistress. The Duchess was often seen to give her Majesty her fan and gloves, and turn away her own head, as if the Queen had offensive smells. Incapable of due respect to her superiors, it was no wonder she treated her children and inferiors with supercilious contempt. Her eldest daughter, the Countess Godolphin, and she were long at variance, and never, indeed, reconciled. With her youngest daughter, the Duchess of Montrose, old Sarah, as Walpole calls her, agreed as ill. "I wonder," said the Duke of Marlborough to them, "that you cannot agree, you are so much alike." (That was; he reasons they could not, we should say.) Or her granddaughter, the Duchess of Manchester, daughter of the Duchess of Montagu, she affected to be fond. One day she said to her, "Duchess of Manchester, you are a good

creature, and I love you mightily—but you *hâve* a mother!" "And she has a mother," answered the Duchess of Manchester, who was all spirit, justice, and honour, and could not suppress sudden truth. In these days, as you suggest, we are not so outspoken; it is ill-bred, remember, either to argue, suggest a contradiction, or have a mind of your own.

STAR-GAZER.—"The Poetry of the Months," you will see, is commenced in this number. Poems on "June" will be printed in the June number; on "July," in July, and so on. Each paper should be sent to the office on or before the 5th of the month preceding that in which the poems will be printed.

ENQUIRER.—Mr. Augustus Mayhew, whose graceful fun we don't wonder at your admiring, will contribute a series of papers, under the title of "Mrs. Lettis's Diary." Including the opinions of a young and tender wife. Edited by a lady of thirty years' vast experience. Prepared for the press by Augustus Mayhew.

EMMA E.—You like, of course, to be "in the fashion." No young lady of sense and position wishes to be unlike her sisters and her cousins. It isn't in human nature that she should. In reply to your query respecting bonnets, we have to say that the reign of *small* bonnets is extinct; that dynasty is dethroned to give way to much larger-sized ones, which come considerably forward over the head, and have a somewhat "coal-scuttle" appearance in front, while the back of the bonnet is composed of a "loose crown." So, if a young gentleman given to punning asks you to lend him five shillings, you can't now be able to reply that you haven't a loose crown about you. Mothers, therefore, beware!

ADA S.—We agree with you in thinking that the horrid little London boys are a very great nuisance indeed; but we fear Sir Peter Laurie, with all his alderman's horses and all his alderman's men, can't put them down. That the amplitude of your crinoline should have been treated, as you say, by a number of little boys, posted at regular distances in Chancery-lane, as they would have treated their common iron hoops, is too much for us to bear. We hope you will have more mercy on our nerves in future than to tell us of such horrible war-whoops.

MARIAN HETHERIDGE.—We shall be happy to receive the selections from your album, and hope others of our friends will grant us a peep into some of their treasures in this way; for we are convinced that clever *jeux d'esprit* and interesting impromptus are lying *perdus* in the pages of many a young lady's album. Open their beauties to the world, fair readers, and be generous in extending to the thousands who read the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE that which has hitherto charmed but a small circle. What you allude to, we fancy, are the lines written by the poet Campbell to a young lady who asked him to write "something original" for her album.

An original something, fair maid, you would win me To write—but how shall I begin?

For I fear I have nothing original in me Excepting Original Sin.

If the selections from your album are not less clever than the above, we think you may depend on seeing them in print.

MRS. GORE (Reading).—We admit that that is a part of the newspaper which we always avoid, for we cannot want to any liking for reading of the brutal murders which, it is a strange thing to observe, so many of the weaker sex prefer to become acquainted with. You speak in your letter of an act of coolness, but we don't think it is equal to what occurred in the case of a footman of Lord Dacre, who was hanged, as nearly as possible, a hundred years ago, for murdering his fellow-servant, the butler. George Selwyn had a great hand in bringing him to confess his crime, and you may imagine the coolness of the wretch from the fact that, as he was writing his confession, he stopped at "I murd—" and asked, "How do you spell murdered?"



BY THE AUTHORS OF "UNDER A CLOUD."

CHAPTER III.

LOVE STRATEGIES—AND WORSE.

WHILE the young people were engaged in the passionate prattle of love, and making more ado about their private affections than a whole House of Commons about the welfare of an empire on which the sun never sets—while Miss Dacre bathed her alabaster mind in the fountains of sweet verse, with no ear, apparently, for the foolish discourse of her neighbours—Lady Grovelly still remained seated at the window. All that while she remained there, and for every shade drawn by the evening over her face, another was added by her own reflections. It is not for me to say how she got her information—where the little bird (if any) was bred, or to what species it belonged, which whispered her, as well as dear Adelaide, that her son had an appointment this evening with Leeson's daughter. Ask Jones how it is that his wife always knows, when he comes down dressed, with a ticket for a Masonic dinner in his hand, that he is not going to that dinner?—by what instinct she repairs, at the first glance at his well-dressed head, to the drawer where her opera-glass is kept, to find it not? It is a mighty mystery, and, in practical experience, has floored the astutest intellects of every age.

For there was really not much discovered as to Herbert's relations with his little neighbour; no mere philosopher and observer of human nature could have detected anything in their conversation and manner, when they met at Brierly House or elsewhere, to indicate the existence of more than a protecting kindness on one side, and flattered friendship on the other. Not that either party took pains to conceal the sentiment under any veil thicker than the veil of decorum; but whatever trepidation Charlotte happened to betray was no more than might have been expected in a young lady to whom her superiors behaved with such kind condescension, while, if Herbert appeared sometimes to treat her with high deferential courtesy, any gentleman would have done as much to set a lady at her ease,

to soothe a too-awkward sense of her inferior station. But mammas who are not philosophers, who are furnished with enough knowledge of human nature for their purposes *without* observation, and who have mysterious little birds in their bosoms into the bargain, behold these matters with a different eye, and hear much undelivered discourse.

Lotty wants to hear, one day after dinner, about that delightful singer, Mario, that the papers so enthusiastically praise, and whom Miss Dacre has just mentioned in a kind of frosty ecstasy, like strawberry-ice; and thereupon young Grovelly seizes upon the opera of "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," of all things, and goes through the story, singing Mario's bits in a voice little inferior to his, and a sensibility (he dwells much on the great tenor's sensibility) not at all inferior. Now, I remember his saying, only a year before, that he was tired of seeing the mere name of "*Lucia*" on the bills! Therefore, to me, who happened to be present, the whole thing appeared a simple display of the young man's vocal accomplishments; and in my heart I said (for I had a great liking for Lotty myself)—

"Well, before I'd labour to dazzle a poor country girl with such a tremendous exhibition of my talents —!" and so on.

Not that Miss Lecson seemed much unbarrassed—she was very quiet indeed; operating on an apple with her knife in such a fantastic manner that, at one moment, I cherished a demoniac expectation that, by the time he had exhausted his resources in one art, she would reward him with a specimen of more country-bred skill, in the shape of a carven pomaceous pig. However, this did not occur; but I had the gratification of observing that Grovelly became insufferably dull and stupid as soon as he had finished his display.

Now that we know so much of the facts of the case, it seems more than probable that the ladies drew a large general inference from this scene; but that doesn't account for their prophetic souls divining this secret meeting, nor for the inroad of uneasy reflections which agitated Lady Grovelly (and her ladyship's slipper) all through the dusk of the summer evening. Lights had been brought in; but even light was too disturbing for her thoughts, and the candles were accordingly relegated to the farther end of the apartment, while the window was allowed to remain open, and the breezes still came sighing in.

At length madame was startled from her reverie by precisely the most welcome of all sounds to her, under the circumstances: the mingled voices of Adelaide and Herbert in gay conversation. A moment more, and the young people strolled up the lawn and in at the window—Adelaide leaning on Herbert's arm, and making a most charming picture of herself, with her scarf tied over her hat and held under her chin, her brilliant teeth displayed like her pearls on a gala night, and her eyes full of animation. It was only on particular occasions that Adelaide looked like that. In fact, though I have since seen her under trying circumstances—at water-parties, at pic-nics in moonlit abbeys, when thirty-two and unmarried—I never beheld her so fascinating except once; and that was while she was talking with that battered old peer, Lord Cubee, in a balcony at Mrs. Smith of Smithtown's *soirées*. As for Grovelly, he, too, came on in a free, insouciant frame of mind—his hat slouched, brigand-like, over his forehead, and his dexter-hand thrust into his pocket; and as the sound of their mingled voices gladdened my lady's ear, so their appearance in this wise gave light to her eyes, and relief to her maternal heart.

THE FAMILY SECRET.

"And where," she said, "have you two been vagabondizing?"

"Botanizing, ma'am!" answered her son, in an explanatory tone.

"Botanizing!" exclaimed my lady, looking perfectly innocent of a fact generally known and accepted, that "botanizing," when two young people of opposite sex are concerned, is an equivalent for "love-making." In that sense the word pleased madame mightily, surprised as she appeared; but as for Adelaide, she hardly knew how to take it, or whether to be angry or pleased.

"Oh, I speak literally—we speak literally, don't we, Adelaide?" said the young man, laughing, as he beheld the ladies exchanging glances—the one of inquiry, the other of ignorance. "Meeting me by the brook-bridge, lounging home——"

Miss Dacre interrupted him. "Slouching home, Herbert. You must not be permitted to take these liberties with the language."

"Well, slouching, if you please!—by the brook-bridge, slouching home——"

"In maiden meditation, fancy-free!"

A bold stroke of Miss Dacre's, and not a judicious one. But perhaps she felt some resentment at her cousin's entering into explanations in this bantering tone. However, Herbert was carried away by some sudden revulsion of gaiety, and disposed of the interruption by a simple—

"Be quiet, Adelaide! It is only right that mamma should know all about it! Well, this maiden meeting me at the bridge, ma'am, took me forthwith to see a foundling verbena of hers, which she discovered, a mere slip of vegetation, heartlessly exposed by the gardener on a gravel walk; which she had planted in a comfortable corner; which she had nourished with fond and anxious care; and which she talked about with such enthusiasm, such charming tenderness, that I was fain to spread my handkerchief on the ground, and kneel to inspect and admire. Adelaide had no handkerchief; and I am afraid she must have soiled her dress!"

"That's all, aunt!" said Adelaide, with mock demureness.

"And very pretty too!"

"Ah yes! youth and beauty, tenderness and flowers! But that isn't all. Shall I tell my mother what we said about the stars, Adelaide?"

"Shall I tell my aunt how rude you were when I did speak to you on the bridge, Herbert?"

There was the slightest droop of Adelaide's eyelids, the slightest tremble in her voice. He must have been very naughty indeed, surely!

My lady, who had been well pleased with the conversation so far, on the whole, had here an opportunity to throw in an artfully-conceived remark.

"I'll hear no tales that ought not to be told out of school!" said she.

"Then Herbert mustn't be rude!"

"And Adelaide must be forbidden to say pretty things. If she does not wish them to be repeated, she should not make such charming comparisons as that between her star-eyed flower, living by kindness alone, and blooming content in a secluded home-nook, and the cold, solitary, unmated star!"

Now this observation, which created a slight sensation of awkwardness in Lady Grovelly, could only be taken by her niece either as downright rudeness or innocent badinage; just as she understood whether Herbert had imagined a drift in her discourse, or whether he regarded it as merely poetical and general. To put the case in another point of view, she had to be hurt or amused accordingly as she had

no cars for Weber, she has only eyes for her son ; and his apparition at this moment strikes a profound dread into her heart. *This*, or something like this, is what she has been watching for, many and many a year. This, when you come to unravel it, is the Family Secret, turning up at its worst.

"Come!" says my lady, astonished to find what an effort it cost her to speak without trepidation, "leave off thinking and talk to me."

"Then Adelaide must leave off playing, I'm afraid."

"Why, does it affect you so very much?" mamma asks, laying her hand lightly on his shoulder, with some distant faith, not altogether unfounded, perhaps, that there may be healing in the touch. Absorbed as she was, Adelaide does not fail to catch these words, and a particularly soft passage in the music gives her an opportunity of listening to the reply.

"Well, I won't say that," he answers; "for the fact is, Adelaide's strumming—I beg her pardon!—is rather of an accessory character, to-night; like the showman's music at a panorama."

"And the panorama —?"

"Is in my head, ma'am."

A startling reply to my lady. Had he said "imagination," she might have treated the answer lightly; "head" makes other sense of it. But, whatever she may feel, she rejoins, in a tone light enough—

"And where may the scene be laid?"

"Oh, Adelaide's fingers interpret that. The region of young love, of course."

"Tom Tiddler's ground, Herbert; where grown children play at picking up gold and silver, and find it to be all so many stones and leaves when they grow older."

"But the young ones are happy enough while it lasts!"

"While it lasts!"

"Ah! you are for making a drawing-room game of it, I suppose; and for having the young ladies and gentlemen begin by throwing down the genuine article in fair proportions."

(Why, here we have madame's *other* difficulty, then!)

"That, certainly, is my idea," says she, looking doubly anxious.

"Then I'm afraid, to be dutiful, I must abstain from such amusements till I reach your years of discretion, dear mother; at present, I cannot agree with you—I cannot at all agree with you!"

Adelaide's playing becomes so spiritual that it is scarcely audible. Her face is turned from the speaker, and its reflection in the mirror opposite may not be faithful; otherwise I should say there was no very spiritual expression about that: the lips are compressed, and the eyes have a deep, dark glow in them.

"Well," says my lady, evidently embarrassed, "we'll have the curtains drawn, and ring for tea."

"Why, no, mother. This is a very good subject for conversation; and, as I'm your son, and you expect to have a daughter one of these days, and Adelaide has started the subject —"

"I!" exclaimed his fair cousin, turning round upon her music-stool in beautiful surprise.

"Who else?" with a humorous, but, at the same time, an inquisitive look.

Adelaide gives the least little shake of the head, and goes just without the

still open window, to conceal her emotions or to contemplate the night. By the window grows a jasmine, flower beloved in all recorded ages, like the hyacinth, that most classical of flowers, compared with which the rose is a modern invention. And Adelaide pensively plucks the jasmine flowers; and during all the conversation that follows in this chapter, stands upon the threshold and plucks these flowers to pieces. It is as if she were repeating the old charm, "He loves me, he loves me not! He loves me, he loves me not!"

"You seem disturbed, this evening, my dear," Lady Grovelly observes solicitously, after gazing first at one of these young people, and then at the other.

"I am; there's no denying it!" replies her son.

"And what disturbs you?"

"In that panorama of mine, there was a scene in which you and I had a quarrel."

"Heaven forbid, Herbert! I hope that is impossible."

"But suppose you stick to your views about Tom Tiddler's ground; and suppose I am an obstinate brute, and stick to mine?"

"I understand you, my dear; but we need not provide for what is not at all likely to happen. And if it *should* happen, I hope——"

My lady hesitates there. Her son, sitting at her feet, throws back his head; and, as he seeks her eyes, exhibits the will-o'-wisp dancing furiously in his own.

"Yes!" says he.

"In such a case, I hope my love for you, and your love for me, Herbert, will make us both reasonable."

"Mother!" and here the young man springs to his feet, "don't depend on me. Don't rely on my reason!"

"Herbert!"

"No, madam!" he cries, striding up and down the room, with far more emotion than was natural, or than would have seemed natural to Lady Grovelly, had she known all that we know (though now she begins to suspect it, and more). "No, madam! I warn you that I have no head to debate what my heart is set on! If you ever want to silence *that*, I recommend you to cut off my head first! Cut it off, and set it up as a trophy of maternal solicitude! Cut it off, and hang it over the door where——"

At this point my lady proved herself a true woman. Every sentence of this outburst had struck her like a pistol-shot. A pang every whit as sharp and strong, only not mortal, followed each report; so that if I were writing a mere fiction, I should feel obliged to say here, "Lady Grovelly, overwhelmed by the too-fatal evidence of an ill-balanced mind (Oh, that it be no more than ill-balanced!), swooned!" But you are not to look upon this story as a fiction; and the fact is that, so far from swooning (though I dare say she would have preferred that course), Lady Grovelly rose from her chair without exhibiting a symptom of pain, or even of disturbance; and, linking her hand in the young man's arm, she said calmly—

"Come, come, my dear boy! What does this mean?—cutting off of heads, and all sorts of nonsense! I dare say you may contrive to have your own way, without being obliged to frighten us two poor women! Why, you have thrown your unoffending eye-glass clean over your shoulder, I declare! It is too bad!"

This little speech, delivered as mother and son walked up and down the room, had all the effect the former hoped from it. It brought Herbert to his senses. After a moment, his wild manner had all passed away; and, turning round upon my lady, so as to take her by both hands, he said—

“Ah! I'm a foolish fellow, and you are the best little mother in the world; and so we'll say no more!”



After this little episode, madame proposed that her son should engage her in the game of chess. Not a bad idea of hers; but Herbert, who by no means appeared the more reasonable of the two, had a better. “No,” said he. “Suppose I light a cigar, and we take a turn on the lawn.” Joyfully she acquiesced.

Herbert lit his cigar, and, taking no notice of Adelaide (knit together as they were, mother and son), they walked this way and that—here between the trim flower-beds, there down the long avenue, chequered by the shadows of the trees in the moonlight, and across the park, and round and round the fish-pond—without saying a word. In such cases, the less said the better, emphatically. Herbert pulled at his cigar; gradually and more gradually Lady Grovelly drew her boy's arm closer to that bosom where he had once lain, neither longer nor stronger than her fan (what a grand, great, tender thought that must be for a woman!), and so an hour passed, without a word.

THE FAMILY SECRET.

If I were to say without comfort and consolation, I should not only violate the truth, but be false to my mistress, Nature; in whom alone, of all created things, I believe. Ah, my mistress, this is pantheism—sheer, sheer heathenism, no doubt; but what is to be said? I don't care who knows it, and Mademoiselle may call me a donkey if she pleases; but upon thy heart alone, O Nature! did I ever find repose—no voice but thine, in the sighing of thy winds, in the unutterable murmuring of thy seas, ever stilled my ever-asking heart. But the days of thy worship, O Pan, are past. In these we are importers of cotton, and weavers of cotton; and the great question is, how much is wheat a quarter? But still, great Nature; for all our infidelity, you give us more than cotton, and more than corn; you give us, in many a sad strait, that peace, that comfort, that healing which neither riches nor philosophy can compass, and the lack of which no end of cheap calico would compensate.

The cigar burnt out, the walk ended; mother and son re-enter the house to find Adelaide retired. Soothed and lullabied as they are, mother and son, it is scarcely a time to sit down to polite conversation. That which quieted their spirits says within them, "Now to sleep—a good long, sound sleep, and I promise you there shall be no dreams!" Acting upon this suggestion, Herbert kisses mamma's cheek, performs a momentary worship over her hand as it lies in his, and retires too.

They make light of all that has passed this evening, and bid "Good night!" in a perfectly easy, unembarrassed manner; but it is to be observed that my lady not only accompanies her boy to his room, but enters it, and, somehow, does not seem inclined to leave it. She potters about there, unnecessarily folding and smoothing the socks he is to wear to-morrow (thinking, perhaps, of when they used to be so small!), and, for the rest of the time, sitting with her hands in her lap, in a perfectly unmeaning manner. Herbert begins to wonder what the deuce she means, at last, and feels obliged to hint that perhaps she had better go; and when she does take her candlestick again, she is a remarkably long time arriving at the door, finding something to arrange, and lingering to arrange it, at every step. At length she is gone, closing the door very, very softly.

It occurs to her now to ask what has become of Adelaide. My lady is curious about her meeting with Herbert, in the first place; and, notwithstanding that she was so much engrossed by her son's strange conduct, it is not to be supposed that Lady Grovelly had overlooked the silent part played by Miss Dacre. Indeed, there would have been little reason in it, if she had; for Adelaide brooding over her piano, Adelaide with drooping eyelids, Adelaide plucking the jasmine to pieces—"He loves me, he loves me not!"—offered the only picture of the whole drama of the evening which she could contemplate complacently.

"Ah!" said she to herself, as she went up to the young lady's room, "I little thought Adelaide so deeply interested in Herbert as her manner to-night betrayed. Indeed, I did not give the poor child credit for so much sensibility as she evidently possesses."

"Tap, tap!" No answer.

"Tap, tap!" Still no answer.

"Asleep, I suppose!" said my lady, disappointed. She longed for a little chat with Adelaide before she herself went to rest; and now was the time for confidences on either side, if ever. Indeed, Lady Grovelly hardly knew how much she

wished to talk with Adelaide till, finding her tapping unheeded, she turned from the door.

But here came in a favourable interposition of the Destinies. By some accident, a book fell to the floor in Miss Dacre's room. Heaven knows how or why it happened—it is a point I have never been clear upon. However, the book did fall, and Lady Grovelly, recalled by the sound, opened the door and looked in.

Why, what a lucky young fellow is this Herbert! Here is another lady sitting in the dark and dreaming of him! Just as we have seen Charlotte, behold Adelaide! The only difference is, that the arm Miss Dacre's head rests on is whiter than Lotty's, and the head that rests on her whiter arm is more classically chiselled, and droops with a more graceful, statuesque thoughtfulness; moreover, while there is not a single tear on our little maid's cheeks, on Adelaide's there are three or four.

"Why, Adelaide!" cries my lady.

"Oh, aunt dear!" sighs Adelaide; and, lifting her head as she speaks, the white, supporting arm falls prone upon the table like a marble column.

Mademoiselle, I must now invite you to contemplate this tableau until the 1st proximo.

COLOURED CLOTHES.

I.

A YEAR ago, a year ago, I folded them away,
Exchanged them for this mourning dress, and shut them from the day;
And, looking at them now, they seem but ghosts of what they were,
Unused to shine against the light, or meet the touch of air.

II.

I can remember how an undefined and nameless change
Fell on me with this dress, so unfamiliar then and strange;
Another phase of life had dropped into the past away,
I felt that earth and Heaven must wear new aspects from that day.

III.

I have learned much from these black clothes, and all the thoughts they bring,
Stern teachers! yet the soul grows strong beneath their lessoning;
They raise the disual veil from Death, and lo! an angel-face
Smiles on us from the Spirit-Land, and takes the spectre's place.

IV.

Truisms have grown up to truths, hope has been merged in faith,
And love has lighted up his torch under the shades of death;
If some impatient questionings have risen to the skies,
The silence of eternity has closed on the replies.

V.

No holy pages conned by me, no preacher, pulpit-wise,
Could teach me half as much as I have learned from this disguise;
Life's complex riddle has been solved, its darkest secrets read,
By the clear shining of the flame that caught its severed thread.

VI.

Now let me lay these ghosts again that I invoked to-night,
And shut them up within the trunk, before the morning light;
Whole hours have past in reverie, for the clock is striking one;
The lid drops down the padlock snaps, the spectre-troop is gone.

ARIEL THORN.

THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

THE NORMANS.

"The Romans in England long did sway;
 The Saxons after them led the way;
 They tugged with the Danes, till an overthrow
 They both of them got from the Norman bow."

IN passing at once from the Saxon to the Norman epoch, we would not be understood as ignoring that century and more, during which the Danes—those turbulent sea-kings, and their followers—ruled, reigned, and rioted in Great Britain. Far from it; but believing, as we do, that fears within and fighting without, that famines and distresses, were, alas! only too prevalent under their *regime*, we prefer passing at once to the Norman era, which, with all its disasters—and they were neither few nor far between—was, at least, alive with barbaric splendour and outward prosperity. The barons might rebel, and the serfs might suffer, but the strong hand of the Conqueror crushed every incipient rising, and silenced every discontented murmur; and that one strong will bore down all opposing matter before it, and fused discordant elements into, at least, the similitude of glory, contentment, and prosperity.

The legal ceremonies and customs in contracting marriages among the Anglo-Saxons, have been already mentioned, but it may be as well to notice a few of the arbitrary fashions and changing ceremonies with which, in after-years, the celebration of their marriages was commonly attended. Marriage was, at this era, celebrated in the house of the bridegroom, and all the expense and trouble of it devolved on him, in consequence of which a considerable time was allowed him to make the necessary preparations. It was not, however, esteemed gallant or fashionable to allow more than six or seven weeks to elapse between the time of contracting and the celebration of the marriage. On the day before the wedding, all the friends and relations of the bridegroom having been invited, they arrived at his house, and spent the time in feasting and in preparing for the approaching ceremonial. Next morning the bridegroom's company, mounted on horseback, completely armed, proceeded in great state and order, under the command of one who was called the *forewistaman*, or *foremost man*, to receive and conduct the bride in safety to the house of her future husband.

The company proceeded in this martial array to do honour to the bride, and to prevent her being intercepted and carried off by any of her former lovers. The bride in this procession was attended by her guardian, and other male relatives, led by a matron, who was called the *brideswoman*, and followed by a company of young maidens, who were called the *bridesmaids*. She was received by the bridegroom, on her arrival, and solemnly betrothed to him by her guardian, in a set form of words. After this ceremony, the bridegroom, the bride, and their united companies, went in procession to the church, attended with music, where they received the nuptial benediction from a priest. This was, in some places, given under the nuptial veil, which was a square piece of cloth, supported by a tall man at each corner, over the bridegroom and bride, to conceal her virgin blushes. After the nuptial benediction was given, both the bridegroom and bride were crowned by the priest with crowns made of flowers, which were kept in the church



SAXON BONDMAN.

for that purpose. When these ceremonies were finished, the whole company returned in procession to the bridegroom's house, and sat down to the nuptial feast, which was as sumptuous and abundant as the entertainer could afford.

The wedding-dresses of the bride and three of her maidens, and of the bridegroom and three of his attendants, were of a peculiar colour and fashion, and could not be used on any other occasion. These dresses were, anciently, the perquisites of the minstrels or musicians who had attended the wedding, but afterwards, when the minstrels fell into disgrace, they were commonly given to some church or monastery. The feastings and rejoicings continued several days after marriage, and seldom ended till all the provisions were consumed. To indemnify the husband, in some degree, for all these expenses, the relations of both parties made him some present or other at their departure.

Persons of rank and wealth, of both sexes, among the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, seem to have been very fond of ornaments of gold, especially chains and bracelets. Gold chains were worn by all officers of distinction, both civil and military, as badges of their offices, and these chains were given them by their sovereigns, who, on this account, were sometimes called the *givers of gold chains*, in the poems of those times. The Danes, in particular, were so great admirers of these ornaments that they esteemed no oaths so sacred as those that were sworn on bracelets of gold. The English were admired, says a contemporary writer, for the richness and elegance of their dress. "The French and Norman nobility admired the fine persons, the flowing hair, and the beautiful dresses of the English nobles. For the English women excel all others in needlework and embroidering with gold; and their male artists are also excellent."

One of the many changes introduced into England by the Normans was a new method of education; for the Conqueror, having formed the design of extirpating the English language, and making the French the vulgar tongue of all his subjects, commanded that the English children

NORMAN RUSTIC—11TH CENTURY.
(From Strutt.)



NORMAN RUSTIC—11TH CENTURY.
(From Strutt.)

advanced to the most honourable rank of esquires; then they were admitted into more familiar intercourse with the knights and ladies of the court; and perfected in dancing, riding, hawking, hunting, tilting, and other accomplishments necessary to fit them for performing the offices and make them worthy of the honours of knighthood, to which they aspired.

It was in these schools of chivalry—the courts of kings, princes, and great barons—that the youth of this period imbibed that spirit of romantic gallantry and devotion towards the ladies which was esteemed the most necessary qualification of a true and gentle knight. These courts were the schools in which the ladies as well as the gentlemen received their education. Both were often the wards of the prince or great baron; and while those of the one sex were educated with his son, under his own eye, those of the other were educated with his daughters, under the inspection of his lady.

should be taught at school the first rudiments of grammar in French, and not in English. This mode of education, introduced by the Normans with a design to establish their own language on the ruins of the Anglo-Saxon, continued for more than three centuries after the Conquest. Thus the long struggle between the French and English languages, after it had continued for three hundred years, drew, at length, to a conclusion, and victory began to declare in favour of the English.

The spirit of chivalry, which began to display itself about the beginning of this period, and was introduced into this country by the Normans, gave a new turn to the education of the young nobility and gentry, in order to fit them to obtain the honour of knighthood—which was then an object of ambition to the greatest princes. On their first entrance into this school of chivalry, they acted in the capacity of pages or valets. After they had spent a competent time in the station of pages, they were



NORMAN RUSTIC—11TH CENTURY.
(From Strutt.)

The use of family surnames descending from father to son seems to have been introduced into Britain by the Normans, at the beginning of this period; for, among the Anglo-Saxons, persons who bore the same christian name were distinguished from one another by descriptive epithets, such as black, white, long, short, strong, &c.; which titles, of course, could not descend from father to son. Family surnames, at their first introduction, like family arms, were confined to persons of rank and fortune, who most commonly took their surnames from the castles in which they resided or the estates which they possessed. This is the true reason of the surnames of so many of the noble families in England being the same with the names of certain towns, castles, and estates in Normandy, France, and Flanders.

The Anglo-Saxon warriors adorned their shields and banners with the figures of certain animals or other devices; but, in doing this, every particular person followed his own fancy, without any regard to the figures or devices that had been borne by his ancestors. But, about the time of the first Crusade, greater attention began to be paid to these devices, when it was discovered that they might be useful as well as ornamental; and it was, naturally enough, accounted most honourable to carry those arms which had been displayed in the Holy Land. It was only, however, and by slow degrees, during the course of almost two centuries, that this custom became constant and universal, even in noble families.

The Normans, who settled in England after the Conquest, introduced a more magnificent and splendid manner of living than had been known among the Anglo-Saxons. This we learn from a writer who flourished soon after the Conquest, and had the best opportunities of being well-informed; who tells us that the English nobles were universally addicted to excessive drinking, and spent their ample revenues in a sordid manner, in mean and low houses; but that the Norman barons dwelt in stately and magnificent palaces, kept elegant tables, and were very splendid in their dress and equipage.

William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, had no fewer than 1,000, some contemporary writers say 1,500, horsemen in his retinue; and, to furnish his table, all the different kinds of beasts that roam on the land, of fishes that swim in the waters, and of birds that fly in the air, were collected. The Norman kings and nobles displayed their taste for magnificence in the most remarkable manner, at their coronations, their royal feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and at their tournaments, which were all celebrated with incredible expense and pomp. One thing that contributed very much to swell the retinues of the Norman kings, prelates, and nobles, was the necessity they were under of carrying with them, not only their provisions, but even a great part of the furniture of their houses, on their journeys.

With regard to the position of the people, "The changes in the ranks and degrees of men in society, that were introduced into England at the Norman Conquest, seem to have been rather nominal than real. Those who occupied the lowest rank still continued in a state of slavery, and we have a good reason to believe that their numbers were rather increased than diminished by that event. None of the Anglo-Saxon serfs, who were annexed to the lands which they cultivated, and had been usually transferred with them from one proprietor to another, could entertain the least hopes of obtaining freedom, or even a mitigation of their servitude, when these lands were bestowed on the enemies and conquerors of their nation. On the

contrary, many of the English, who had formerly been free, having been taken prisoners at the battle of Hastings, or some of the subsequent revolts, were reduced to slavery, and thought themselves very happy if they preserved their lives, though they lost their freedom. The Norman conquerors, for some time, treated their English slaves with so much severity that a contemporary writer declines giving any description of it, 'because its inhuman cruelty would appear incredible to posterity.'

That part of the Conqueror's policy most keenly affecting women, was his decision that the king's female wards could not marry any person, however agreeable to themselves and their relations, without the consent of their royal guardian; that they might not have it in their power to bestow an estate that had been derived from the crown on one who was disagreeable to the sovereign. This was a cruel and ignominious servitude, by which heiresses, of the greatest families and most opulent fortunes, were exposed to sale, or obliged to purchase the liberty of disposing of themselves in marriage by great sums of money—either from the king or from some greedy courtier, to whom he had granted or sold their marriage. No less a sum than 10,000 marks, equal to 100,000*l.* of our present money, was paid to William for the wardship and marriage of one single heiress; and this cruel servitude was afterwards extended to male heirs.

Trials by ordeal, both by fire and water, had been used in Normandy, as well as Britain, before the Conquest, and were, therefore, continued in England after that event; but the judicial duel, in which an appeal was made to the judgment of God for the discovery of the truth or falsehood of any accusation, was first introduced into this country by the Normans. They also, it is supposed, introduced the trial of criminal and civil causes by a jury of twelve men, which makes so distinguished a figure in English jurisprudence; but this was far from being introduced at once by any positive statute, as it came into use by slow degrees, and was far from being common in the former part of this period. But in the reign of Henry II., after a law was made allowing the defendant in a criminal or civil process to defend his innocence either by battle or by a jury of twelve men—called the *grand assize*—this last method, as being the most rational, became more and more frequent, till, at length, it obtained a complete victory over the judicial combat and every other combat.

In the midst of all the magnificence in which the Norman kings and nobles lived, there were some things in their domestic economy which to us appear exceedingly mean and wretched. For instance, several estates in England were held by the tenure of finding clean straw for the king's bed, and litter for his chamber, as often as he lodged at a certain place. Fitz-Stephen, in his life of Thomas A'Becket, mentions this as a proof of his elegant manner of living, "That he commanded his servants to cover the floor of his dining-room with clean straw or hay every morning in winter, and with clean bulrushes and green branches of trees every day in summer, that such of the knights who came to dine with him as could not find room on the benches, might sit down and dine comfortably on the floor without spoiling their fine clothes."

The custom of covering up their fires about sunset in summer, and about eight or nine at night in winter, at the ringing of a bell called the *couvre-feu*, or curfew-bell, is supposed by some to have been introduced by William I., and to have been imposed upon the English as a badge of servitude; but some historians have

imagined that it was intended as a precaution against fires, which were then very frequent and very fatal, when so many houses were built of wood. However this may be, Henry I. restored the use of lamps and candles at Court in the night, after the ringing of the *couvre-feu* bell.

To the disgrace of our countrymen of this period, we are bound to acknowledge that they were addicted to excessive eating and drinking, often spending both day and night, without intermission, in such practices. The Normans were very



DREAM OF HENRY I.

unlike them in this respect, being delicate in the choice of their meats and drinks, and but seldom exceeding the bounds of temperance. By this means the Normans lived with greater elegance and at less expense than the English. The custom, however, of drinking to pegs, which had been introduced by a law of Edgar the Peaceable, still continued in this period; for, by a canon of the Council of Westminster, held A.D. 1102, the clergy are prohibited to frequent ale-houses or to drink to pegs. It appears also that, before the conclusion of this period, many

of the Normans had adopted the manners of the English, and departed from the sobriety of their ancestors. "When you behold," says Peter of Blois, "our barons and knights going upon a military expedition, you see their baggage-horses loaded, not with iron, but wine; not with lances, but cheeses; not with swords, but bottles; not with spears, but spits. You would imagine they were going to prepare a great feast rather than to make war. There are even too many who boast of their excessive drunkenness and gluttony, and labour to acquire fame by swallowing great quantities of meat and drink."

The point of honour was very much respected by the Normans in this period, and they paid much regard to their plighted faith, especially to the ladies. A most remarkable instance of this occurs in the history of Stephen. The Empress Maude (by the bye, it was this Empress who built the first *stone* bridge in this country), from whom Stephen had usurped the crown of England, was besieged by him in Arundel Castle, the residence of the Queen Dowager, A.D. 1139, and might easily have been taken prisoner. But Stephen was prevailed upon to respect the ties of blood and the honour due to ladies of so high a rank. He did not push the siege, but promised the Empress that he would cause her to be conducted in safety to the Castle of Bristol, the residence of her natural brother and most powerful partizan. Though the Empress knew that Stephen had violated the most solemn oaths, she relied upon his word of honour and put herself under his protection.

The Normans appear to have been a witty, cheerful people, and no qualities were more admired amongst them than those of wit and humour; indeed, John of Salisbury censures with great severity the excessive fondness of his countrymen for professed wits and jesters, and reproaches them for spending too much time and taking too much delight in their company.

There was hardly any vice against which the clergy of this period declaimed with greater vehemence than the long, curled hair of the laity, especially of the

courtiers. Serlo, a Norman bishop, acquired great honour by a sermon which he preached before Henry I., A.D. 1104, against long and curled hair, and which so affected the King and his courtiers that they consented to resign their flowing ringlets, of which they had been so vain. The prudent prelate gave them no time to change their minds, but immediately pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and performed the operation with his own hand.

The Normans had as great an aversion to beards as they had a fondness for long hair; among them, to allow the beard to grow was an indication of the deepest distress and misery. They not only shaved their beards themselves, but, when they had authority, they obliged others to imitate their example. It is mentioned by some of our ancient historians, as one of the most wanton acts of tyranny in William the Conqueror, that he compelled the English (who had been accustomed to allow the hair of their upper lips to grow) to shave their whole beards. This was so disagreeable to some of the people, that they chose rather to abandon their country than resign their whiskers.

The vestments of the Normans—as may be seen from our engravings—were, at the time of the Conquest, and for some time after, simple, convenient, and even graceful; before the end of this period, however, they degenerated not a little from their simplicity, and became fantastical enough in some particulars. The bonnets of kings, earls, and barons—especially those which they used at public solemnities—were of the finest cloths or richest furs, and adorned with pearls and precious stones. The shirts of all persons of rank and fortune, and even of the great body of the people, were of linen. The Jews were obliged to wear square caps of yellow colour, to distinguish them from other people.

Doublets or circoats were worn next the shirt, and made to fit the shape of the body. This vestment appears to have been used shorter or longer at different times, and even at the same time by persons of different ranks. For awhile the circoats of kings, and persons of quality, reached almost to their feet; those of the common people reached no lower than the middle of the thigh, that they might not incommode them in labouring. The sleeves of these doublets reached to the wrists. They were put on over the head, like a shirt, and made fast about the waist with a belt or girdle. The girdles of kings were commonly embroidered with gold, and set with precious stones.

The shoes of the Normans, when they settled in England, seem to have had nothing remarkable in their make; but in the time of William Rufus, a foolish fashion was introduced by one Robert, surnamed the Horned, from the shape of his shoes. He was a great beau in the Court of that Prince, and used shoes with long sharp points, stuffed with tow, and twisted like a ram's horn. This ridiculous fashion was admired as a happy invention, and adopted by almost all the nobility.

It is supposed, however correctly we know not, that the art of cookery was improved by the introduction of feudal tenures; for by them the office of cook in great families became hereditary, and had an estate annexed to it, which naturally engaged fathers to instruct their sons with care in the knowledge of an art to which they were destined by their birth. We even meet with estates held by the tenure of dressing one particular dish of meat.

People of rank and fortune had, as early as this period, several kinds of bread. That which is called in Latin *panis piperatus*, was made of the finest flour, mixed with spices. Simnel and wastel cakes were also made of the finest flour, and were

seldom seen, except at the tables of kings, prelates, barons, or monks. When the King of Scotland resided in the Court of England, he was, by charter, allowed twelve of the king's wastel cakes, and twelve of his simnel cakes every day for his table. But the most common bread used by persons in comfortable circumstances was made of the whole flour, coarse and fine, the price of which was very early settled by law, in proportion to the price of wheat. The common people had bread made of the meal of rye, barley, or oats.

Hunting among the men, and hawking among the women, were the favourite amusements of this age; and, indeed, the English ladies of this period applied so much to hawking, that they excelled the gentlemen in that art, which John of Salisbury very unpolitely produces as a proof that hawking was a trifling and frivolous amusement.

Chess, and several games at dice, were much studied and practised by persons of rank at this period; and the knowledge of such games was considered necessary to every gentleman who aspired to the honour of knighthood.

The well-known skill of the English ladies in embroidery has been already referred to. The most curious piece of work that has been preserved is the celebrated Bayeux tapestry. It is the work of Matilda, the wife of William, and is worked with different-coloured worsteds upon white cloth, to which time has given the tinge of brown holland. The drawing of the figures is rude and barbarous, and no attention has been paid to correctness of colour in the objects depicted; but for all that it is an interesting relic. There is a border at the top and bottom of the tapestry, consisting of some few of the fables of Esop—birds, animals, and other objects; and in that part where the battle of Hastings is represented, the dead bodies supply the border. It is still in existence at Caen, in the Museum.

Some idea may be formed of the labour such a product required, and of the industry of the Queen, when the reader is told that this piece of tapestry is 225 feet, or 75 yards in length, and about twenty inches in width. It represents, in regular succession, the events which preceded the Conquest, and the principal circumstances connected with it; and many learned persons, who have examined this elaborate work, consider that it embraces many events of which no other record now exists.

Fire-places appear to have been introduced about 1200, and only one chimney was allowed in a manor-house, one in a religious house, and one in the great hall of a castle, or a lord's house. Other houses had only the *rede dosse*, a sort of raised hearth, where the inmates dressed their food, without any passage for the smoke.

Although coals were known to the Britons before the arrival of the Romans, and though they were known to, and partly used by, the Anglo-Saxons, they are not mentioned under the Danish usurpation, nor under the Norman rule. So much for the rude barbaric splendour of the conquerors. Saxon home-life comforts and joys sank slowly, but surely, under their sway; and with a mighty, rushing, irresistible force, the new comers bore all before them, leaving the nation scarcely time to feel the full force of the mighty change that was being effected by their instrumentality over the whole body of the people. A change! Yea, verily! But for good or for evil? Decide, dear reader. We dare not.

M. S. R.

AMONGST THE AMERICANS.

BY F. GERSTÄCKER.

PART II.

THE Oceanic rushes with terrible velocity through the water, and the sailor is well aware that all argument is now useless. He goes down to the woman, and tries to console her with a sorrowful face; but she runs back, shrieking and complaining to her children, and laments over the loss of her husband.

It would be, probably, not out of place here to give a short description of American steamers, as they differ materially, in every respect, from ours, and their internal arrangements may not be familiar to all our readers.

The American seeks, in all his undertakings and labours, to earn the largest possible sum in the shortest possible time; and, starting on this principle, arranges everything accordingly. The building of his steamers is a proof of this.

To be able to employ the hull of the vessel solely for freightage, and not to lose the space where he can accommodate a great number of passengers, he brings his engine on deck, and builds over it a storey which is kept for the convenience of the cabin passengers and officers of the vessel.

The centre of the deck is occupied by the engine, of which the smaller vessels have one or two, the larger from three to eight, which stand in a row close together, the boiler being forward. The Oceanic had five boilers. Very frequently, vessels may be seen with two engines, which either each work a paddle-wheel, or turn one together, which is placed at the stern of the vessel, and is called the "stern" wheel; the latter, however, is never very large. Behind the engine, and occupying about one-third of the deck, is the room arranged for the transport of between-deck passengers; and, as we shall be obliged to descend thither several times, we will take a closer look at it beforehand.

Towards the front, or, rather, at the centre of the boat, this room is open, and on both sides run rows of berths, roughly made of planks, three together, one above the other, and broad enough to accommodate two persons, if necessary, while the single bunks are divided from each other by short cross-boards. In the centre of this deck is an immense stove, employed for cooking, as the 'tween-deck passengers are not boarded. When many passengers are on board, this is always surrounded by cooks, whose labours raise the temperature of the deck, especially during the summer months, to an insupportable heat. Here, too, the 'tween-deck passengers have their boxes and trunks, and can do just exactly as they please.

On the larboard side of the vessel is usually the galley, with a larder attached, in which is an immense stove, to cook for the 100 and more deck passengers, as well as the officers.

Above all is the cabin, to which small ladders lead up on either side. A large dining-room forms the centre of it, and on both sides are little sleeping-cabins with glass doors, and each provided with two beds close together. Towards the centre of the vessel are several little apartments for the captain, mates, pilots, engineers, and the book-keeper, near which there is usually a little "bar-room," which, on board the Oceanic, was elegantly decorated; and between the cut glasses and bottles, filled with different coloured liqueurs and adorned with gay vignettes, were piled

up lemons, oranges, and pine-apples. In the middle of this little spirituous sanctuary—the whole was not more than eight feet broad and six feet high—was a piece of paper, framed and glazed, in which the words “No credit,” in colossal letters, saved the passengers any useless inquiries on this subject.

The bar, as well as the dining-room, was decorated with a very elegant paper-hanging, and some engravings representing events in Napoleon's campaigns, and portraits of first-rate steamers, among which, of course, was one of the Oceanic.

Immediately in the rear, and only separated by a very large glass door, hung with red curtains, was the ladies' cabin, arranged in a similar way to the dining-cabin, with sleeping-cots on both sides; but the latter were decorated with tasteful drapery, while several rocking-chairs, for the convenience of the ladies, rendered it very comfortable. A little placard, however, over the door, with the expressive words “No admittance,” prevented the entry of any gentlemen unless they received the special permission of the ladies.

The deck, which runs over these cabins, is covered all down the centre by a species of case, which is made of glass and lets in the light of day, and, at the same time, forms the flooring of the third, or hurricane-deck, which is covered with a sort of coarse sand, that it may not catch fire through the continual sparks that fall on it from the chimney. In fine weather this forms the promenade for the 'tween-deck passengers, as they must not stop on or before the first cabin.

Upon this, and quite in front, almost between the two immense iron chimneys, is the pilot's little wheel-house, which is encased in glass, to guard the steersman from rough weather, and, at the same time, allow him a free prospect in every direction, to immediately perceive and avoid every threatening drift or every dangerous “snag.” Ropes run down from this wheel-house into the lower deck, and along its roof to the rudder. These ropes have lately been exchanged for wire on most of the boats, as the vessel, in case of fire, could not be steered by aid of the common ropes, which so rapidly caught the conflagration.

Having carefully examined the vessel, let us now go up into the cabin, to take a glance at our fellow-passengers. The number of male travellers might be about twenty, and the greater part of them were collected in the front of the cabin-deck—which furnished free passage for the cool river breeze—and were admiring the landscape and the splendid plantations that flew past them.

The Mississippi planter, however, who had been to New Orleans to sell his cotton, sat, without noticing the beautiful scenery—which he had seen Heaven knows how often—with his legs stretched out over the balcony that surrounded the deck, and was reading the *Brother Jonathan*. Near him, with his feet also on the balustrade, but with his hands comfortably folded on his round paunch, and regarding the cotton and sugar plantations with a satisfied smile, sat a little, portly man, who also possessed a plantation on the Atchafalaya, in Louisiana, but was now going up to St. Louis on business. He was talking with a tall young man, in a plain brown surtout, who was leaning against one of the pillars, and frequently smiled at the little man's dry jokes; but still there was something melancholy in his glances, which his neighbour's conversation might, perhaps, momentarily dissipate, but not banish.

He was a Virginian, and his open, honest glance, his lofty forehead, shadowed with dark hair, and the sharply-delineated brows, which arched boldly over his dark eyes, formed a marked contrast to the pale face and downcast eyes of his neighbour

to the right—a tall, thin man, whose features revealed deep, earnest reflection, and who sat biting his nails, and only raised his eyes at intervals to look timidly at those around him.

"No! deuce take it, sir!—what's your name though?" The little man again turned to the Virginian after one of his usual jokes. "My name is Simmons—and yours?"

"Gray," the young man in the brown coat replied, with a polite bow.

"Well then, Mr. Gray," Simmons continued, "you may say what you like, but you can't be angry with those confounded Irish, in spite of all their mistakes and nonsense."

"But, Mr. Simmons," Gray answered, "in that respect I do not at all contradict you. I never found more humour, more sound sense, more sharp, pointed wit, than among these Irish."

"Just listen to what happened to me the night before last, in New Orleans," said Simmons. "I was in company with some friends, and we had drunk a good drop, and the sweet pine-apple punch did not at all agree with me—in short, I took my hat and went down into the street to cool myself. Well, the fresh air did me good, and I felt quite well again after I had walked up and down a couple of streets. I was then going to return to my friends, but, deuce take it! the streets are all so much alike that I could not find the house where they were. The infernal French name I had also forgotten; and I therefore determined, as it must be past midnight, to return to my hotel, the St. Charles. But, as I did not know the way there perfectly—for I was out almost in the third municipality—I went up to the first watchman I saw, and offered him a dollar if he would take me to the St. Charles."

"'Jist come along, honey!' he said, with such a brogue that I could not mistake the Irishman. I therefore lounged along quietly by his side, until he suddenly stopped before a small house with green jalousies, and nodded to me to go in."

"'But, good friend,' I said to him, 'that's not the house where I live. I want to go to St. Charles's Hotel.'"

"'And is it you that has to say where he'll go?' my hitherto leader asked in a loud voice. 'Isn't this the watch-house? and has not my mother's son brought you here?'"

"'But, hang it! what crime have I committed, that I must pass the night in the calebouse?' I asked, half angry, half laughing."

"'Arrah, ochone!' the fellow now exclaimed, in the highest degree of astonishment at my audacity. 'Committed no crime? Didn't ye want to bribe me, sur?'"

"That was too much, and I began laughing tremendously; he, however, was very angry at it, and pushed me, before I could recover myself, into the open door, where I was immediately received by a couple of others, and handed on."

"I was beginning to protest in all seriousness, and to explain the matter to the inspector; but, unluckily, at the same moment, a whole swarm of noisy drunkards was brought in."

"'I've no time to listen to every prisoner,' he said sharply. 'Take him away. And in a few minutes I sat on a hard bench behind an iron door, in the amiable society of rogues, drunkards, and thieves."

"And you spent the whole night in the calebouse?" the Virginian asked with a laugh.

"Do you believe the fellows would not let me out again before nine the next morning? The Recorder, though, near killed himself with laughing when I was brought up and told my story in reply to the rogue of a watchman. I was obliged to laugh myself, and couldn't be angry; it was too comical."

"Can you, perhaps, tell me, sir," a very elegantly-dressed man said to Simmons, who looked him kindly in the face, "if there is much game in these parts? You seem to know the country, and I have come from New York merely for the sake of sport. I want to find out a place where there is plenty of shooting."

"Well, sir," said Simmons, with a shrug of his shoulders, "there's a poor prospect hereabouts; it's seldom we meet a stag, and the bears are quite extirpated."

"But there are plenty of turkeys?" the stranger asked.

"Not down here, where the river overflows the banks; but in the hills there may be a flock or two; but they are rare, too."

"But, good gracious!" the New Yorker said, in surprise, "I heard quite different reports in the New England States about the chase here. The swamps were said to swarm with wild beasts, and stags, and turkeys; and the buffaloes to stand and drink from the Mississippi, while the steamers go past."

"Well, look sharp, then," Simmons cried, with a laugh. "You might shoot at your ease; but you want keen eyes, though, to see the buffaloes on the banks of the Mississippi."

"Is it better in Missouri, then?" the New Yorker asked very despondingly. "I should not be disinclined to join a party to the Rocky Mountains."

"Then you've come, at any rate, too late for this year," the Virginian answered; "for, if I'm not mistaken, both the companies for the Rocky Mountains (one from Port Smith, in Arkansas, the other from Independence, in Missouri) start on the 1st of May."

"Stand by!" the captain cried from the hurricane-deck.

The Oceanic approached the right bank, to take up some passengers from a plantation. The steamer's little boat, pulled by two powerful sailors, danced rapidly over the agitated waters, and stopped in a few minutes at a spot where several ladies and gentlemen had hailed the vessel by waving their handkerchiefs, and now waited for the boat.

Several negroes brought down boxes and portmanteaus from the neighbouring house. A gentleman and two ladies got into the boat; the luggage was soon handed in, and in a few minutes it reached the steamer, whose engine was stopped, and which was just commencing to go back with the stream.

"Go ahead!" the captain cried; and a young mulatto now went round, ringing a huge bell, to inform the passengers that dinner would be served in a few moments. The long table in the centre of the cabin was laid, the second bell sounded, and the captain, a tall, handsome man, simply but tastefully dressed, opened the door of the ladies' cabin, and led them to the upper end of the table, while he occupied the seat of honour before an immense roast turkey, to be able to see over the whole of the table, and satisfy the wants of each guest. The book-keeper, round whom the gentlemen were collected, occupied a similar post at the other end of the table; and mulatto and negro lads, with extraordinarily white linen and woolly locks,

waited at table, and handed round the various little dishes with which the board was covered.

In the American fashion, the meal was finished quickly and without much talking; and, soon after, black and tremendously strong coffee was handed round in very little cups, to suit creole taste.

After dinner Simmons and Gray sat again together on the boiler-deck, and the former, stretching and yawning, declared he had eaten so much that he was unfit for anything that afternoon.

"The gumbo, which the French down here are so passionately fond of," the Virginian remarked, "doesn't at all suit my Northern stomach, and the cayenne-pepper, especially, with which they overload it, is enough to suffocate a healthy man with mere coughing."

"Yes—yes!" Simmons laughingly said; "when I came to this neighbourhood first, it was just the same with me; and my wife could not, for a long while, gain permission to put it on my table; but now I have grown accustomed to it, and eat the pepper like sugar."

"Here it may pass," said a young man, who appeared pale and wretched, and had come on board intoxicated the previous evening; "but, a little further up, at Waterlow, where I lived a year, they put any meat in it they could procure. I myself saw them use owls, hawks, and crows."

"Certainly a pleasant mixture," Mr. Gray thought.

"Well, owls or crows!" Simmons laughingly replied, "I've eaten so much that, if any accident were to happen to the boat to day—and I shouldn't be at all astonished, for we are going like the wind, and there's the third steamer we've caught up already—it would be useless to think of swimming: I should sink like a stone!"

"Do you think there's any danger, sir?" the elderly gentleman, who had come on board with the ladies, asked, in a somewhat apprehensive tone, and in broken English, but very politely.

"It's of no consequence," Simmons said. "If the boiler were to burst, we should not perceive anything of it here; for we are sitting right over it, and should leave this world so quickly, that we should not have any story to tell about it in the other."

"Then the danger is really so great, as I was told in France?" the old gentleman asked, growing paler.

"By no means," Mr. Gray kindly interrupted him. "Accidents often happen through the carelessness of the captains and engineers, but I don't fear it with ours; for Captain Wilkins appears a very sober and sensible man, who would not hazard the lives of the passengers intrusted to his care, more especially as his own would run the same risk."

"I am much obliged, sir, for your kind explanation," the Frenchman politely replied. "I will now go and calm the ladies, who came on board, I can assure you, with great reluctance." With these words, he bowed and walked to the ladies' cabin.

"I should like to know," Simmons said, when he had retired, "whether he's got a life-buoy. I should be very much surprised if he and the terribly stout lady who came on board with him haven't got them."

"Are they always used on the Western boats?" the New Yorker asked.

"Certainly," Simmons answered; "there are few captains who would dare to start without life-buoys; but I don't think that madame there, would require such a thing, for her two hundredweight of fat ought, in any case, to keep her above water. If I were the captain, I'd make her pay excess weight. But the boat's stopping to take in wood; I think it would do none of us any harm to take a little stroll on shore."

With these words he rose and went on shore with Mr. Gray, the New Yorker, and several others.

"Wood-pile—wood-pile!" the mate's voice now sounded through the 'tween-decks and the workmen's bunks, which were in a little room in the stern of the



vessel, close to the rudder. "Wood-pile, boys, wood-pile!" And from every corner crawled out workmen and passengers, to carry on board the wood that lay piled up on the bank.

At the same time the mate carefully examined all the bunks, to see whether all the passengers, who had not paid to be dispensed from wood-carrying, were at work.

The passage-money is usually arranged after this fashion the ordinary price from New Orleans to St. Louis is five dollars, without food or bed, and then the passenger has nothing to do with wood-carrying but if he only pays four or three and a half, from New Orleans to St. Louis, about 1,200 miles, he engages, at the same time, to help in carrying up and stowing away the wood, when the boat stops for it. The cabin-passengers have nothing to do with it, of course, and pay twenty to twenty-five dollars for the passage, including board and lodging.

"Heh! old fellow!" the mate cried to a rough fellow, who had retired into a corner and appeared to be asleep, as he seized him by the collar and shook him, "Do you carry wood?"

"What?" he asked sharply.

"Do you carry wood?"

"No!"

"Show your ticket, then."

He slowly produced a piece of crumpled paper from one of his deep pockets, and handed it to the mate.

"Confound you!" the latter cried. "Why did you say 'No!' when I asked you if you carried wood? You're only a third-class passenger!"

"And confound you! Why did you ask me if I carry wood, when I'm asleep in the corner?"

"Be off with you," the mate replied angrily.

"Well—well," the other laughed, as he got up and stretched himself, "I shall be in time." And he walked slowly to the fore-castle to go to work.

"Do you carry wood, here?" the mate asked again, as he turned to a group of German peasants, who had just come from the old country, and did not understand what he wanted, as they made him understand by shaking their heads.

"*Nix romni heraus!*" the mate said angrily, as he tried to imitate the German of the poor fellows. "Do—you—carry—wood?" And between each word, which he uttered slowly and distinctly, to be better understood, he gesticulated, as if to make them understand the species of work.

"What's the donkey want?" one of the emigrants asked the other.

"I really don't know," was the answer. "Only see what faces he's making!"

"*Nicht verstehen!*" a woman now said to the mate, halloing it into his ears as loudly as she could, probably because she believed that he would understand her better in consequence.

A German passenger, who spoke English, now explained to the people what was wanted of them, and, as they had bargained to help, they immediately obeyed the summons, laid their provisions, which they happened to have in their hands, back in the great chest that served as wardrobe and larder; and one of them said, while he pulled on his old shabby green jacket, "We're a-going," to which the mate grinned a reply of "Yah, yah!"

On the bank, where several hundred cords of wood lay piled up, the book-keeper had, in the meanwhile, measured off sixteen cords—the steamer expended, in the twenty-four hours, between thirty and thirty-five—and passengers, sailors, and stokers were busily engaged in carrying on board four or five of the light cotton-wood logs at a time—those accustomed to it could carry eight or ten—when they were received by others, who piled them in a regular heap. As the steamer had a great number of 'tween-deck passengers on board, nearly all Germans, who had arrived from Bremen in the *Gladiator*, and were now bound for Missouri, to settle there, the work was rapidly accomplished, and in half an hour every log was on board, the ropes and planks were drawn in, the vessel pushed off, and, groaning and puffing, the *Oceanic* again cleaved the yellow waters of the Mississippi.

THE SON-IN-LAW.

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

II.

IF unexceptionable examples prove that amateur-gardening and rustic work generally, present nothing incompatible with the dignified repose accompanying the old age of illustrious men, it is difficult, on the other hand, to contemplate without a smile an active member of society, a sturdy citizen, a young Parisian above all, bucolically engaged in pruning his apple-trees, or watering his lettuces. The restlessness of mind, the feverish energy, and the vaulting ambition which torment the present generation have so completely banished the manners of the pastoral era that anything approaching to a reminiscence of the age of gold appears ridiculous. Seriously, one can hardly withhold the merit of singularity from Benoit Chaudieu, perched on his ladder, and innocently daubing his trellis, as if in France there existed not newspapers, railroads, steam-ships, companies of limited liability, or constitutional government.

The externals of Adolphine's husband corresponded sufficiently well with the rustic simplicity of his labours. He was a young man of about twenty-eight, tall, and massive of form, but there his physical advantages ended. The best that could be said of his face was, that it betokened an easy conscience and rude health—there was nothing of regularity or high-breeding in its outline. Straight, light brown hair, weak beard, grey eyes, with no sparkle in them, a large face, tanned by the sun—these composed a visage completely destitute of that pensive disdain and sentimental ferocity which, at the present moment, young gentlemen appear to consider the type of manly beauty, and which is easily enough assumed when Nature has obligingly endowed you with a pale and bearded face. The habitual, and it might be said unchanging, expression of the Chaudieu physiognomy was that tranquillity, bordering on sleepiness, which might equally indicate the absence of ideas or their concentration.

It may be added that, if Gall, or some other eminent phrenologist, had examined that common-place cranium, he would, in all probability, have discovered the bump of obstinacy as magnificently developed as a Breton skull would admit of. Benoit Chaudieu came from Nantes.

On nearing the workman, his four visitors appeared simultaneously to become inspired with a contemptuous idea, to which none gave utterance, though all expressed it in a different fashion. Laboissière put on a sardonic smile; M. Bailleul shrugged his shoulders; Adolphine gave vent to one of those yawning sighs which, in certain amiable women, are provoked by the presence of their husbands; finally, after having stared at her niece's husband for an instant, as though she wished her look might cause him to tumble off the ladder, Mademoiselle Bailleul cried, in her bitterest accents—

“Of course all this is meant to be funny! Of course you don't see us!”

Chaudieu turned his head, and, casting his eyes upon the group below, said—

“Good day to you!” and resumed his painting.

“Then you don't see M. Laboissière?” asked Mademoiselle Bailleul, in a tone which was equivalent to an order for him to descend.

"Beg pardon, but I don't stand on ceremony with him; and he'll permit me to finish my job."

"Certainly!" said Laboissière with a sneer. "I never disturb an artist. If I am not deceived, it is fresco-painting!"

"Come down, Chaudieu," said M. Bailleul, in his turn; "here is a letter for you!"

"A letter!" replied Chaudieu, turning round afresh.

"From Marseilles," said Laboissière, at the same time drawing a letter from his pocket.

"Um—from Marseilles!" cried Adolphe's husband, in a peculiar tone. "And you bring it to me!"

Without another word, he dropped his brush into the can of colour, which he hung on one of the rails of the ladder, and came down, with the deliberation that characterized all his movements. Having descended, he took the letter from M. Laboissière's hand, looked attentively at the address, and put it into his pocket without opening it.

"Are you not more curious than that about the letter?" said the father-in-law.

"I know what's in it," responded Chaudieu laconically, pulling down his garments from the branch where he had deposited them.

"Now," he replied, in a jovial tone, when he had put on his coat, "I hope you will come and see my asparagus."

"Your asparagus is a monument of human ingenuity!" said Mademoiselle Bailleul, turning on her heel with an ironical smile.

Adolphe promptly imitated the action of her aunt, and M. Bailleul, fearful of being scolded if he encouraged, by the slightest condescension, the horticultural propensities of his son-in-law, walked off after his daughter and sister. Laboissière alone submitted to be led away; and, resolved to do nothing by halves, pronounced the asparagus to be marvels of gardening art. This little excursion terminated, the husband and his visitor returned to the house, where dinner was quickly served.

Notwithstanding the little curiosity he had shown with regard to the contents of the letter that had been brought to him, Chaudieu opened it secretly before he sat down to dinner. On catching sight of a slip of paper which was inclosed within it, his features, ordinarily so impassive, displayed a lively satisfaction; but when he had rejoined the rest at table, every trace of this emotion had disappeared.

After dinner, Mademoiselle Bailleul, who every moment discovered some fresh evidence of the flirtation between her niece and Laboissière, unable longer to conceal the emotions to which she was a prey, retired to her chamber, on the pretext of a renewed attack of headache. The only person who felt her absence was M. Laboissière, who, totally unconscious of the furious resentment with which the elderly maiden had been inspired towards him during the last few hours, counted upon her assistance in obtaining the second 10,000 francs. He waited some time, in the hope that she would reappear before he took his departure. At length, constrained to dispense with his female ally, he resolved, as he had a pressing necessity for terminating the business as soon as possible, to address himself at once to M. Bailleul.

"By the bye," he said, in a careless tone, after taking him aside, "has your sister informed you that I am about to draw upon you immediately to the extent of 10,000 francs?"

"She spoke to me about it this morning," responded the old man, his face becoming clouded.

"Then I may reckon on receiving the cash the day after to-morrow?"

At this question, delivered with as much ease as if it had been a request for the loan of a franc, M. Bailleul reflected for a moment—the corners of his mouth drawn down, and his lips closed.

"Listen, my dear M. Laboissière!" he said, with visible embarrassment. "I desire nothing better than to render you a service; but the matter is delicate, very delicate. There is no way of arguing with my sister—not that I have anything to reproach her with. She is a woman of the greatest merit; but the slightest contradiction irritates her highly-nervous temperament, and so, out of regard for her health, I give way. I am certain that this headache is the actual result of a little conversation we had together this morning, on the subject of these very 10,000 francs!"

"Do you imagine the money incurs any risk in my hands?" demanded Laboissière, with one of those haughty smiles which a monarch of finance might be supposed to put on, in a similar case.

"Not at all—not at all. Were the money my own, you should have it at once; but it is my daughter's, and I am responsible to my son-in-law for it."

"I am sure M. Chaudieu would have no objection to an investment which, in addition to yielding double the interest that any ordinary speculation would produce, presents so many other advantages. Just remember that my transatlantic ships——"

"Well, we will do one thing," interrupted M. Bailleul, with the eagerness of one who suddenly perceives a way of escaping from an equivocal position. "We will speak of this business with M. Chaudieu; if he consents, the thing is settled; if he says no, there's an end to the transaction. But in this last case you must promise me that you will let my sister know it was you who broke off the transaction—not that I am afraid of her, but her blood has such a tendency to fly to the head, that I am anxious she may not be excited."

Laboissière felt that he could come to no better arrangement with the old man, who, in the absence of his sister, became a species of free agent; accordingly, like all good diplomatists, he frankly accepted the necessity.

A few moments afterwards, M. Bailleul, who had sought his son-in-law in the garden, accosted him with a very awkward attempt at gaiety—

"Well, my lad, when shall we have finished our trellis?"

"To-morrow, I hope," said Chaudieu, evidently thinking of something else.

"Do you know, you're a first-rate painter? I am certain you could paint a picture if you liked!"

"It is possible?"

"As for that vine, I see it will produce such grapes as I, for one, will not give to the cat."

"Speaking of cats, I must place some mouse-traps along that trellis."

"And your monster asparagus, when shall we taste it?"

The tone and manner of his father-in-law were so courteous and flattering,

that his son-in-law, quite unaccustomed to such condescension, suddenly stopped short in his walk, and stared at M. Bailleul in the face.

"You have not come here to speak of grapes and asparagus," said he. "What do you want to say to me?"

Appealed to in this direct fashion, M. Bailleul abandoned the insinuating preamble with which he intended to conciliate his son-in-law.

"My dear Chaudieu, you are quite right," he said, endeavouring to overcome the trepidation which almost checked the flow of his words. "We will leave the grapes and the asparagus, for the present; we will say a few words about them by-and-bye. Let us, at present, confine ourselves to a trifling matter of business. You are aware that I owe you forty thousand francs, and that, according to the terms of the marriage-settlement, I should have paid you the money two months since."

"I know it!" replied Chaudieu, with his habitual, sleepy air.

"Well, my dear friend, let us see how the case stands," pursued Adolphine's father, screwing up all his courage. "You are, perhaps, aware that our friend Laboissière is at the head of a magnificent enterprise—the creation of a regular line of non-explosive steamers between France and America?"

"I know it."

"This speculation presents an excessively advantageous field for investment. I—that is, myself and my sister—have ventured to embrace this opportunity—one unique in the annals of industry, and—" continued the old man, in a confused tone, "and—as the only fund at our immediate disposal was Adolphine's dowry, we fancied you might have no objection to our investing some of it in this speculation. We have, accordingly, taken shares to the amount of ten thousand francs in the non-explosive transatlantics."

"I know it," repeated, for the third time, the calm and imperturbable Chaudieu.

"Then you know everything?" replied M. Bailleul, beginning to feel more at his ease.

"No, not everything."

"But who could have told you that I had invested ten thousand francs in M. Laboissière's speculation?"

"Laboissière himself, who, wishing to prove to me the soundness of his scheme, thought he could cite no better argument than that you had co-operated in it."

"Then he has been asking you to invest money?"

"If I understand you clearly, you would have no serious objection to withdraw yours?" said Chaudieu, avoiding a direct answer.

"Well—ah!—" replied M. Bailleul, with increased embarrassment. "Well, you see, the case stands thus: my sister is so fascinated with these ships that she wants to take another ten thousand francs' worth of shares; and, as these would have to be paid for out of the money I owe you, she thought you might consent to receive, meanwhile, the interest instead of the principal."

The old man took a pinch of snuff to hide his embarrassment, as he impatiently awaited his son-in-law's answer. The latter reflected a moment, with the air of a man who carefully considers both sides of a question.

"I have no objection to make against this arrangement," he said presently, with his accustomed phlegm.

"Then you authorize me to hand over the money to Laboissière?"

"More than that. I have, myself, some fifty thousand francs lying idle; I may as well profit by this opportunity for obtaining a good interest; I shall ask Laboissière to take my cash on the same terms as yours."

At this unexpected proposal, M. Bailleul, whose features had suddenly cleared up, became disagreeably surprised, and his face again assumed a gloomy expression.

"The deuce!" said he; "you do things on a large scale! But I would advise you not to be rash. Fifty thousand francs! That's a sum of money; and you know it's not wise to risk all one's eggs in the same basket."

"To begin with, these fifty thousand francs are not all my eggs; and, besides, from what you have told me, the basket's a strong one."

"No doubt; it's a magnificent speculation; but——"

"But what?"

"In your case it seems to me that an investment in a good mortgage, although yielding small interest——"

"One word, my dear father-in-law. If you consider the speculation safe, why do you try to dissuade me from it; if you consider it a bad one, why have you engaged in it?"

M. Bailleul made no reply.

"The simple fellow seems determined to commit this act of folly," he presently said to himself. "And all this is owing to my sister's infatuation for this con founded speculation."

At this moment Laboissière came into the garden.

"It appears to me that we have had a very lively argument here," he began, with his presumptuous smile. "M. Bailleul looks like a debater called to order. Well, which is it? black ball or white ball?"

"White ball," answered the old man, affecting to participate in the gaiety of the first speaker.

"Then M. Chaudieu agrees to our little arrangement?"

"On one condition," said Adolphe's husband drily.

"Let us hear that condition," replied the speculator.

"That, in addition to the shares taken by my father-in-law, you put me down for fifty thousand francs' worth."

On beholding, thus unexpectedly, this new fly, plump and succulent, entering his web, the speculative spider experienced a thrill of pleasure very hard to hide; but, perfection of art! instead of showing the least appetite, he affected a kind of disdainful satiety.

"Fifty thousand francs! I'm not certain that it can be managed. I wish you had spoken to me earlier."

"What! are all the shares taken up?" asked M. Bailleul in some surprise.

"We have but a very few shares left," continued Laboissière, without noticing the interruption; "but I must see that my friend M. Chaudieu shall not be disappointed in his investment. Can you call on me to-morrow?"

"I was going to ask you at what hour to-morrow you would be disengaged? I shall go to Paris in the morning; will one o'clock suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"In that case I will be at your office at one o'clock. My money is accessible at any time. I shall meet you with the cash in my pocket. Adieu."

After the speculator's departure, no incident broke the habitual monotony of the evening. Chaudieu, informing the company that he had some private matters to arrange, preparatory to his departure for Paris in the morning, which would occupy him for many hours, retired to his study; Mademoiselle Bailleul did not make her appearance; and, about ten o'clock, Adolphine and her father each sought their own chamber. By degrees, silence reigned throughout the house, and, as eleven o'clock struck, everybody appeared to be sound asleep. But, at that moment, the door of an apartment on the first floor silently opened, and a woman came forth, lamp in hand, and descended to the ground floor, making no more noise than a shadow. Crossing first the dining-room, and afterwards a little corridor, she arrived at a door, the handle of which she turned so quickly that the act was perfectly noiseless.

At this sudden and unexpected intrusion, Adolphine, who had also been lying awake, could hardly refrain from a terrified cry; for, although threatened with a siege, and, doubtless, prepared to defend herself heroically, she scarcely anticipated to be attacked from the interior of the house. On recognizing her aunt, whose features, clearly revealed by the lamp, presented a stern and sombre aspect, this first emotion of alarm was exchanged for a more serious inquietude.

"Is that you, aunt?" she asked, quickly lifting herself up in bed. "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

Mademoiselle Bailleul's first glance was towards the window, but the closed shutters would not permit her to see whether it was open or shut.

"Are you in want of any assistance?" continued the young woman, alarmed at the strange silence of her aunt. "Shall I call Madeleine?"

"You must awake no one," answered Mademoiselle Bailleul gravely. "What I have to say to you must be heard by you alone. Come!"

"Where?" cried Madame Chaudieu, more and more disquieted.

"To my chamber. We shall be safer there than here."

Adolphine was constrained to obey; for the presence of her aunt in her apartment at the time when Laboissière threatened to make his appearance outside, might lead to a catastrophe. This peril averted, the disagreeable interview which she felt awaited her, appeared of little importance. She accordingly obeyed her aunt with an exemplary submission, and followed in her conductor's steps.

On reaching her own chamber, Mademoiselle Bailleul locked the door and seated herself in front of Adolphine, whom she regarded with the fixed glance of a judge who is about to interrogate a criminal.

"Really, aunt," said Adolphine, with a forced smile, "if you look so at me, I shall fancy myself a little girl again, and that you are going to punish me by sending me to the dark closet."

"Adolphine!" answered Mademoiselle Bailleul sternly, "would to Heaven that your fault was one that called only for such a childish punishment. My heart would not then be lacerated with grief; and, while I punished, I might still esteem you!"

"Aunt," cried the young woman, excited by the pathetic severity of the words she had heard, "what have I done, that you treat me thus?"

"What have you done, unhappy woman!" repeated Mademoiselle Bailleul, with a glance that penetrated the soul of her niece. "Dare you ask me what you have done? Do you think me blind? Do you think you can deceive me, as you have

deceived your husband? I know everything—everything, I repeat! Is this the fruit of my care and of my teaching!—the recompense of my tender solicitude! Only five months after your marriage-day to so far forget your duty as to treat an honest man—for your husband is an honest man, and you have no reproach to make against him—in the manner you have! Oh! it is dreadful!”

“I do not understand you,” murmured Madame Chaudieu, at the same time, however, dropping her eyes, which were usually so confident in their expression.

“Oh, you don’t understand me! Well, I will make myself understood. You have flirted with a man without principle and without honour—the unworthy and base M. Laboissière!”

“It is false!” cried Adolphine energetically.

Mademoiselle Bailleul replied by an insulting laugh. “You say it is false. At present, perhaps, it may be; but, were I not here to save you in spite of yourself, would it be false to-morrow? Is it false that this man has the key of the garden? Is it false that this very night—in a few minutes, even, he may be outside your window? Is that false? Answer!”

On discovering that her secret was known to her aunt, Adolphine lost all her self-possession, and, as she had previously said in jest, became in reality, a little child. She buried her hot forehead and reddened cheeks in her hands, and appeared to await her aunt’s words like a criminal expecting sentence.

After a moment’s silence, Mademoiselle Bailleul, who seemed to revel in the agitation of Adolphine, spoke again, with a redoubled severity and authority of tone.

“We will speak of this further to-morrow. At the present moment I have a more urgent duty to perform. You must remain here and await my return.”

“Where are you going?” timidly inquired the young wife.

“To receive this man,” answered Mademoiselle Bailleul.

“No, no! it is impossible!” said Adolphine, rushing towards the door.

Mademoiselle Bailleul had, doubtless, foreseen this act; for she promptly grasped her niece by the arm, and led her back into the centre of the chamber.

“I command you to remain here,” she said, in a tone which admitted neither of resistance nor reply.

Before the young woman could recover from the stupor which overcame her after the violent conduct of her aunt, Mademoiselle Bailleul had rushed out of the apartment—had locked and double-locked the door—and, by way of additional precaution, had taken out the key. She descended once more to her niece’s apartment; and her first act, on entering, was to examine the windows, which, however, she found firmly closed and barred.

“Everything must be prepared,” she muttered to herself, as she unbarred the window-shutters. This done, she lit a small lamp that was on the table, from her own, and turned it down so that the flame was hardly visible. She next took her seat in the darkest corner of the dimly-lighted apartment, and remained with her eyes fixed on the time-piece, immovable and watchful as the hunter waiting for his prey. A half-hour, which, to her, appeared a half-century, passed thus. During this time, on the upper storey, an incident was taking place which promised to still further complicate a situation already sufficiently involved.

From the moment that he had retired to his study, instead of applying himself to the business he had represented to be so urgent, Benoit Chaudieu never ceased

to stride backwards and forwards in the apartment, with the air of a man who is absorbed with some very grave project. He several times examined the small slip of paper which had been inclosed in the letter sent to him from Marseilles, and carefully compared the writing with a number of other documents he had taken from the secret drawer of his desk. This examination appeared to afford him the highest satisfaction, for, as he resumed his walk, he rubbed his hands with considerable vigour. His solitary exercise had continued for about two hours, when he stopped suddenly—

"If I carry out this scheme without speaking to any one, my conduct will appear inconsiderate, not to say churlish. I have, moreover, no desire to be accused of dissimulation, or want of courtesy. My wife's aunt is the autocrat of this family. She must be the person to share my secret; and that at once, for I must take my departure before she leaves her bed to-morrow morning. She retires to rest very late, I know; I have no doubt she is awake yet."

Accordingly, Chaudieu, a few minutes before midnight, quietly left his study, and directed his steps towards Mademoiselle Bailleul's apartment. On reaching the door, he knocked very quietly; but the prisoner within, whose disquietude was greatly increased by the incident, took care to make no reply.

"It is I!" said he, in a whisper, after having knocked several times. "Open the door. I have something important to say to you."

But when Adolphe recognized her husband's voice, instead of answering, she held her breath.

"She is asleep early to-night!" muttered Chaudieu, annoyed at his disappointment.

He was on the point of returning, when his eye caught the light, which shone through the empty keyhole of the door. This discovery changed his first idea.

"She is not asleep, or her light would be extinguished," he said; "for she never burns a light, except when ill; and I know how much she dislikes the habit of reading in bed. She is out; but where can she be? She must have gone to Adolphe's apartment. Well, so much the better. My wife will also hear what I have to say."

He immediately descended to the ground-floor, and went towards his wife's apartment. He had already placed his fingers on the handle of the door, when the voice of a man, most unexpectedly heard at such an hour, arrested his hand. Although greatly surprised at the occurrence, Chaudieu never lost his calm self-possession; he cautiously blew out the candle he held in his hand, and placed himself near the door, which, being very thin, permitted him to hear everything that passed within. At the first words, he recognized the voice of Mademoiselle Bailleul, and learnt also that Adolphe was not in the room. Although he could not account for her absence, he controlled his first feelings of misapprehension; but his curiosity remained unabated. Never had a popular drama a more attentive auditor than Benoit Chaudieu, who, stationed outside, drank in the terms of the stormy conversation that was taking place within—a conversation which gives to this narrative a fresh interest.

THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF EUROPE.



HELEN DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

"Be a god, and hold me with a charm;
Be a man, and fold me with thine arm."—BROWNING.

On the 25th of May, 1837, a beautiful spring day, the young Princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin crossed the frontier and entered France, the betrothed bride of the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, King of the French. From the moment of leaving her birthplace, the old castle of Ludwigslust, her whole journey had been a demonstration of the respect and affection of peasant and prince. The great landowners of Mecklenburg sent deputations offering their wishes for her happiness; as she stepped forth, at daybreak, from her old home, the domestics and companions of her youth flocked about her, anxious to receive a farewell glance from their beloved Princess; she entered her carriage from a path strewn with flowers; at Potsdam the King of Prussia received her, surrounded by the Royal Family and his Ministers; on nearing the limits of her fatherland,

an escort of the highest personages of the French nation met her, and her entrance into the land of her adoption was made under a triumphal arch, on which the word "France" was inscribed in large letters formed of flowers.

Youth, beauty, the highest accomplishments, were hers; born a royal lady, she was about to become the wife of a Prince, the eldest son of a King, and heir-apparent to the throne of a mighty and polished nation. Her future husband, brave, handsome, and generous, awaited her arrival, in company with the best and highest in France, at Fontainebleau. Regal, military, and national pomp and ceremony were about to herald her coming; and Fontainebleau only required her presence to be again the scene of a splendid and striking spectacle.

The object of such universal homage, with such a brilliant future before her, surely this beautiful Princess—in all the exuberance of her twenty-three summers—whose nature is described as being keen and vivid as those of the Southern races, with the depth and constancy of her German ancestry, was experiencing unalloyed joy? Alas, no! She was agitated by conflicting emotions, and regrets for her old home and her native country were mingled with her hopes; but, more than all, she was possessed with a vague, unconscious fear—with a sad presentiment! A sad presentiment! yes, that was the pervading idea of her last days of maidenhood, just as it was of her married life. How unerring was the instinct which gave it birth we shall presently learn; and, perhaps, in glancing at the circumstances of her early years, we may divine whence it sprang.

Helen Louisa Elizabeth, Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was born at the Castle of Ludwigslust, on the 24th of January, 1814. Her father, Louis Frederic, was Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; Caroline of Weimar, her mother, was his second wife, and was remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments, as well as for being the daughter of one of the noblest of German Princes, Duke Karl Auguste, the friend of Goethe and Schiller. The wife of this last distinguished Prince, the Duchess Louisa, was that Princess of whom Madame de Stael wrote, "she was the true model of a woman destined by Nature to the most illustrious rank; free alike from pretension and from weakness, she inspired equal confidence and respect. The heroism of a chivalrous age had tempered her spirit, without depriving her of any of the softer qualities of her sex"—a portrait for which her granddaughter might have sat.

When the little Princess Helen was only two years old her mother died. With her last breath she entreated her husband to replace her loss by making her cousin, the Princess Augusta of Hesse-Homburg, the future mother of her children. This Princess became the Grand Duchess in 1816, and, on being left a widow soon afterwards, devoted her life to her cousin's children. She was especially attached to the little Princess Helen, who returned her affection with all the force of her unselfish nature.

The education of the orphan family was, henceforth, to be the sole occupation of this estimable woman's life; and, in order to discharge the trust she had undertaken, she withdrew entirely from the world. The young Princess was brought up in the midst of a small circle of learned and eminent men and excellent ladies. There she displayed a tender susceptibility and an ardent love of knowledge. At twelve years of age she lost a friend who had been the companion of her early years, and her partner in every study and simple enjoyment. So intense was her grief that she became seriously ill, and it is said that her countenance for the first

THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF EUROPE.

time assumed that melancholy expression which did not naturally belong to it, but which the events of after years rendered habitual.

Early in the year 1827, the Grand Duchess took her, for the first time, to the court of Weimar. Her appearance there impressed the courtiers as though they had seen a poetical and charming vision.

"I see her still," wrote one, "clad in rose-colour, without any ornament in her fine brown hair, light as a bird, yet full of nobleness in all her movements; and I remember with what a tender and just pride the old Grand Duke of Weimar fixed his eyes upon her."

The French Revolution of 1830 saw her a tender, gifted, susceptible, and highly-sagacious maiden. All her sympathies were with the people and with the fortunes of the House of Orleans. She became an enthusiastic lover of France and liberty. She copied the articles which most delighted her from the French newspapers, and she watched events that passed with as much interest as though they formed the immediate circumstances of her own secluded life. With a strange presentiment of her future destiny, the fortunes of the family of Orleans formed the first occupation of her thoughts. That destiny was fixed when, a short time after, she visited Toplitz with the Grand Duchess, who was seriously ill. The King of Prussia, who was allied to her family by marriage, now saw her for the first time, and, attracted by her personal charms and great accomplishments, was inspired with that affection for her which was, later, to make him the untiring advocate of her union with the Duke of Orleans. Five years after, when the Duke of Orleans and his brother visited him at Berlin, the King mentioned the Princess Helen as the most suitable spouse for his distinguished guest. The conduct of the Royal Frenchman did honour to his head and heart. Imbued with too much feeling to regard marriage merely as a duty to his family and nation, he looked upon it as the first affair of his life. Without attempting to disregard the conditions his rank imposed upon him, he was nowise ready to forget the claims of domestic happiness and intimate union. It was not till the Duke had ascertained how perfectly the nature of the Princess Helen gave the promise of a future happiness as his bride, that he authorized M. Bresson, the French Minister, to demand, officially, her hand in marriage. We have seen with what interest the young Princess herself regarded the Orleans family; the Royal suitor possessed all the qualities to captivate the imagination of a sympathetic woman. She was ready to accept the noble Prince as her husband. But the Mecklenburg family were strongly disinclined to the union, and hesitated ere they gave their relative to a Prince the fortunes of whose house had hitherto been so fatal. They remembered the career of the grandfather and the father of the proposed husband of their beloved Helen—the death of the first, the rash but honest Philippe Egalité, who had perished by the guillotine during that wild political storm he had contributed to raise—the exile, the wanderings of the father, who had only been recalled to France after having spent his youth and early manhood in foreign lands, a fugitive. Her own readiness to accept the Duke of Orleans as her husband, joined to the extreme anxiety of the King of Prussia for the union, overcame the reluctance of the heads of the Mecklenburg family. The marriage-contract was signed on the 5th of April, 1837; ten days later she quitted Ludwigslust, accompanied by the Grand Duchess, and set out for France.

May we not surmise that it was the recollection of her relatives' opposition to

the union, and the truth of whose presentiments her heart confirmed, which coloured her bright hopes with a tinge of melancholy as she entered the land where lay so brilliant a future before her?

The first years after her marriage, spent in the midst of a refined and affectionate court, in the society of an adored and richly-gifted husband, were marked by the union of every joy that earth can bestow. On the 30th of May, 1838, the anniversary of her marriage, she wrote to an old friend, "What a difference from last year! Now, all the hopes I then cherished are realized, and fresh hopes attach me to the future. A profound and true affection, the germs of which were, on that day, implanted in my heart, has been extended and strengthened more than your kind heart, and that of my mother, could venture to hope." And scarcely two months later, on the birth of her son, the Count de Paris, she writes to her mother, "How merciful is God! Yes, your child is the happiest of mothers, and her heart seems almost too narrow to contain the whole of her bliss!" The birth of her second son, the Duke de Chartres, completed the measure of her happiness. Her heart overflowed with joy. But in this happiness she never forgot the duties of a mother. By her grace and intelligence she had drawn about her a select circle of the wisest and most gifted in the land of her adoption. How admirably she was fitted to be the directress of the early years of youths destined to the highest station, we may perceive from her letters written about this period. In one, she says, "You know that Nature has always had a great influence over me. I think that we cannot sufficiently identify ourselves with her by observation, for she is one of the admirable manifestations by which God speaks to our hearts. I think it is good to encourage this taste in children. In admiring the works of Nature, they learn to love the Creator. You may imagine, therefore, that I do not let a beautiful sunset or a bright moonlight escape me without pointing it out to my child, or without speaking to him of the Being who made these wonders!"

Then the sad presentiment had vanished? No. A sense of some unforeseen disaster was perpetually present to her. Its realization grew near. In the middle of the summer of 1841, her physicians urged the Duchess, who had been for a long time in a delicate state of health, to seek renewed strength from the waters of Plombières. It was with great reluctance that she consented to proceed thither. She went, however, escorted by her husband; and, on reaching the exterior Boulevards, they drove past a cemetery, adjoining the entrance of which were several shops displaying funeral-wreaths and ornaments for sale.

"I hate these people who trade upon grief!" the Prince said. "Look!" he continued, glancing over the different inscriptions, "they have calculated for everyone; here are garlands for a young girl, and here is one for a little child."

The thought of the beloved children left behind occurred to the anxious mother, and her eyes filled with tears. The Prince smiled, took her hand, and added—

"Well, then—no, it shall not be for a child; it may, perhaps, be for a man of thirty-two."

The Duchess raised her head, and lovingly reproached her husband with trying to banish one sorrowful thought by another infinitely sadder.

Plombières was reached. After a month's sojourn there, the health of the Duchess was greatly improved, and she began to take pleasant rambles with her husband, who came at frequent intervals, though his duties with the camp at St. Omer did not permit him to stay longer than twenty-four hours at each visit.

On the evening of the 5th of July, the Duke and herself went to see the pretty village of St. Loup. Perceiving the Duchess gathering some flowers, her husband plucked a bunch of wild scabions (called in France the "widow's flower") and offered them to her. Early on the morning of the 7th, the Duke left Plombières—never to return. On the afternoon of the 14th, as Madame de Montesquieu, lady in waiting to the Duchess, was about to dress for dinner, a letter was handed to her, containing only this fatal phrase, "The Prince Royal is dead!" How could these terrible words be told to the Duchess?

The physician and the prefect were summoned, and, in a distant apartment, they concerted as to the best mode of communicating the irreparable calamity to the unconscious lady, who, already in a precarious condition of health, might be killed by the sudden shock. It was determined that the prefect should compose a false despatch, announcing that the Duke had been seized with a serious illness at Paris. The royal lady, having finished her toilet, appeared graceful, smiling—

"But what is the matter?" she cried, observing the melancholy embarrassment of her attendant. "You are very pale! What has happened to you? Some misfortune has befallen you!"

"No, madame, no misfortune has befallen me; but I am very unhappy nevertheless. I have to tell your Royal Highness —"

"Good Heavens! What has happened? My children! The King!"

"Alas! madame, the Prince Royal is dangerously ill!"

"Oh, God! he is dead—I am sure of it! Tell me —" And the Duchess fell on her knees—crying, praying.

The despatch was read over to her. The Duchess rose—out of her unbounded love for her husband, came unwonted firmness. She would fly to him.

"I will set out this instant," she said through her tears. "I may still be in time to nurse him."

Weary journey! Alas! that ever-present, melancholy foreboding of ill! Was its realization at hand? Through the gloom, a carriage was descried coming from Paris—from the scene of her husband's anguish.

"Open the door!" cried she. And she was with difficulty prevented from rushing out of the carriage. It was M. Chomel, the royal physician. The terror that was pent up in the Duchess's heart burst forth in a piercing shriek as she caught sight of him. "Monsieur Chomel! Oh, Heaven! The Prince?"

"Madame, the Prince is no longer living!"

"What do you tell me? No, no! it is impossible! What disease could have carried him thus suddenly? Speak, and kill me at once!"

"Alas! madame, a strange and terrible catastrophe. A fall from a carriage. He never recovered his consciousness. A few words of German, uttered from time to time, were the only signs of life. No doubt, it was some remembrance to your Royal Highness!"

The Duchess was overwhelmed with grief, and sobs stifled her words. The royal lady sat thus, on the high road, in her carriage, with the doors open—the sky without a moon, and profoundly dark—breaking the silence of the night with passionate sobs; life seemed departing from her; all her affectionate soul appeared to escape in lamenting him she loved so dearly. This terrible anguish endured for an hour; the Duchess refused to be comforted, and her suite sat on the coach-steps, vainly endeavouring to hide their own sorrow.

Another day and a second night were passed ere the bereaved lady reached Neuilly. The King received her on her arrival; and the attendants could only catch the sound of broken phrases from time to time.

"Oh, my dear Helen! the greatest of all misfortunes has fallen upon my old age," said the King, as he conducted the Duchess to the chapel where lay the body of her beloved Prince.

We may not dwell upon this scene of suffering. After long grief and praying, the Duchess rose and put on that dress of mourning which she never afterwards laid aside.

We have seen the closing of this first sorrowful phase in the career of the Duchess of Orleans. In the death of her young and passionately-loved husband, she experienced the first realization of the forebodings which possessed her as she saw the sun set on her native land for the last time. Later we shall have to mark the noble resignation of her widowed days, the affection she displayed for the father and the relatives of that loved partner of her scanty measure of felicity, the sympathy and devotion she evinced for the land of her adoption, the wonderful foresight with which she remarked the approaching storm which was to make the old King, his family, and herself, exiles. And when that storm burst, we shall behold the brave woman displaying a resolution and a high-heartedness which it were well for the House of Orleans, had all the rest of that family shared her intrepidity. We shall see her asserting the rights of her son, the Count de Paris, in the Chamber of Deputies during the height of the revolutionary crisis, refusing to depart till the will of the nation had been made known, even though herself and the children whom she loved more than herself, were made the common target for the muskets of the frantic mob of insurgents that had invaded the national Council Chamber. Unwillingly leaving the land where her son should reign, we shall behold her watch every event that succeeded, inspired with a hope that each turn of the political struggle would be that which would enable her to assert once again the claims of her fatherless boy. This last hope destroyed by the establishment of the Empire, we shall remark her courageous resignation, her unwearied affection for the exiled family and for the devoted adherents of her cause, her solicitude for her sons. Finally, we shall see her noble spirit pass away from the earth, after a short, sad career, characterized by womanly tenderness, earnestness, and true-heartedness, which, while they graced her as the Royal Lady, would have made her the object of the highest admiration as a simple woman.





THIS is the month of roses, the sixth of the year, deriving its name, as some say, from no less a personage than Juno, the wife of Jupiter, "King of Gods and Men." Others say that it is derived *à junioribus* (from young people), who universally claim this month as their own. Little signifieth it, however, whence cometh the name, seeing that the month itself is so glorious, universally bountiful in

"Shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers on Nature's ample lap."

Welcome, sweet June! The ancients represented thee by a youth clad in a mantle of dark green, with his head coroneted with flowers, bearing on his right arm a basket of fruits, and on his left an eagle. This was in accordance with that figurative genius, displayed in poetical invention, for which they have, throughout all time, been famed. The "mantle of green," however, still continues to be the symbol of thy fresh and luxuriant loveliness, albeit thou art

"With summer half enbrowned."

This was the month which suggested to the "Bard of Avon" that most sweetly beautiful, yet grotesquely fanciful, of creations, "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" and on that eve—the eve of St. John the Baptist—it was usual, in olden times, both in towns and cities, but more especially

in country places, for the old and young to assemble together and to make merry round a large fire, which they kindled in some open space. Then would the young disport themselves with leap and wrestling-match, with dance and song, whilst the old sat apart, spectators of sports too vigorous for their old limbs, and consoled themselves with a mug of nut-brown ale. Thus would they pass the time till midnight, and sometimes even until the crowing of the cock. Alas! how things are changed!

"Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose."

In many of the customs of our ancestors, there was a geniality of feeling for each other, blended with a warmth of affection for the floral offspring of Nature, which has, we regret to think almost ceased to exist amongst their descendants. In his "Survey of London," John Stow

tells us that, "on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, every man's door, being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpin, white lilies, and such-like, garnished upon with garlands of beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all the night; some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once." Think of that, ye gentle readers of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*! think of your doors being shadowed with "green birch and white lilies," on a warm Midsummer's eve! The same worthy antiquary tells us of "bon-fires" being, on the occasion, burning in the streets, "every man bestowing wood or labour towards them." We, however, have called this the month of roses,

"The pride of plants, the queen of flowers,"

as Sappho sings; but is it not also the month of the poets? Have they not sung of all that is to be seen, felt, and enjoyed in this delightful season of "balmy bliss?" Have they not sung of every flower, from

"Earth's cultureless buds"

up to the "rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley?" They have, and well and charmingly too! so let us hear some of their songs, culled by the fair hands of our own fair correspondents.

The Leafy Month of June.

AND after her came jolly June, array'd
All in Greene leaves, as he her player were:
Yet, in his time, he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:

Upon a crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked, crawling seaps, an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that ungracious crew which fumes demurest grace.

SPENSER, 1553—1599.

June.

Now comes the rosy June; and blue-eyed
hours,
With song of birds, and stir of leaves and
wings,
And run of rills, and bubble of bright springs,
And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
With buzz of happy bees in violet bowers;
And gushing lay of the loud lark, who sings
High in the silent air, and sleeks his wings
In frequent sheddings of the flying showers;
With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy
floods,
And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
Answer'd in far-off faintness by its dam;
With cuckoo's call, from green depths of old
woods;
And hum of many sounds, making one voice,
That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious
noise.

WALLER, 1605—1687.

An Afternoon in June.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the North wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon, and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like Eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun—the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields and the reeds,

The willow-leaves that glanced in the light
breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

SHELLEY, 1792—1822.

Field Flowers.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis
true;
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you;
For ye wait me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy
delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my
sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of
June;

Of ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to
find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on
my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affection the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their
lakes,

Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy
brooks,

In the vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were
dear,

Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcomed you more in life's passionless
stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPELL, 1777—1841.

They Come! the Merry Summer Months.

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;

They come! the glad some months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark and care aside;

Seek silent hills or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide,

Or underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal trees,

Scan thro' its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft as velvet touch is grateful to the hand,

And, like the kiss of maiden-love, the breeze is sweet and bland;

The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courtously;

It stirs their blood with kindest love to bless and welcome thee;

And mark how, with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery grey—

That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering—"Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,

But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody;

Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;

And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.

God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,

Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound—from yonder wood it came!

The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name;

Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,

Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft Western wind;

Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of art;

But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,

To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!

To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,

And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,

When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant-boy

Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy.

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but O! I'm proud to think

That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.

When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,

I'll bear, indeed, life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, 1797—1835.

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass.

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune,
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass.

Oh! sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small,
are strong

At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth

To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In-doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

LEIGH HUNT, 1784—1859.

A Summer Sketch.

'Tis June, 'tis merry, smiling June,
'Tis blushing summer now;
The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand,
Bring all their smiling train;
The yellow corn is waving high,
To gild the earth again.

'Tis June, 'tis merry, laughing June,
There's not a cloud above;
The air is still, o'er heath and hill,
The bulrush does not move.

ELIZA COOK.

Invocation to Rain in Summer Time.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies,
The earth looks up in vain for thee;
For thee, for thee it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

W. C. BENNETT.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

The Queens of Society. BY GRACE AND PHILIP WHARTON. 2 vols.

"THE Queens of Society" is a fairly-written and decidedly interesting book. It was a very happy idea to group together a series of portraits—nay, full-length figures—of the female leaders of society, the uncrowned sovereigns of literary, witty, and fashionable circles. It is true that Lady Louisa Stuart, Mrs. Thomson, Mr. Croker, Laman Blanchard, and Lady Morgan had already painted the "queens;" there was no reason, however, why Grace and Philip Wharton should not set up a new canvas and proceed to sketch thereon this assemblage of lovely, charming, brilliant, witty, and generally amiable ladies. If we do not get as much of minute detail as when the Queen stood alone on the picture, we have the compensating merits of comparison and contrast—the brilliant eyes of one, the fair skin, the fine form, the expressive mouth, the gentle demeanour, or the imperial glance, are all presented to us simultaneously; and, almost at first sight, we are enabled to understand and appreciate the qualities for which each was famous, to select our favourite "queen" from the rest, to acknowledge the power of all.

Of the eighteen ladies, representatives of their queenly class, who reigned supreme in courtly circle, gay drawing-room, or polished assemblage, six were distinguished for their literary talents no less than for their social position. Let our first glance be at this group—Sydney Lady Morgan, the authoress of the "Princess," "Florence Macarthy," the "Wild Irish Girl," who for sixty years was a delightful and popular "queen," who wrote prose, poetry, music, and sang to her harp. She is no longer in her first youth; we must even confess she is decidedly an old woman when our authors sketch her. "Her eyes were large, and of a bluish grey—in early life, probably blue. One of them had a slight cast, and went off at a tangent to the right; but this did not spoil the expression, which was very sweet and very thoughtful without, at any time that I knew her, being brilliant and searching. She always looked like a person who saw imperfectly, and she always spoke of herself as half-blind; yet I believe she saw more than any one else did; nothing escaped her; she knew every nuance of feeling that passed in the minds of others; she remarked dress, and she never unintentionally forgot or mistook a person." We have here another touch, which we suppose must have been supplied by Grace Wharton, the lady artist. "She had the manner of a woman who has been attractive. The face was soft, agreeable, kindly, somewhat wrinkled even then, but harmoniously tinted with a *soufflé* of rouge." Ah! well, Miss Wharton, we must not expect perennial bloom on the face even of a queen of society. Even Lady Morgan, the wild Irish girl, the most natural and unaffected of "queens," must be allowed a little

assistance from art; for was not her reign a longer one than that of George III.?

Lady Caroline Lamb, our second literary "queen," is also a novelist; yet must we confess that, both as a writer and a magnate in the *beau monde* of London, she owed her position to being the wife of William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne. She was simply a tolerably pretty woman, of an amiable disposition, popular manners, very fond of poetry, and in her young days an enthusiastic admirer of Byron; the authoress of two indifferent novels, and the wife of a leading member of the House of Commons, afterwards Prime Minister of England. He cared little for witty conversation, was usually fast asleep after his dinner, and therefore imparted nothing, acquired nothing—indeed, he cared for nothing that his lady's circle had to communicate.

The Countess of Pembroke and Mrs. Thrale were authoresses also, were queens of society likewise; but in what a different fashion did both wear their diadem! Mary Sidney, the sister of that great-hearted hero, Sir Philip Sidney, the mother of William, Earl of Pembroke, the noble patron of learning in his time, was distinguished among contemporary wives and mothers for her piety, her abilities, her erudition, and for her social qualities. She stood at the head of society in her age; she influenced the tone of that society; she was its example, its ornament; she befriended genius, and gathered round her the gifted and the virtuous. At her table often sat Massinger and Ben Jonson; and when she died the latter wrote an epitaph, which "manifested himself a poet in all things but untruth:"—

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

We cannot do more than allude to poor L. E. L., the charming poetess whose gentle soul ebb'd away in death in that solitary African fort. Little could those who had known her as a young enthusiastic girl, living upon Scott's poetry, have foretold her sad fate. How changed was the after-tenour of her life from that happy time when she said to Scott, in her poem on the "Great Unknown:"—

"I peopled all the walks and shades
With images of thine;
This lime-tree was a lady's bower,
The yew-tree was a shrine;
Almost I deem'd each sunbeam shone
O'er bonnet, spear, and morion!"

At the age of thirty-six, after she had been little more than a year the wife of Mr. Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, she was found, one morning, by an attendant, lying on the floor, with "a bottle—an empty bottle—in her hand. She was carried to a bed in her room, and efforts were made to resuscitate life, but wholly in vain." The death-draught had

been composed of prussic acid. Grace and Philip Wharton give us an excellent sketch of the unfortunate poetess, but they are compelled to leave the melancholy story as shrouded in mystery as before.

Let us turn, however, to a less serious subject. Passing over Madame de Staël, the sixth literary queen of society, and of whom the authors give a charming picture, we will select a capital bit from the book itself. This will give us a sufficient idea of what the book is like, for it is a very characteristic portion, and will, no doubt, cause our readers to think, as we do, that the work of Grace and Philip Wharton is a very entertaining, lively, and pleasant affair.

"When Mary Lepell became maid of honour to this Princess [Caroline] there existed the usual animosity between the monarch and the heir-apparent which has marked the House of Hanover with littleness of character. The separation of parties was favourable to those who clustered round the Princess Caroline at Richmond, where she then lived with her consort: for she could with safety avoid, and even discountenance, the vulgar as well as immoral ladies of the court of George the First; adopt as her adviser and intimate friend the gay Sir Robert Walpole, whose boisterous and not very decorous mirth she learned to tolerate; and escape the petulance and arrogance of Sunderland, who played the first part at St James's. She could also indulge in her taste for letters and for literary conversation, for which George the First had about as much fondness and capacity as he had delicacy or morality. She could talk divinity with Hoadley; sentiment with Lord Hervey; and of the world—the great world which he knew so well—with Chesterfield; and she could assemble around her beauties with minds, and delight in seeing them rise above the dull frivolities of an ordinary court. Among the beauties of Richmond Palace, which the Princess then inhabited, the three Marys carried away the meed of admiration—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mary Belenden, and Mary Lepell. All these three ladies of rank were distinguished not only for their beauty, but for their intelligence, their wit, and their *savoir faire*—a quality without which their wit would have been indiscreet, their beauty perilous, their intelligence pedantic. Lady Mary stands at the head of this famous trio. She was very handsome, very lively, very quick, very well-informed; but she wanted heart; and one great source of attraction to womankind was therefore deficient. Miss Belenden was beautiful, gay, spirited, and so unspotted by a court as to marry a poor man, though addressed by half the fashionable fops of the day. Though of more decided beauty, she was deficient in the sound sense and cultivation of the third Mary, the lovely Mrs. Lepell, as she was styled. Those who looked only at the exterior admired Mary Belenden the most of the three; those who sought underneath the exquisite graces of form and face for more valuable qualities, were entranced by the sweetness, the truth, the thoughtful mind, and real superiority of Mary Lepell.

'Her manners had,' says Lord Wharncliffe, 'a foreign tinge, which some call affected, but they were easy, gentle, and altogether exquisitely pleasing.' Her good sense was so prominent a feature of her character, that it became, as life went on, almost proverbial.

"Many a laugh, probably, had the three gay Marys at the little poet's (Pope's) expense. They treated *him*, and suffered the poet to treat *them*, in return, with a familiarity which we should greatly censure in the present day, and which ended, in the case of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a fierce, unreconciled quarrel. The seeds of jealousy of Hervey in Pope—that smallest of men, and greatest of modern libellers—were, doubtless, laid in that pleasant time when

'Tuneful Alexis on the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' plaything and the Muscs' pride,'

was wafted along the *then* pure stream, amid delicious meadows and glades, to Twickenham, to call for Lady Mary, who was living there; or to the old house at Ham, there to alight and walk, little Pope and tall Hervey escorting up and down the grand avenues the three charming Marys."

We have left ourselves little room for even mentioning the names of the remaining "queens." Of six eminent literary "queens" we have already spoken. There are six more, all letter-writing ladies—Lady Hervey, Mrs. Montagu, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Sévigné, who is *the* letter-writer of France, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. We have not exhausted our catalogue yet. There is Madame Récamier, whose biography begins in this way:—"There is no flirt so bad as a French flirt; and no fool so ridiculous as a French fool. The life of Madame Récamier is the life of a flirt surrounded by tools!" Of high-souled Madame Roland, of her trial, and her courageous conduct while awaiting the guillotine, we have a truly excellent sketch. Sarah of Marlborough, "Queen Sarah," as she was called long before our authors included her in their royal list; the handsome Duchess of Devonshire, who kissed the butcher in order to secure his vote for Mr. Fox; Madame du Deffand—we really cannot quote any more names, but advise our readers to go to the book for the remainder. In conclusion, we must say that these "queens" are charming, witty females, of great conversational powers, and at the same time the heads of the very best society; for around the throne of Madame Roland, we have the bold, earnest leaders of the Gironde; Voltaire and Walpole appear with Madame du Deffand, while Byron, Dr. Johnson, Fox, and a host of other great men come forward when their respective "queens" are on the scene. This book, to which we shall probably return, is a boon to those readers who wish to read quickly, to be amused, and at the same time to have something tolerably new laid before them; and if the authors appear again in their promised work on the "Wits and Beaux of Society," as lively and entertaining as in the present instance, they will be a valuable addition to writers of this class of literature.

THE FASHIONS.

THE fine weather, which has been so long anticipated, having at last arrived, renders a change of costume necessary; we will therefore give our readers a description of a few toilets which will be found useful for summer wear.

MUSLIN DRESSES, in the manufacture of which so many improvements have been made within the last few years, are this season, in colour, quality, and design, far more beautiful than any before produced, and, consequently, are more in favour than they have ever been.

For a *fête*, or any such occasion, a dress of organdie muslin, or of mousseline-de-soie, is the most suitable, made with a double skirt, the under skirt trimmed with five flounces, three and a half inches wide, which are hemmed and put on rather full. The upper skirt is sixteen inches shorter, and just meets the top flounce on the under skirt. The body plain, or with a little fullness. Wide sleeves gathered in at the arm-hole, and finished, half way between the wrist and elbow, with a quilling of ribbon, from which frills of lace or of fine muslin embroidery are the only under sleeves required.

A pretty collar to wear with this is made of insertion about an inch wide, and seven inches longer than the size of the neck, trimmed all round with a Valenciennes edging. It is crossed and fastened with a brooch, leaving the two short ends.

A **SHAWL** of black Brussels or Spanish lace, and bonnet of white chip, trimmed with lilies of the valley and foliage, and white blonde, would be worn with it.

A very pretty style for a muslin dress is a full skirt trimmed with four flounces, the first one about eighteen inches in depth (but this must be regulated by the height of the wearer), the three others, which form a trimming at the top of it, on the dress, are only two inches wide, and are gauffered. The Zouave jacket is worn with this dress, trimmed with a frill (as described) with a cord run through the centre.

A silk dress, for walking or demi-toilette, may be trimmed with five or six puffings of glacé, covering a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the skirt. If the dress is made of a plain glacé, the trimmings would be of the same; but if figured, they would be made of a plain glacé, to match the dress in colour. Sleeves almost tightly fitting, with one puffing of glacé down the back of the arm; the body finished only with a band and handsome clasp of steel, mosaic, or aluminium.

For ordinary morning wear no material can be more useful than molair. A dress of this kind is usually made with a plain skirt, and, if of any neutral shade, trimmed with glacé of some bright hue, arranged in any simple way to suit the taste of the wearer—such, for instance, as a binding of green or violet glacé, three or four inches wide, round the skirt, as far as the front breadth, the trimming then being carried up the sides to the waist, and graduated to an inch and a half in width. A row of large buttons, covered with the same glacé, or any material to match in colour, is

placed up the centre of the front breadth, and smaller ones, to match, up the body. Puffed sleeves, with an epaulette, and cuff turned back, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Plain linen collar and cuffs.

A young girl may wear a silk or muslin dress, made with a number of little flounces on the skirt. The body cut square, and having a pleated *ruche* of ribbon or pinked-out glacé, and a tucker made with a row of lace on a piece of muslin insertion. The sleeves are short, and finished with a *ruche* like that round the top of the body, and are made large enough to admit of short under sleeves of muslin, with lace and insertion to match the tucker. A full chemisette of fine white muslin, or Brussels net, drawn up round the throat with a double row of narrow lace, and sleeves of the same to the wrist, in place of the short under ones, make this a high dress, when required. The sash, which is very fashionable and pretty, especially for young ladies' dresses, consists of two large bows of glacé, seven or eight inches wide, and two ends, one of them considerably longer than the other. The edges of the glacé are pinked out, or bound with a black and gold braid. It may also be made in muslin, for a dress of that material, with a narrow embroidered edging to trim it. This sash is worn either to the side or at the back; the latter being, perhaps, the more novel arrangement.

It will interest some of our readers to know that the reign of crinoline is not yet over, although it is doubtful whether the fashion will last more than a few months longer; certain it is that, to show to advantage, the present style of dress, which is very full and long, and trimmed so much at the bottom, great amplitude of under skirt is required.

For out-door wear there is great variety both in **SHAWLS** and **MANTLES**. The former are very fashionable; amongst the newest being those made of Grenadine, or glacé, trimmed with a deep Spanish or Maltese lace, and a row of black velvet ribbon, two and a half inches in width, finished with a narrow trimming, made of straw and silk on the under-half of the square; the smaller corner, which is turned over, having only a trimming of velvet, headed with the straw, not a fall of lace. Grenadine is used very much for mantles also, trimmed with two rows of fringe or lace, three or four inches in depth, each row finished with the straw trimming before mentioned.

This beautiful manufacture, which is really a novelty, and may be had in every variety of size and pattern, is as extensively used to trim dresses as mantles. For a large black glacé mantle we should recommend the front quite plain, the back full, put, in large pleats, into a plain piece, fitting the neck; sleeves very open, with a pleating of white satin ribbon inside. Young ladies may still wear the almost tightly-fitting long jackets, down each seam of which should be placed a narrow gimp trimming. Another novelty is a large circular mantle of Spanish lace, with a cape of the same, large

enough to fall just over the shoulders. We do not, however, expect that ladies will overlook the lace shawls, which are so elegant, whether square or the half-square, and whether of Brussels, Spanish, or Maltese lace.

DRESS BONNETS are made either of chip or of white blonde, and embroidered tulle, with garniture of feathers, flowers, and beautiful foliage, intermixed with gold leaves and flowers. Gold ornaments, when judiciously employed, are very elegant, both for bonnets and headresses more suitable, perhaps, for the latter; but when too many are used, it is certainly an offence against good taste.

Blonde bonnets, *Sèvre* chip, or *paille de riz*, are now generally trimmed with a coloured curtain, strings, and flowers. Magenta, Solferino, and all other new shades of pink, are more worn at the present time than any other colour.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

1. WALKING TOILET.—The bonnet is of Belgian straw, covered with a black silk net, from which hang elongated olives. The bandeau inside is composed of a large *ruche* of flame-coloured silk, pinked at the edge, supported by another *ruche* of black silk; voluminous tufts of large corn-poppies are put at the side, so as to completely fill up the inside of the bonnet. Below these the small tulle cap is seen. The curtain is of black silk, with a pleated head, and a bow of an inch-wide black ribbon, formed of two long loops, and two long ends hanging down. The whole outside of the bonnet has no other ornament than a large bunch of poppies on one side, and the net which covers it and hangs down as a fall in front and on both sides. The strings are of black ribbon, four inches wide, with red edges and a stripe of straw-colour in the middle.

The dress is made of black and Havanna silk, trimmed with small black braid. This dress has no join at the waist; the front is in one piece, and forms a *plastron* on the body, and is continued as an apron down the skirt. This *plastron* is fastened to the body, which is continued under it, by the two pleats. The dress opens down the front of the skirt. On the *plastron* and the front of the skirt the trimming consists of bands of Havanna silk about an inch and a half wide. These bands are fastened by a black silk button, whilst between them the dress is fastened by Havanna silk buttons, which contrast with the black silk ground. All the buttons are of the same size. The bands of silk are wide at the bottom of the skirt, and are graduated to the waist; these are trimmed with a narrow black braid. A *ruche* in regular pleats, made of Havanna silk, borders the *plastron* and the apron, and is headed by a narrow black braid. The sleeve is cut to form an elbow, and has a turned-up cuff ending in a point. The end is straight across; an Havanna *ruche* finishes off the seam of the sleeve, borders the bottom and point of the cuff, and is also headed by a black braid. About eight inches from the waist, there is a flounce containing five widths. When made, it is thirteen inches deep, and has a narrow standing head of

Havanna silk and braid along the gathers. This flounce is not loose at bottom, being held down under the head of the next flounce. The second flounce is fourteen inches deep, and contains seven widths; it is put on just like the other. The third is fifteen inches wide, and has nine widths; this flounce is left loose at bottom. The under-sleeves are of net, with lace ruffles; and a lace collar to match these is worn.

2. TOILET FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The bonnet is of plain straw, trimmed with a mauve silk fanchon, having stars embroidered in straw-colour, and very narrow ribbon-velvet, edged with black lace one inch wide. A bow of silk to correspond is laid on the edge of the bonnet, and covers it in front. The cap is of white tulle. Three square loops of straw fasten the fanchon—one on each side, the other on the crown. The curtain is of white tulle; it is small, nearly hidden at the sides by the fanchon, and covered with rows of the same very narrow velvet. The fanchon scarcely forms a point, and leaves enough of the curtain visible to show the ribbon bow on it, with two long ends. The strings are of silk ribbon, three and a half inches wide.

Dress of mauve silk, trimmed with silk of a darker shade. The body is high, buttons in front, is round at the waist, and is fastened by a band with steel clasps. The lower part of the body consists of a corselet of the same silk formed by four rows of drawings, by which the silk is fastened in very small pleats. The top is decorated by a band of silk of a darker shade, an inch wide, pinked at the edges on each side, and drawn in the middle so as to form a full *ruche*. The sleeve, which is wide, is laid in small pleats on the shoulder-piece and drawn in three places. The wristband is large enough to let the hand pass through easily, turns up with a cuff in small pleats, and is trimmed at top by a full *ruche* of the same darker-coloured silk. The skirt has three rows of narrow pleats at top, and is not made so full in front as it is behind and at the sides. At the bottom of the skirt, over a hem five inches deep, there is a trimming composed of two rows of the same silk, forming rather flat puffings, each being about five inches in depth. These puffings are bordered by small full *ruches* of darker-coloured silk than the dress, an inch wide, and put on like those of the body.

Narrow lace collar, and sleeves to match.

LITTLE BOY IN A FANCY RUSSIAN COSTUME.—Round velvet cap. Tunic, buttoning on one side. Leather belt. Fine cloth trousers.

THE BERLIN WOOL-WORK PATTERN.

THE beautiful Arabesque pattern which we give this month is suitable for a vast variety of purposes. Worked on canvas of a moderate fineness, with single Berlin wool, it will serve for a sofa-pillow, footstool, bag, &c. Worked on a coarser canvas, in double Berlin wool, which would have a beautiful effect, it would then be admirably adapted for an ottoman, fender-stool, &c. The white and yellow may be worked in *filoselle*, which would very decidedly increase the richness and brightness of the pattern.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND DIRECTIONS.

June is usually the driest of all the months in the year. It is not, however, the warmest; and, at the beginning, the weather is often somewhat cold, especially during the night. By the end of the month the heat of the weather is generally pretty uniform. The garden should now begin to exhibit a pretty appearance, as the seeds sown last month will have made considerable progress in growth, and the perennials will be also showing for flower. Every part of the garden should be now in excellent order; the lawns should be regularly mown and rolled, the paths perfectly clean and smooth, and all weeds removed.

BEDDING-OUT PLANTS, &c.—If not already put in the borders, there should now be bedded out, without the least delay, geraniums, fuchsias, verbenas, heliotropes, calceolarias, cupheas, and other similar plants. All plants which are sufficiently tall to require it should be neatly supported by stakes, and tied up, so as to improve their appearance and prevent their being broken. Bulbs, such as hyacinth and crocuses, whose flowering is past and leaves are becoming faded, should be cleared away. All flowering plants past their beauty should be removed, except in such cases where it is absolutely necessary to preserve them in the ground for the sake of the seed. Cut away all straggling growths and unrequired suckers. Roses, which are so liable to be destroyed by green-fly and other insects, should be carefully syringed with tobacco-water; and liquid manure should also be plentifully administered, especially to standard roses. Earwigs are very troublesome now, and a ready means of entrapping them is to place a flower-pot or lobster-claw at the top of a stick, and into these the insects will invariably mount, and can then be easily destroyed.

THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT TREES.

As mentioned last month, a sharp look out should be kept to destroy the insects which do so much damage to the fruit. The predatory visits of the feathered creation to the currants and cherries should also be prevented by placing netting over them. Young trees should be well watered, so as to assist their roots; and, should the season be a dry one, the strawberry-beds should have a plentiful supply of water.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

If the ground be dry, watering must be done at evening, or early in the morning, as freshly-planted crops require a great deal of attention in this way. Potatoes, cabbages, and peas should be well weeded, thinned, and hoed. Broccoli, celery, endive, leeks, savoy, and spinach should be planted out; and peas and scarlet-runners staked. The parasitical insects infesting the spinach, beans, and cabbages, should be well looked after, and the affected parts removed. A row of Brussels sprouts may now be planted, as they will then conveniently come into use early in the autumn.

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNERS IN JUNE.

SOUPS.—Asparagus Soup, Chantilly Soup, Green-Pea Soup, Soup à la Julienne, Potage à la Reine.

FISH.—Carp, crayfish, herrings, lobsters, mackerel, mullet, pike, prawns, salmon, sole, tench, trout, turbot.

MEAT.—Beef, lamb, mutton, veal, buck venison.

POULTRY.—Chickens, ducklings, fowls, green geese, leverets, plovers, pullets, rabbits, turkey poult.

VEGETABLES.—Artichokes, asparagus, cabbages, carrots, cucumbers, lettuces, onions, peas, potatoes, radishes, small salads, sea-kale, spinach—various herbs.

FRUIT.—Cherries, currants, gooseberries, melons, nectarines, pineapples, raspberries, rhubarb, strawberries.

RECIPES.

Lobster Salad.

INGREDIENTS.—1 hen lobster, lettuces, endive, small salad, a little chopped beetroot, 2 hard-boiled eggs, a few slices of cucumber.

FOR THE DRESSING.—Oil, in proportion of 2 tablespoonfuls to 1 of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of made mustard, the yolks of 2 eggs, cayenne and salt to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of anchovy-sauce. These ingredients should be mixed perfectly smooth and form a creamy-looking sauce.

Mode.—Wash the salad, thoroughly dry it by shaking in a cloth, cut up the lettuces and endive, pour the dressing on them, and lightly throw in the small salad. Mix all well together, with the pickings from the body of the lobster; pick the meat from the shell, cut it up into nice square pieces, put half in the salad, the other half reserve for garnishing. Separate the yolks from the whites of the 2 boiled eggs, chop the whites very fine, and rub the yolks through a sieve, and, afterwards, the coral from the inside of the lobster. Arrange the salad lightly on a glass dish, and garnish—first with a row of sliced cucumber, then with the pieces of lobster; the yolks and whites of the eggs, coral, and beetroot placed alternately, and arranged in small, separate bunches, so that the colours contrast nicely.

Note.—A few crayfish make a pretty garnishing to lobster salad.

Average cost, 3s. 6d. Sufficient for 4 or 5 persons.

Salmon Outlets.

INGREDIENTS.—A few slices of salmon, pepper and salt to taste, a sheet of buttered paper.

Mode.—Cut the slices one inch thick, and season them with pepper and salt; butter a sheet of white paper, lay each slice on a separate piece, with its ends twisted; broil gently over a clear fire, and serve with anchovy or caper-sauce. When higher seasoning is required, add a few chopped herbs and a little spice.

Time.—5 to 10 minutes. *Average cost, 1s. 3d. per lb.*



branches of olive and palm for next day, and found he had forgotten to announce Lent to his flock. Returning eight days afterwards, he caused the palm-branches to be gathered, and, addressing his congregation, said, "To-morrow, my friends, is Palm Sunday. Easter will take place next week; we shall fast during this week only, for Lent has come later this year, in consequence of the cold weather and bad roads."

CLARA WHITEBOY.—We can quite enter into your horror of the system of slavery, the "peculiar institution" of our cousins across the Atlantic; but there is something to be said for the Southerners, notwithstanding, but which we are not going to bore you with here. One of the most stinging sarcasms ever hurled against the United States was written by Thomas Campbell, not many years since, in reference to their banner, which displays "Stars and Stripes"—

United States, your banner wears

Two emblems—one of fame;

Alas! the other that it bears

Reminds us of your shame.

Your standard's constellation types

White freedom by its stars;

But what's the meaning of the stripes?

They mean your negroes' scars.

Surely your name, Miss Whiteboy, must be assumed.

Mrs. JAMES PICKWORTH.—You complain of our English hotels, and don't like English travelling. Well, the hotels are not good—that is, they might easily be much better—although we do know an inn or two in the country where adulteration is not altogether the watchword, and the charges are fairly within the mark. You like the Continental hotels better, you say. Well, there is certainly good administration at the Louvre, in Paris, and we had more than one most excellent *petit souper* at the Guldenstern, at Bonn, on the Rhine, at whose University the present Prince Consort was educated. Possibly, however, you may not have been beyond the route usually "done" by tourists; and here the hotel-keepers prepare for their best customers, the proud Islanders, with all their taste and elegance. But go further; pass into the far-off towns but seldom visited except by some adventurous and eccentric Briton, then will you write to your friend a letter something in the frame of mind in which Horace Walpole found himself when writing, more than a hundred years since, to Sir Horace Mann. His letter is dated Newmarket, 1743. He says, "I am writing to you in an inn on the road to London. What a paradise should I have thought this when I was in the Italian inns!—In a wide barn, with four ample windows, which had nothing more like glass than shutters and iron bars! No tester to the bed, and the saddles and portmanteaus heaped on me to keep off the cold. What a paradise did I think the inn at Dover when I came back! and what magnificence were twopenny prints, salt-

cellars, and boxes to hold the knives! but the *sumum bonum* was small-beer and the newspaper.

I bless'd my stars, and call'd it luxury."

There is the slightest possible suspicion in our minds that "a trip on the Continent" is one of the shams of the day, and that many a *pater* and *mater-familias* would, by keeping within the limits of the United Kingdom, enjoy themselves better, spend less money, and add something to the usually very small amount of knowledge they possess of British geography, topography, manners and customs, beyond a circle of some ten miles from their own suburban villa. Believe us, that here in the valleys of England, the mountains of Wales, the lochs of Scotland, and the lakes of Ireland, there are a few "pretty bits of scenery" not unworthy the eye of the modern knight and lady.

SNOWDROP.—Yea, lotteries were very much in vogue at the latter end of the last and the beginning of this century. The reigning London fashion amongst the *quality* in 1780, says a writer of that period, was to go, after the opera, to the lottery offices, where their ladyships would bet with the keepers. You chose any number you pleased; if it didn't come up next day, you paid five guineas; if it did, you received forty, or in proportion to the age of the *tirage* (drawing). The Duchess of Devonshire, in one day, won nine hundred pounds. A General Smith, as the luckiest individual, was of the most select parties, and chose the numbers *Br* the fair dowagers. Sometimes we hear people speaking of the far greater virtues which were practised in England when our grandfathers and grandmothers were living!

ADELAIDE POR TRFE.—You admire, beyond all other poets, Byron. We do not; and we think his reputation will not stand the test of the criticism of this and future ages; but, as you say, one of the excusable weaknesses of Byron was his pride in his Norman ancestry—the first of his forefathers established in England, Ralph de Buron, having come over with the Conqueror. This Ralph held several manors in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, and the lordship of Clayton as well. The third Lord Byron married one of a name strangely connected with the fortunes of the family—Elizabeth Chaworth, daughter of John, Viscount Chaworth. William, the fifth Lord, was surnamed the "Wicked," and lived to fall prostrate before that shrine falsely called by moral cowards "Honour." Being at a convivial meeting of the Nottinghamshire Club, held in Pall Mall, on the 26th of January, 1763, he had some words with his friend and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, of Annesley, as to whether Sir Charles Selley, on his estates of Nuttall and Bulwell, or he (Lord Byron), on his estate of Newstead, had the greater quantity of game. Heated with wine, the disputants encountered on the stair. What passed, or who was the challenger, is not known, but they requested a waiter to show them to an empty room, which he did, leaving a small lighted candle on the table. The bell was soon after rung, and, on the waiter, or tavern-keeper, and some of the dinner-friends, entering the room, they found Mr. Chaworth mortally wounded—his opponent's sword having passed into his body, and gone, as he expressed it, deep through his back. Lord Byron's left arm was round Mr. Chaworth, and Mr. Chaworth's right arm round Lord Byron's neck and on his shoulders. The folly of the moment had passed into the eternal crime. The shades were gathering round. To the one—Death; the other—Remorse. Mr. Chaworth, in his expiring agony, forgave his friend, who was tried by his Peers on the 13th of February following, and found guilty of manslaughter; whereupon he claimed the benefit of the statute of Edward VI., which was allowed, and he was discharged on paying his fees. He retired to Newstead, and there lived a life of gloomy misanthropy.



BY THE AUTHORS OF "UNDER A CLOUD."

CHAPTER IV.

(WHICH MADEMOISELLE IS AT LIBERTY TO SKIP.)

So many ingenious persons have occupied themselves in drawing distinctions between brute and human kind, that I am afraid I am anticipated in suggesting that man is a dramatic animal. Other animals have sentiment—cows for instance: nobody can deny it who has ever looked a cow fairly in the face: and it would be as hard to show that ants are destitute of political talent, as that the lark, the nightingale, or the eagle are not poetical beings. But nor eagles, nor cows, nor any feathered or four-footed thing amuse themselves by assuming characters that do not belong to them, or entertain their friends by portraying at full-length passions that scarcely ever stirred within their bosoms. Monkeys, say you? Monkeys are mimics without being any the more actors: the two things require totally different qualities. I confess to some doubt about ravens, magpies, and others of the crow tribe, but I have still graver doubts as to whether these creatures ought not to be eliminated from natural history, and classed with supernatural objects: and therefore I still maintain that man is peculiarly dramatic. Not alone in that he writes plays, and acts plays, and sits in theatres absorbed; not alone that he himself is constantly performing set parts in society, appropriately costumed; but shut him up alone, place him on a desolate island with no mortal beholder, and the gods shall view him dramatising his very misfortunes, his very despair; and all for his own consolation. Equal truth is it to tell—for his own admiration too.

Mademoiselle, let us go up into the confessional together.

When my friend died, I said in my heart, "Ah, what a loss is this, not only to the world, but to me! No joys, no junketings and banquetings, no cakes, no ale for me for a fortnight; nay, for a month! by Heaven! What do I, at a season like this, with a hat of curly brim? What do I with a spriggy waistcoat, while upon the heart of him who low lieth the daisies have not yet had time to grow?

the celebrated but untravelled German philosopher to eliminate a camel from the depths of his moral consciousness. But as a spurious virtue waits on every vice, so it is often with our passions; and when Adelaide's pride became infuriated by Herbert's declared indifference, by the way in which he had exposed her innocent little sentimentalities anent the flower and the star—by the discovery of his preference for that ill-bred, mincing, artful minx of a cattle-farmer's wench—then arose in Adelaide's heart a spurious passion for her cousin. Not but that a real love might have sprung up as suddenly, and from no better soil; not that Adelaide was at all conscious of how false and mischievous a thing her passion was. Indeed, she never doubted now but that she had all along entertained a deep affection for Herbert: what she did doubt was, whether she ought to be angry at having played an ill-considered game with her cards exposed, or at having the best feelings of her heart outraged!

It must be admitted that the young lady's case is here stated as favourably as possible: however, you must judge for yourself.

As Adelaide's arm fell, she threw herself back in her chair like one spent with a long journey of unprofitable thought, with no well of hope anywhere to refresh the wayfaring spirit. Lady Grovelly entered the room less like a lady and more like a woman than was her wont: though, indeed, that subtle change in her manner had been most evident while she pottered about Herbert's room, touching this and that with hands caressing and distraught. She, too, placing her candle on a side-table, threw herself into a chair wearily: and there was silence.

Not silence either. Adelaide's sad exclamation, "Oh, aunt, dear!" dropped upon the air like pebbles into a pool; followed by widening, fainting circles, not of sound, but of a sense of sound, still more impressive. 'Twould be pure discord to throw *another* stone into the pool while the circles produced by the first still flow out; and a word dropped in Adelaide's quiet room ere that subtle sense of sound had died away, would have produced effects still more discordant.

Even at last it was not without an effort that my lady ventured to speak.

Said she—

"I am afraid, my dear, that we have seen to-night the beginning of much trouble."

Adelaide put back her distressed, dishevelled hair, and not too furtively wiped away a tear. That was as it should be. Why should we have concealments among friends? Why not be natural?

"But," continued my lady, with half a glance at her silent companion, "I begin to suspect I have been taking all the trouble to myself, unduly. But there, sorrow is always selfish; and indeed my own grief, my own apprehensions, are a heartfull!"

"You can have no troubles which I must not share, dear aunt!" said Adelaide, in that dry desert voice which betokens a conflict with emotion, an effort to be calm.

"Don't you mean more than you would express, my child?" Lady Grovelly asked very tenderly.

Adelaide plucked at a knot in her waist-ribbon, just as she had plucked the jasmine flowers; and hung her head; and answered, still in the dry desert voice—

"Why, aunt, if I cannot do less than share your troubles, I cannot well do more—can I?"

"Ah, Adelaide! That sharing of troubles is a poor phrase, if you use it—as I

am sure you do not, my dear—in the common, hollow sentimental way. Nobody can share—for nobody can feel or know—my distress. Remember I am his mother! You never watched him daily—his speech, his looks, his gestures, from the time he first lay in a cradle—afraid of the approach of that dreadful calamity, and wishing you had never borne him. And after twenty years, when we had so much reason to hope and believe he had escaped, to find his reason trembling at the first disturbance!—to find his mind has all this while been growing up over a volcano that may bury all in a moment! It is dreadful!”

Here Lady Grovelly, who had borne herself so well hitherto—who had shed no tear, though so many shafts had been driven down into the depths of her heart where the springs lay fullest—fairly gave in. Up came the tears through all the shafts; and her tears welled silent as our earth-fountains; and she herself sat as fixed and steady as earth. Adelaide's share in the weeping, whatever it may have been in the grief, was not a fair one. Still two tears coursed, large and pearl-like, down her cheeks, at certain regular intervals; reminding me—prejudiced as I am—of the two soldiers at the theatre, who come in at one wing and go out at the other—repeating themselves some score of times, to represent the army of Richard the Third.

So it passed for a time; neither lady regarding the other, though probably one of them was not without a suspicion that she was under observation. Servants were heard going this way and that to bed; there was a distant noise of the opening and shutting of doors, and a sense of candles being put out one by one; and meanwhile the night crept on with more and more of darkness, and silence more and more.

There are stilling influences in all this; and gradually my lady recovered. Looking at her, one might say that the rain had ceased to fall, and that a star or two had come out upon her face, as she said—

“Perhaps my fears exaggerate Herbert's disturbance this evening. What do you think, Adelaide?”

“I think they do.”

“But you saw how he looked when he started up with—what was it he said? ‘Don't be sure of my reason!’ You observed his manner then, did you?”

“Yes.”

“And did it not strike you as very strange?”

It seems not; for Adelaide made no answer.

“Well, his exclamation afterwards—‘Cut off my head as a trophy of maternal solicitude!’ How cruel that was! Ah, if he had *known* my solicitude! But about setting his head over the door where—you know what door? You know what he would have added?”

My lady exhibited symptoms of a relapse, and the breaking-up of new fountains.

Said Adelaide, more composed (a composure derived from these very allusions), but still plucking at her ribbons—

“I really think you need not be so anxious about him, dear aunt. You know he had always an odd way of expressing himself—all clever men have sometimes—under excitement.”

“But, my dear child, what was the excitement? It is the absence of all reasonable cause of excitement which alarms me.”

There was not enough light in the room to reveal the confusion which no doubt appeared in Adelaide's eyes at this moment, but it was sufficiently evident for any purpose in the drooping of her head, and the wandering of her fair white hands. She could not fail to observe that Lady Grovelly's observation was made rather in a tone of inquiry; and the poor young lady, what had she to tell?

However, it was not easy to evade Lady Grovelly's next inquiry, which was direct enough.

"Do you know of any such cause, Adelaide?"

"I believe I do, But you must have guessed it!"

"Indeed I cannot. Nor do I quite understand your emotion, my dear: has it anything to do with the conversation you had with Herbert before you came in this evening?"

"It has nothing—nothing at all to do with me, aunt! [Two more tears!] But it has with Charlotte Leeson! He is madly in love with her!" [Four! six! eight! Whew!—an entire shower!]

Lady Grovelly is astonished. This is the first time the idea of such a thing has ever been furnished forth in words; and therefore she almost believes that it is revealed to her for the first time. It is here that my lady becomes a little insincere, a little dramatic.

"Impossible!" says she. "You must surely be mistaken!"

"No, no! He could not long conceal it from me altogether, and I have heard it from his own lips, at last!"

"And you never uttered a word about it to me! Oh, Adelaide!"

"Aunt! aunt! pray don't reproach me! I am miserable enough already. I could scarcely believe it possible myself, till there could no longer be any doubt; and how could I speak of such a thing to—to anybody?"

"Then you love him, my poor child!"

"I cannot help it! And I am sure I did not know I did—so much—till to-day!" (How distressed she was, to be sure!)

"Ah me! ah me! But surely Herbert had not the heart to tell you himself that he had taken up with Charlotte Leeson?"

"No, aunt! I had the felicity of overhearing her make love to him in the plantation, where I found her awaiting him, when I strolled there with my book this evening!"

"And Herbert making love to her, I suppose?" Lady Grovelly suggested; for she could recall nothing in her observations of our little maid's character to justify a suspicion of slyness, or design.

"Oh yes, I suppose so! It would be wrong of me to make any insinuations against her. She is a good young woman—an innocent, pleasant little creature, know. But——" and Adelaide signified, by a despondent shake of the head, that that made her own case none the happier. Which was very true.

Lady Grovelly became lost in anxious thought. The difficulties of the position being all brought before her in so many words, and at once, she marshalled them fairly before her, and surveyed them steadily. There they were, grim, and stern, and linked each in each, with scarcely a crevice between for the glimmer of a happy result in the future. Such as she found them, she resolved to represent them to her niece.

"My dear Adelaide," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, which alone betrayed

that she spoke not without effort, "we have made a sad, sad mistake in withholding our confidences!"

The young lady looked up rather sharply, considering how dull is Care—how heavy is the head of Sorrow. She was thinking, perhaps, that this was all nonsense, not to say humbug. They had perfectly understood each other for a long time, had they not?

"Now," continued Lady Grovelly, "it is almost too late; and all that can be done is to avoid cherishing doubtful hopes in future. I confess it has been, and is, my dearest wish to see you married to Herbert. Sir Thomas, who takes little interest in anything, as you know, is equally anxious, I am sure; and we have spent many an hour discussing plans for your establishment. At the same time, I have been blind to your affection for Herbert. You have concealed it too carefully, my poor child——"

(I'll be bound Adelaide thinks so too.)

"And—no, I will not say revealed it too late, for we are women with our wits about us, and it will be easy to engage in a conspiracy of love against his unhappy passion; supposing it to have come to that. Indeed, it is for this very purpose that I explain my feelings so candidly, Adelaide. I did hope, living so much out of society as our family misfortunes oblige us to do, that you two would have been drawn naturally and happily together. I hope now that you may, sincerely. But there is one thing I cannot endure. Do you guess what that one thing is?"

Adelaide shakes her head. She has no heart for riddles, no mind to guess at anything. I doubt, indeed, whether she pays the least attention to my lady's harangue. What do you think?

My lady herself answers the question.

"I cannot afford—I cannot endure to lose him too. Oh, Adelaide, I don't know whether you understand my feelings, and I am sure I would spare yours. I am a proud woman! I love you, and dearly wish to see his children yours, with additional honour to their father's name. But I would rather he married a wench from the kitchen, than drive him into that room where his miserable brother lives the life—*worse* than the life of a brute creature! He said I should hang his head over the door rather than cross the wishes of his heart. There was a mad meaning in that exclamation, Adelaide, which terrifies me! For I see how easily we might come to such a pass!"

The tremulousness of my lady's voice increased so much that her last words were broken all to pieces.

Great is the power of love, and that not only of which the poets most delight to sing!

Great is the power of love! It is like good ale, of which it hath been said that it makyth a cat speake and a man dumbe. Womankind also: and Adelaide has not a word to say. Love is long-suffering—she can suffer. Love complaineth nought to mortal ear—Adelaide nought complaineth. Other women have endured in silence, if not in cheerfulness, for the sake of the loved one; and is not she a woman? Her tears are dry—her emotion is over and gone. For the rest, she knots up her fallen hair, and looks out her bed-gown.

This demeanour, however, does not altogether satisfy Lady Grovelly; it seems to her a negative sort of demeanour, capable of any interpretation; from a breaking heart downward, as far as you please to go. It certainly would be unsatisfactory to

close the conversation in this wise ; and therefore Lady Grovelly, placing her hand affectionately on her niece's shoulder, says—

"You are silent, my dear. Surely you are not angry, or hurt?"

"Oh, no!"

"You must feel with me, Adelaide, if you love him!"

"I do, aunt—indeed I do!"

"And you understand how anxious I am—and must be, for family reasons alone—to wean Herbert of this foolish boy-love. We may do that without crossing him, you know ; for when two clever women set their heads together, what may they *not* do?—especially when their affections are concerned."

"But, my lady, you forget. My self-respect, my honour, forbid me to engage in scheming away any man's heart, however my own may be concerned. I feel I should be only too willing to make many sacrifices for him, but rather than that I would sacrifice myself!"

Nobly said! And noble she looked as she said it.

Lady Grovelly, however, seemed a little displeased, and made her reply not till she had long contemplated her niece's proud face and stately figure.

"Have I offended you? Come, come, I'll be candid if you will not; and if you choose to talk drawing-room language in your bed-room—you, who would be Herbert's wife—to me, his mother, and equally desirous of such an event, I won't follow you! Besides, it is unkind, Adelaide. I am as much concerned for the honour of my son's wife as you can be for your own; but I don't look for anything supernatural in her. You are a woman, and I am a woman; we know what this twaddle about scheming and reserve is, not only in theory, but in practice. Come, my dear, pray do not let us have to regret a want of candour again. If you really love my boy, or if you do not, you will not think it dishonourable to wean him from a marriage which would be disgraceful to his family, mortifying to his children, and, most probably, disastrous to himself. Of course I do not propose that you make eyes at him, and languish, and give him to understand that you are dying for him——"

(A glitter in Adelaide's fine eyes at this moment, far from languishing).

—"that would be an insult—impossible! It is there, I see, that you misunderstand me. No, no. You shall keep your heart perfectly quiet and out of the question; you shall lend me your cousinly head, and we will see what can be done with Herbert, with Mr. Lecson, or Charlotte herself; with as little distress to any one. What do you say?"

"I'm weary, aunt! I will do anything you please if you will only let me go to bed!"

"Then good night, my love!"

Lady Grovelly took Miss Dacre in her arms, kissed her forehead, and retired without more ado.

You should have heard Adelaide's stay-lace whistling through the eyelet-holes that night!

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT THIS IS A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

It is a consideration which affects me on the sentimental side, that all this while, our lovers have been fast asleep! Not that it is always safe to contemplate a lover asleep; and in all my novels I carefully avoid peeping into the chamber of a heroine who slumbers with her mouth open, or of a hero who wears nightcaps. Nevertheless, it is nearly certain that not only some heroines, but many charming young ladies in real life do sleep with their mouths open hideously; and you, Mademoiselle, when you have married your elegant Charles, should you happen to wake one fine morning to find him snoring, with his nightcap resting on his noble nose, or obscuring one eye, you must not be surprised. It is worth mentioning, because, by dwelling upon the contingency beforehand, you may prepare for a shock which may, unhappily, come upon you the very morning after your marriage and many a miserable union dates its misery from no more consequential cause. Item: Never venture on exhibiting curl-papers till your first baby is born.

But in the innocence of my heart, and the certainty that *she* never sleeps with



her mouth open, I cannot help permitting my imagination to climb the apple-tree whose blossoms, in spring, are blown in upon our little maid's bed, there to behold her lying. Don't tell me! I could have told, at a single glance at that face, so happily nestled in the pillow—at the expression of those half-extended hands folded together—that here was a young lady who had gone to sleep thinking of her love, and how much he loved her. Observe the lips; they are parted to the sound of his name. Observe the full eyelids; his image is under them. Observe the flush upon her cheeks; that—well, I don't know how to account for

that exactly, in consequence of there being some things which the English language is unequal to; but you cannot look upon that glow, resting upon her cheeks rather than burning in them, without conceiving of something tender and innocent, profound and true.

Ah, my dear! you dream of no conspiracy to save a young gentleman from disaster, and his children from disgrace! If you did, I should whisper into your ear (as I certainly shall into his), that the only way to rescue those anticipated innocents from the fate apprehended for *him*, is that he do not marry any Miss Dacre, and that he do marry a young person like yourself! I do not believe marriages are made in Heaven—there are too many instances that point to a totally opposite conclusion: but it is very well known to Doctor Conolly that Heaven has established certain laws of marriage, the breaking of which has been the making of some of the most fashionable lunatic asylums in Great Britain; and has advanced many sturdy, confidential footmen to the office of Keepers! Show me a courtier family like this of the Grovellys (for a sketch of whose history I refer you to Chapter II.), which has intermarried with other courtier families since the days of the second Charles and the happy Restoration, and I will name you a madman or an idiot of the name. Such families are few; any member of any one of them is probably related to half the rest—in some instances two or three times over; and, by the same law which makes bad wheat grow this year on land where good wheat grew last year (pray pardon me if this appears indelicate, but it is itself madness to overlook or shrink from facts whence spring untold miseries), such crossings and interminglings of blood tend surely to degradation and decay. And when you remember that succeeding generations of such families, both men and women, have lived from cradle to grave in idleness, in utter dissipation, who can wonder that the springs of life become exhausted by-and-by, to end in a puddle of idiocy?

So it is, my pretty sleeper—full of health, full of life as a young tree—with the Grovellys. The Dacres are one generation happier, perhaps; and therefore we know what is to be expected from further union between them. Ah, if my lady were only wise, or you only money! In either case she would have less objection to your coming into “the family;” though I know which would be the better bargain for that same family—in which case it would most be profited.

However, I have said, and I stick to it, that it is not for me to disturb your sleep by whispering any such matter-of-fact suggestions; because whether you are to enjoy many more midsummer-night slumbers may be doubtful; because you cannot very well assail Lady Grovelly with psychological arguments in favour of your union with her son; and because you are not likely to be happy, either with him or without him, on medical grounds. Moreover, I might have to suggest, finally, whether the disaster may not be *yours*, if you marry into a family with a taint of madness in it; and you would not thank me for that.

However, something may be done with Herbert, if not with his mother; for though nobody has dared to tell her the truth, she is not ignorant, but determinedly blind and unbelieving on this head: for the good reason that if she *did* believe it, how would she have to accuse herself, the mother of him in that room to which allusion has been made? Herbert's love for Lotty predisposes him quite another way: let us then fly to *his* bedside, and whisper in his ear the suggestions we have spared our little maid. The moment is propitious—the moment between

sleeping and waking, when any new idea strikes the mind with supernatural force, as if it were a revelation.

Presto! we have given him the idea; and there he lies staring at it, as one of the most remarkable and satisfactory notions that ever came into his head! Now then, if madame has any objection to offer to his marriage with Lotty, he will have a complete answer; but it is an answer far *too* complete, too keen, too cruel to be used till all means of reconciling her have failed. On rehearsal, he found it would be very difficult to say—(and this is what it would be in effect)—

"Mother, I have a reason for marrying Charlotte, apart from the not unimportant considerations that I love her, that she loves me, that her father is a most honourable man—and not without money, either)—through whose disinterested advice and sound judgment our affairs have probably been saved from ruin, consequent upon my father's total indifference or incapacity. I know his grandfather kept pigs, but I also know that his probity and sagacity have made him so popular that he might return any member for the borough he liked to name, or back with his energy. You are not aware of that, perhaps. Well, these are not unimportant considerations, I say; but my better reason is this. I want no such establishment in my house, for my son, such as we have here for my brother John. How do you know that I have not a touch of madness? and whence do you think I derive it? Don't you see how probable it is that if my father's most honourable but somewhat effete family had taken a graft from some new and sturdy stock, instead of from your most honourable but effete family—and so back for four or five generations—the result would have been different? For my part, I dare not face the responsibility of repeating the error!"

— Yes! Herbert's complete answer to Lady Grovelly's objections, couched in words however delicately chosen, would reach her heart translated into language compared with which what we have imagined is mere nursery prattle. I hope she may be spared the anguish of hearing it; and, indeed, Herbert ultimately resolves that she shall.

But meanwhile, if the young man determines not to use his complete answer in this way, he applies it unsparingly and with entire success against Lotty's scruples; with it he scotches any doubt that may have been lurking in his own mind; and he is perfectly delighted with it as a defence against the opinions and the tattle of the world. It has another effect too, which, did his mother know, loving him as she does, would go far to soothe the bitterest pang it might otherwise inflict. It brings his mind to anchor on a subject so vexed by cross currents, and swept by such contrary winds, that the giddy craft were otherwise in danger of being lost in it; as, indeed, his mother painfully foresaw. And that is not all. His mind is brought to anchor *generally*; and henceforth there is less danger for it, whatever wind may blow.

And this, my dear Lotty—(I perceive you are awake again with the dawn, and giving a little vicarious hug to your pillow)—is the first disaster your love has brought on Herbert Grovelly! I wonder what disaster his love will bring to you?

THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

FROM 1154 to 1272.

HISTORY reveals no clearer or more certain fact than this, that political changes are much more rapidly effected than any alteration in the customs, habits, and manners of a people; and that progress in one art invariably leads to improvements in many others.

Few changes took place in the common handicraft within the century and a half subsequent to the Conquest which we have already described; for still the lord of the manor monopolized the privilege of baking his tenants' bread at the common *fourne*; and it was only the necessities of an increasing population that put an end to this restriction. Fortunately, the poorer of the people could evade this law by making their dough into cakes, and baking it on their hearths. Water-mills are more frequently mentioned in "Doomsday Book" than any other description of building, and were applied to other purposes besides that of grinding corn. On the other hand, windmills were not known in England at the Conquest, but were introduced in less than a century afterwards.

The fabrication of armour now gave a new and higher direction to the art of working in metal, and the shoeing of horses with iron became general. The introduction of the art of weaving cloth by the Flemings had become, by 1197, a manufacture of sufficient importance to call forth laws for its proper regulation, in regard to both the fabrication and the sale of the cloth.

The art of dyeing was necessarily of considerable importance in connexion with the woollen manufacture. The Jews, in some instances, are said to have followed the trade of dyeing, but the art was probably in a very imperfect state and persons of rank are said to have maintained dye-houses on their own account.

Embroidery was still the chief occupation of ladies; the vestments of the higher ranks of the clergy were embroidered, and it was regarded as a pious work to be thus occupied. But the hangings of needlework and embroidery which formerly adorned the walls of the Anglo-Saxon palaces, seem to have been partially superseded in the course of this period by the fashion of painting on the walls themselves.

The same description of tables, the same sort of plates, dishes, cups, and knives, continued to be used as before; and the fowls and roast meats were still served upon spits to the guests as they sat at table. Nor is it till the reign of King John that we find mention of salt-cellar, when a mark of gold is ordered to be furnished to make a salt-cellar for the King's use, and 29s. 6d. to be paid for a silver salt-cellar, gilt within and without.

One of the oldest pair of candlesticks we have, is a pair of the twelfth century, now at Goodrich Castle. They are of copper, engraved and gilt, and ornamented with enamel of seven colours let into the metal, displaying figures of men, women, and animals. They have spikes at the top, on which the candles were fixed—the idea of a socket to hold the candles not occurring till a much later date.

At the close of the reign of King John, linen sheets were beginning to be used for beds; and the Sheriff of Southampton was ordered to deliver to the King's valet, on his receiving the honour of knighthood, a couch or bed, and a pair of linen sheets.

The absence of surnames among the Anglo-Saxons has been already referred to. The Normans soon introduced second names, usually commencing them with a *De* or *Le*, after which it became a mark of low birth or of bastardy to be without such a distinction. It is related by one of the old chroniclers, that the daughter and heiress of a great lord, named Fitz Haman, refused at first to give her hand to Robert, the bastard son of King Henry I., for no other reason except that he had no second name.

"My father and my grandfather," said the lady, "had each two names, and it were a great shame in me to marry a man who has only one."

The King, on this account, gave him the surname of Fitz-roy, which amounted to a distinct acknowledgment of him for his son.



NORMAN LADIES—12TH CENTURY.—(From *Strut*.)

The splendid retinues of this period, and the cavalcades that attended kings and prelates in their marchings across country, more resembled an Eastern caravan toiling through the desert than a well-ordered procession of an English monarch. Such was the case with the Court of Henry II., then the richest and most powerful monarch in Europe. Peter of Blois gives a very animated description of one of these royal processions:—

"There were knights and nobles, throngs of cavalry and foot soldiers, baggage-waggons, tents, and pack-horses, players, prostitutes and the marshals of the same, gamesters, cooks, confectioners, mimics, dancers, barbers, and parasites;" and in the rising, at morn, of this tremendous medley, to commence the march of the day, he adds, "that there was such jostling, overturning, shouting, and brawling, that you would have imagined hell itself had let loose its inhabitants."

The train of Becket, notwithstanding the waggons of ale and furniture with which it was encumbered, and the monkeys on horseback, was immeasurably superior, in point of dignity and true elegance, to that of his royal master, and,

perhaps, was the choicest specimen of this kind of magnificence which the taste of the age could have produced. When a royal procession travelled through the country, the purveyors swept the district in every direction of its provisions, which, in virtue of the royal prerogative, were seized, for the King's use, at any price they chose to offer; and the powerful barons were not slow to imitate the example of their Sovereign.

Peter of Blois says :—

"I often wonder how one who has been used to the service of scholarship, and the camps of learning, can endure the annoyances of a court life. Among courtiers there is no order, no plan, no moderation, either in food, in horse exercise, or in watchings. A priest or a soldier attached to the court has bread put before him which is not kneaded, not leavened, made of the dregs of beer—bread like lead, full of bran, and unbaked; wine spoiled either by being sour or mouldy; thick, greasy, rancid, tasting of pitch, and vapid. I have sometimes seen wine so full of dregs put before noblemen, that they were compelled rather to filter than drink it, with their eyes shut; and their teeth closed, with loathing and retching. The beer at court is horrid to taste, and filthy to look at. On account of the great demand, meat, whether sweet or not, is sold alike. The fish is four days old, yet its stinking does not lessen its price. The servants care nothing whatever, whether the unlucky guests are sick or dead, provided there are fuller dishes sent up to their masters' tables. Indeed, the tables (sometimes) are filled with carrion, and the guests' stomachs thus become the tomb of those who die in the course of nature. Indeed, many more deaths would ensue from this putrid food, were it not that the famishing greediness of the stomach (which, like a whirlpool, will suck in anything), by the help of powerful exercise, gets rid of everything. But if the courtiers cannot have exercise (which is the case if the court stays for a time in town), some of them always stay behind at the point of death."

The Normans as well as the Saxons were celebrated for their superstitions. Omens and prodigies were carefully noted, and all sorts of innocent things turned into "hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire." A poor hare crossing one's path was a sure signal of some frightful calamity; a woman with dishevelled hair, a blind man, a lame man, and a monk, were all, strangely enough, regarded as equally indicative of misfortune. On the contrary, if a wolf happened to cross them, if St. Martin's bird flew from left to right, if they heard distant thunder, or met a hump-backed or leprous man, these were signs of prosperity, and accounted omens of good.

The Norman customs at the burial of the dead were very simple. The nearest relative, as in the earliest ages of antiquity, closed the eyelids of the corpse. The face was then covered with a linen cloth, and afterwards the body was washed, anointed, and laid out for burial. A suit of apparel which the deceased had been accustomed to wear sufficed for a shroud; the body was then carried to the place of interment upon the shoulders of the mourners, or, when the distance was considerable, upon a sledge or car. The remains were commonly deposited in the grave without the protection of a coffin; for we do not find coffins in general use until the reign of Henry III., and for some time before this date they seem to have been confined to people of high rank. The Conqueror himself appears to have been interred in the primitive fashion, the grave being a sort of chest or coffin of solid masonry.

A more decent and respectful ceremonial was observed in the funerals of the succeeding kings. A rude and unskilful attempt was made to embalm the body of Henry I: after the brains and bowels had been carefully extracted, it was saturated with salt and inclosed in a skin of wool. A triple funeral graced the obsequies of Richard I.; and Carlisle, Fontevraud, and Rouen had each the honour of receiving a portion of his remains for sepulture. The body of Henry, son of Henry II., was wrapped up in those linen clothes that had been used at his coronation, and upon which the sacred oil had flowed. But the most splendid of all the royal funerals in England during this period appears to have been that of Henry II. The body was arrayed in royal robes, the face was uncovered, and the head was adorned with a royal crown; the hands were covered with gloves, and the feet with shoes embroidered with gold-work; spurs were buckled to the heels, and a sword was girded upon the side of the dead; while the fingers, on one of which was a large ring, were closed upon a large sceptre.

The coffin of royalty seems to have been lined with lead—at least, such is stated to have been the case with that of Stephen; and, as kings from that time were thus buried with the insignia of their rank, the same practice was probably followed in the funerals of the nobility. Such were the ceremonies, at royal and noble burials, by which the living endeavoured to display their respect and affection for the dead. But the case was very different with those who died under excommunication. The body, now regarded as the special property of Satan, was viewed with fear and abhorrence. No sacred earth could receive it, or hallowed rites be performed over it. It was thrown forth like a polluted thing, or hurried into some obscure spot, and interred in silence and secrecy by those who were ashamed of so humane and necessary a deed. Thus, in the case of an unfortunate Templar, during the reign of Henry I.—one Geoffrey Mandeville, who had been excommunicated, and who died without being reconciled to the church—it is related that his brethren, equally afraid to bury, and unwilling to degrade the corpse of their departed member, adopted a singular compromise, by which it might be reduced to its kindred dust within their sacred precincts. They inclosed the body in a pipe or coating of lead, after which they hung it upon a tree in the orchard of the old Temple.

All the branches of gardening, for which the English have so long been celebrated, were much improved in England by the Normans, who, coming from a country abounding with gardens, orchards, and vineyards, naturally laboured to introduce the same advantages into their new settlements. William of Malmesbury, who flourished in the former part of the twelfth century, celebrates the vale of Gloucester, near to which he spent his whole life, for its great fertility, both in corn and fruit-trees, some of which the soil produced spontaneously by the waysides; and others were cultivated, yielding such prodigious quantities of the finest fruits as were sufficient to excite the most indolent to be industrious. "This vale," he adds, "is planted thicker with vineyards than any other province in England, and they produce grapes in the greatest abundance, and of the sweetest taste. The wine that is made in these vineyards hath no disagreeable tartness in the mouth, and is very little inferior in flavour to the wines of France." This is decisive proof that vineyards were planted and cultivated in England at this period, for the purpose of making wine; and many of these vineyards were planted by abbots and bishops, for the benefit of their monks and clergy.

Martin, Abbot of St. Edmundsbury, for example, planted a vineyard for the use of his abbey, A.D. 1140; and Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, paid a fine to the King, of no less than 500 marks, that the crops of corn produced on the estates, and wine made in the vineyards, together with the wine-presses belonging to that see, in the year in which a bishop died, should be the property of the bishop, though he should happen to die before Martinmas.

The arts of dressing and spinning wool and flax, weaving both linen and cotton cloth, and several other clothing arts, were well known to the Anglo-Saxons, and practised by them with no little success before the Conquest; but there is sufficient evidence that all these arts were improved after that event, in



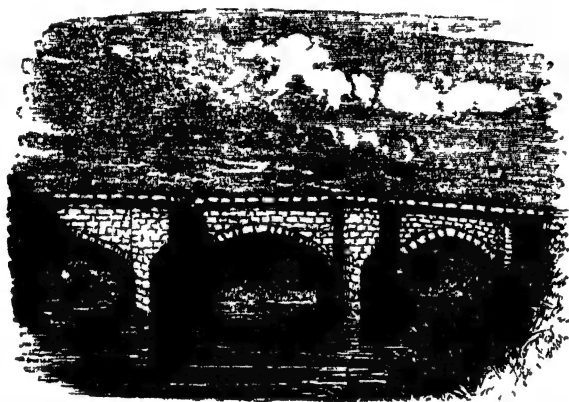
LADIES HUNTING DEER.—(From Strutt)

the course of our present period. This was partly owing to the great multitude of manufacturers of cloth who came from Flanders and settled in England in those times.

For the improvement of the clothing arts, the weavers in all the great towns of England were formed into guilds, or corporations, and had various privileges bestowed upon them by royal charters, for which they paid certain fines into the exchequer. The weavers of Oxford paid a mark of gold for their guild in the fifth year of the reign of King Stephen; while those of London paid, at the same time, £16. In the time of Richard I., the woollen manufacture became the subject of legislation; and a law was made in 1197 for regulating the fabrication and sale of cloth. By that law it was enacted "That all woollen cloths shall everywhere be made of the same breadth; viz., two ells within the lists; and of the same goodness in the middle as at the sides. That the ell shall be of the same length over all the kingdom, and that it shall be made of iron. That no merchant in any part of the kingdom shall stretch before his shop or booth a red or black cloth, or any other thing by which the sight of buyers is frequently deceived in the choice of good cloth. That no cloth of any other colour than black shall be sold in any part of the kingdom, except in cities and capital burghs; and that, in all cities and burghs, four or six men, according to the size of the place, shall be appointed to enforce the observation of these regulations, by seizing the persons and goods of all who transgress them." This remarkable law demonstrates that the manufacture of broad cloth was not only established in England at this period, but that it had arrived at considerable maturity, and had become an object of national attention. There is evidence still remaining that this law was, for some

time, very strictly executed; but that, in the reign of King John, when everything became venal, the merchants and manufacturers purchased licenses to make their cloth either broad or narrow, as they pleased, which brought considerable sums into the royal exchequer.

We have already seen that the Anglo-Saxon ladies before the Conquest excelled in the art of embroidery. This art was rather improved than injured by that event, and the English ladies still maintained their superiority in this respect. When Robert, Abbot of St. Albans, visited his countryman, Pope Adrian IV., he made him several presents, and, amongst other things, three mitres and a pair of sandals, of most admirable workmanship. His Holiness refused his other presents, but thankfully accepted the mitres and sandals, being charmed with their exquisite beauty. These admired pieces of embroidery were the work of Christina, abbess of Markgate. Another Pope, not long after, admiring the embroidered vestments of some English clergymen, asked where



BRIDGE AT STRATFORD-LE BOW — (THE FIRST STONE BRIDGE BUILT IN ENGLAND.)

they had been made, and being answered, in England, cried out, "O England! thou garden of delight! thou inexhaustible fountain of riches! from thee I never can exact too much!" and immediately despatched his bulls to several English abbots, commanding them to procure him some of these embroidered cloths and silks for his own robes.

Portrait-painting appears to have been very common in the time of Richard I.; and it is probable that there were few kings and queens, or princes, even from the time of the Conqueror, who had not their pictures drawn. Nor was painting, at this period, confined to the use of the church, or to the portraits of great men, but was employed for various other purposes, particularly for ornamenting apartments, furniture, shields, &c., of persons of rank. Wainscoting chambers, and painting the wainscot with historical pictures, were practised in England long before 1293, for, in the seventeenth year of Henry III., the paintings of one of his palaces were so much faded or tarnished, that they needed to be renewed; and Peter of Blois, who was chaplain to Henry II., acquaints us, in one of his letters, that the great barons and military men of his time had their shields and saddles painted with the representations of battles; and "they carry shields into the

field so richly gilded, that they present the prospect of booty, rather than of danger, to the enemy; and they bring them back untouched, and, as I may say, in a virgin state. They also cause both their shields and saddles to be painted with representations of battles and equestrian combats, that they may please their imaginations with the contemplation of scenes in which they do not choose to engage."

Wages—always an important consideration in a country like our own, where there has always been a large proportion of industrious labourers—have varied considerably from age to age; thus, in the year 1126, the wages of the common servants employed at the Abbey of Peterborough are stated to have been 1*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* yearly, which is at the rate of $\frac{1}{3}$ *d.* a day! The abbey baker had the same wages, with bread and beer; but what we are to infer from this, probably, is, not that the other servants had no victuals, but that bread (*i.e.*, wheaten bread) and beer were not allowed them as part of their fare. In 1173 the subsistence of a footman for one day is set down at 2*d.*, which makes about 3*l.* in the year; so that it can hardly be supposed that 1*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* was the whole that domestic servants received. The entire yearly gains of persons of this class may probably be taken as amounting to about 4*l.*

The prices of grain were also exceedingly variable. Stowe tells us that, in the reign of Henry II., the usual price of wheat was 1*s.*, and of oats 4*d.*, a quarter; but in scarce years the price of wheat is stated to have risen sometimes to 1*l.* a quarter. The prices of many other kinds of provisions were low in comparison. Thus, in 1185, we find hens rated at $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* each, sheep at about 5*½d.*, rams at 8*d.*, hogs at 1*s.*, oxen at 5*s.* 6*d.*, cows at 4*s.* 6*d.*, and breeding mares at less than 3*s.* We have but few notices of the prices of other commodities. In 1172, twenty-five ells of scarlet cloth, bought for the King, only cost 5*s.* 6*d.* the ell; and twenty-six ells of green cloth only cost 2*s.* 10*d.* the ell. Ten pair of boots, made for his Majesty at the same time, cost 1*s.* 6*d.* each; and, in 1212, a pair of Cordovan boots were only charged 2*s.* 6*d.*, and a pair of what are now called single boots, only 7*d.*

The expense of building the two arches of London Bridge, in 1140, was 25*l.*; and, a few years later, a piece of ground, with a stone house on it, in the city of London, was sold for 2*l.*, besides a rent in perpetuity of 6*s.* 8*d.* Now, although we know that the value of money then and at the present date varied considerably, yet it is almost impossible to calculate its exact worth, and it may be made to bear any proportion that the fancy of the calculator may choose to fix upon.

The most curious illustrations we possess of the social life of this period, and the point to which civilization had attained in England, are afforded by some of the facts mentioned in Fitz-Stephen's account of London. According to this writer, for instance, the English capital had already its sewers and aqueducts in the streets. He speaks of the comfort of a residence in the place, and of the beauty of the surrounding country, in very glowing terms. It was encompassed, he tells us, on the north side, by "corn-fields, pastures, and delightful meadows;" and these fields, he adds, are "by no means hungry gravel or barren sands, but may vie with the fertile plains of Asia, as capable of producing the most luxuriant crops and filling the barns of the herds and farmers with Ceres' golden sheaf." The two only inconveniences of London are the excessive drinking of some foolish people, and the frequent fires. But the most remarkable passage in his account is

the description he gives of a sort of public eating-house, or cook-shop, which was established on the bank of the river. Here, he says, "according to the season, you may find victuals of all kinds—roasted, baked, fried, and boiled; fish large and small; and coarse viands for the poorer sort, and more delicate ones for the rich, such as venison, fowls, and small birds. In case a friend should arrive at a citizen's house much wearied with his journey, and chooses not to wait, an hungered as he is, for the buying and cooking of meats,

"The water's served, the bread's in basket brought,"

and recourse is immediately had to the bank above-mentioned, where everything desirable is immediately procured. No number so great, of knights or strangers, can either enter into the city at any hour of day or night, or leave it, but all may be supplied with provisions; so that those have no occasion to fast too long, nor these to depart the city without their dinner."

About the middle of the eleventh century, the philosophy, and particularly the logic, of Aristotle became so much in vogue, both in France and England, that it was studied with great ardour, not only by all men who made any pretensions to learning, but even by some ladies of the highest rank. Ingulphus tells us that Edgitha, the amiable wife of Edward the Confessor, after she had examined him in Latin prose and verse, often proceeded to attack him with the subtleties of logic, in which she very much excelled; and, when she had entangled him with her acute and artful arguments, and obtained the victory, she always dismissed him with a present of some pieces of money. And it is well known that the unfortunate and talented Heloise was one of the most acute logicians of the twelfth century. As we are speaking of literature, let me relate an act of Henry I., A.D. 1124. In his Court was an unfortunate poet, one Luke de Barra, a satirically spirited person, who dared to write defamatory ballads against the vices and follies of the very monarch on his throne! for which incipient rascality and radicalism he was condemned to lose his eyes! And when the Earl of Flanders very warmly interceded for the unhappy poet, the King replied—

"This man, being a wit, a poet, and a minstrel, hath composed many indecent songs against me, and sung them openly, to the great entertainment and diversion of my enemies. Since it hath pleased God to deliver him into my hands, he shall be punished, to deter others from the like petulance."

This cruel sentence was accordingly executed on the unfortunate satirist, who died of the wounds he received in struggling with the executioner. But Matilda, the Queen of this same Henry, treated the troubadours in a very different manner. She was so profusely generous to musicians and poets, that she expended almost all her revenue upon them, and even oppressed her tenants in order to procure money to reward the former for their songs.

We give an engraving of a litter in the time of King John, which, better than any words of ours, will convey at once an accurate idea of travelling when people were unable to ride on horseback. The picture is supposed to represent Queen Crotilde, who, in her last illness, was carried to Tours, where she died. Hollingshead informs us that King John himself, when he was not able to ride, was fain to be carried in a litter made of twigs, with a couch of straw under him, without any bed or pillow.

Besides the tournaments, to which we have already referred, our ancestors took

delight in a variety of manly sports, the great part of which are as well known to us—thanks to the researches of our friend Strutt—as if they were still played on every greensward and common in England. The quintain, water-tournaments, archery, wrestling, running, and boar and bull-baiting, were, each in their turn,



LITTLE OF KING JOHN.

popular amusements; while the game of football was general in England during the reign of Henry II., and seems to have possessed equal attractions for men and children. There were also many sedentary or in-door amusements; jugglers were very important persons even in this early period, and the buffoon, afterwards to become so celebrated, was a welcome substitute where more refined wit was wanting. To these may be added dramatic exhibitions; plays, also, founded on



PERFORMING COCK.—(From Strutt.)

romantic, historical, or passing events were represented before the nobles and citizens; but they were so completely in accordance with the grossness and licentiousness of the age, both in language and manner of acting, that they were condemned by the church, and all priests were prohibited from attending them. The actors of those days appear to have strolled from town to town, and from castle to castle, attended by a fraternity of jongleurs, tumblers, dancers, jesters, and mimics.

The immorality of these theatrical exhibitions awoke not only the ire but the inventive powers of the church, and the clergy endeavoured to supersede the

secular by the religious drama; and hence the origin of those productions called miracles and mysteries. These were composed of scriptural incidents, "representations of those miracles that were wrought by holy confessors, or those passions or sufferings in which the martyrs so signally displayed their fortitude." The actors were the scholars of the clergy, the church itself was frequently used as the



DANCING HARE.—(from *Stutt.*)

place of exhibition, and the rich vestments and sacred furniture employed in the church service were sometimes permitted to be used by the actors, to give superior truth and lustre to their representations!

Women always formed part of the jugglers' train; they balanced, they danced, they tumbled, and, indeed, were better qualified for these feats than men. It is not a little remarkable that, as now, so then, these women were of very light reputation. It was on this account, we suppose, that the daughter of Herodias was classed among them by our ancestors, for, in one of the Saxon translations of the gospel, she is said to have "tumbled before Herod;" and in an ancient illuminated MS. she is represented on her head and hands, attended by her maid-servant holding her by the heels! Nor may we omit to mention the immense pains taken by the jugglers to train inferior animals to co-operate in their exhibitions. Pictures of monkeys mimicking the harpist and violin-player, riding bears, or dancing to imaginary music, are still extant, among other representations of cock-fighting, dancing horses, and horse-baiting; which practices, however cruel they may have been as sports, show at least that the capabilities of animals were very soon discovered, and a love for them cherished by our countrymen; and that, even so long ago, a marked attention to quadrupeds was one of the characteristics of this nation.

M. S. R.



HELMET OF RICHARD I.

AMONGST THE AMERICANS.

BY F. GERSTACKER.

PART III.

THE darkness of night now descended on the "Father of Waters," and the pilot kept a little further off shore to escape the numerous, projecting "snags," while fires were visible on both banks, ahead of the vessel, to show the captain that at those points there was a wood-yard, in case he required wood.

Kindling these fires is a business peculiar to the negroes. As soon as they hear a boat coming—which they can, on a calm night and with a favourable wind, for ten miles—they light a fire, and, if the boat stops and takes in wood, they receive from their masters, by way of encouragement, a quarter of a dollar. But how frequently does the poor negro spring in vain from his hard bed, which he has sought, quite exhausted by his hard toll, to await for hours, by the side of his solitary fire, the arrival of the boat, only to see it—steam unheedingly past! Thus deceived in his expectations, he extinguishes his fire, crawls back beneath his blanket, and, notwithstanding the oppressive atmosphere, covers himself up, head and all, to obtain a little respite from the painful bite of the musquitos.

On the right bank, about a mile and a half ahead of the boat, a fire had been kindled, and a burning log swung to and fro, as a signal that passengers at that spot wished to come on board. The Oceanic is steered closer in shore, to inquire the number of passengers—stops, sends her boat ashore, and quickly returns, laden with passengers, and away steams the Oceanic over the waste of dark waters.

In the cabin the passengers were amusing themselves in various fashions—Mr. Gray was playing chess with a young man; Simmons had also found three acquaintances, and appeared highly delighted by a four-handed game of "encre." The pale man, whom we have seen sitting on the boiler-deck, near Simmons, and who gave his name as Smith, had seated himself with the New-Yorker to a game of "poker;" and it was at least eleven o'clock before all sought their beds.

On the second day, at about six in the evening, the Oceanic drew near the town of Natchez, and the captain had the bell rung as a signal that he intended to stop.

As he had to take several bales of cotton on board, the vessel was brought to her moorings, and a multitude of visitors, scarcely waiting till the planks were run out, rushed aboard like locusts, and dispersed in every direction. They were followed by a number of white and coloured lads, with baskets, in which they carried newspapers, apples, hard-boiled eggs, oranges, and gingerbread, while five or six natty mulatto and negro girls, dressed in gaudy stuffs, brought on board most appetizing confectionery.

The freight had been shipped, several passengers had landed, others came on board, and the bell for starting was rung; the boat steamed away once more, raising an immense swell as it left the town.

"Hullo! I must get off!" a voice now ejaculated; and, accompanied by the laughter of all the 'tween-deck passengers, a little fat man, in a white jacket, white beaver hat, and remarkably red face, forced his way from the depths below. "Stop!—stop the boat!"

The mate looked up from the fore-castle to the captain, who was standing on the

hurricane-deck, and had seen it all, but had only replied to the little man's speech with a quiet smile. When the subordinate found that his chief took no notice, and consequently did not intend to put the adipose individual ashore in the boat, he turned to his work, as if the matter no longer concerned him, had the planks arranged, the new freight put down the hold, and the deck swept, while the "*Passenger malgré lui*" ran from one to the other, and, in turn, prayed and expostulated with a wonderful energy and perseverance.

"Pray be kind enough," he said, turning to one of the sailors, who looked in his face with a sly smile—"pray be kind enough to stop the boat; I must be in Natchez to-night, and you're taking me up the river at a furious rate. Stop her—stop her!" he continued, shouting to the captain, "I don't belong to the vessel—I will get out."

His cries were all in vain, however; not a soul took any notice of him; and at last, desperate and furious, he paced the deck, and anathematized the captain, the boat, Natchez, and, finally, his own stupidity, for setting foot on a miserable, ill-managed vessel like the *Oceanic*.

"But how far do you really mean to take me?" he, after half an hour's pause, asked the mate, who was calmly watching him as he wiped the heavy drops from his heated brow, and fanned himself with his white hat.

"To the first wood-yard," the mate answered, with the most complete coolness.

"And where is that?" the little man asked, as he stopped his fanning.

"Uncertain," the other replied laconically.

"And I must pass the whole night in a block-house on the Mississippi, and haven't a mosquito-net?—the brutes will devour me!" the little man muttered in a most desponding tone.

"Very likely," the mate remarked.

Finding there was no way of escaping from his sad plight, the diminutive man forced a passage through the passengers, and huddled himself in a corner, where he waited, with a woe-begone expression, the moment when the boat would stop. This took place at about eleven in the evening, and he sprang, with one bound, ashore, to escape as quickly as possible the ridicule of the other passengers.

Simmons was playing "encro" again with his friends of the preceding evening, and told all sorts of anecdotes, so that he kept the whole company in continued laughter, after which they would go to the bar and "liquor," at the losing party's expense. Mr. Smith and the New-Yorker had renewed their game, while Mr. Gray stood dreamily on the boiler-deck, with his burning brow pressed against one of the pillars, looking out into the dark forest past which the vessel was racing, and whose pitchy darkness was illumined by myriads of fire-flies, which glittered like so many sparks.

They must have been melancholy thoughts that passed through his head, for his eye was moist, and heavy sighs found their way through his tightly-pressed lips.

At Natchez, among other passengers, a tall, powerful man had come on board, dressed in a light summer coat. He had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, and had remained in a corner, watching the game—more especially that between Smith and Bloomfield. He now rose, and, walking to Gray's side on the boiler-deck, he laid his hand on his shoulder, saying politely—

"Mr. Gray."

"Sir!" the latter answered, starting from his reverie.

"You'll excuse me," he continued, with a bow, "if I disturb you at all. I have only been a few hours on board, and should not like to commence a disturbance directly on my arrival; still I cannot but draw your attention to something I have been watching some time, and of which I am certain. The pale man, whom you, if I am not mistaken, called Smith, is a cheat, and must have swindled the other, who has no idea of it, out of a considerable sum."

"I thought so myself," Gray replied in a whisper.

"Let us go down again quietly, and watch the course of the game till we can catch him in the fact."

For half an hour they had been trying in vain to convict him, although he played all the time very suspiciously, when Bloomfield said—

"I won't play any more. I lost fifty dollars last night, and sixty again to-night. I must be decidedly unlucky; for, when I hold three kings or three aces, you're sure to have four tens or four knaves in your hand."

"Just half an hour longer," replied Smith insinuatingly; "perhaps fortune will turn; for, it's true, I've held extraordinary cards."

He shuffled again; and Gray clearly saw that he dealt himself seven cards instead of five, and very cleverly concealed in his lap the two that did not suit him.

Bloomfield held four queens and an ace in his hand. He staked a dollar. Smith two dollars more. Bloomfield threw a ten-dollar note on the table. Smith doubted it. They showed their cards. Smith had four kings and a knave.

"That's enough for to-night," Bloomfield said; and was just rising from the table, while Smith quietly stretched forth his hand to take up the money; when Gray, who had watched the whole proceeding with a beating heart, jumped up, laid his hand on the money, and cried—

"Sir, you've played false!"

An ashy pallor crept over the detected cheat's face, but his lips quivered with fury; and, almost speechless from passion, he shouted—

"Liar! How dare you ——"

He did not finish the sentence, for Gray leaped the table at a bound, lurled the wretched man to the ground, and the two cards fell from his hand. In a second he was again on his feet; and, drawing a pistol from a breast-pocket, cocked it, and fired at Gray, before the latter had warning of the danger that menaced him. There was, however, too little time for aiming, and the bullet passed through the young man's coat-collar. Gray was again about to rush on him, when the man in the summer paletôt held him back, and said—

"Stop—stop! Mr. Gray, don't soil your hands with the villain. Let him go. He won't escape the gallows."

"But he must give up his plunder," said Gray, calming himself with an effort, as if ashamed of his momentary excitement.

"Let him keep it and be hanged," Bloomfield said. "He has robbed me of a few paltry dollars, but I've had a lesson, and the experience has not been bought too dear. Let him go. His disgrace is punishment enough for him. I wouldn't, at this moment, change places with him for all the money in the world."

"Let's liquor, boys," now interposed Simmons, who had also sprung up with his friends to await the result. "Let's liquor. Hang the rogue! Our anger

might be injurious to us, unless we wash it down. I've lost, this time. Brandy and sugar."

He turned to the barkeeper, and all followed his example—paying no attention to the cheat, who retired from the cabin with a heavy scowl on his features.

During the night, nothing remarkable occurred, except that the boat was sent off several times to take in or land passengers.

The next morning, at three, they stopped at Vecksburg, where a whole family came on board, with their furniture, bound for St. Louis. Two cabin-passengers here landed; and one of them looked in vain, for nearly half an hour for his chest, which contained all he possessed in the world. The rogue Smith had stolen it, having landed ten or fifteen miles below.



As there were some trifling repairs to be done to the engines, it was bright day before the Oceanic could start afresh, and she soon stopped, again at the Walnut Hills to take in wood; after which, however, she sped on up the river.

"There's a boat coming aboard!" the mate shouted to the pilot, as he ran up on the hurricane-deck—"just coming from that plantation, and they're making signs to us, as if they wanted to put their arms out of joint."

"There's another behind, Bill," the pilot cried, "and, by George! in the first one there's a young girl and a man. Call the captain! Quick!"

The mate sprang to the captain's cabin, and reported the occurrence.

"Stop the boat!" the latter cried, after looking for a moment at the two approaching wherries. "Lay by!"

The pilot rang, and the engine was stopped; still the vessel ploughed through the water with great velocity, until, at length yielding to the strong current, she appeared stationary for a moment, and then slowly drifted back, while the pilot kept her bow well up the stream. The first boat had, in the meanwhile, drawn

much nearer, and was pulled by a young man, who appeared exerting his utmost strength to reach the steamer before the boat that pursued him. In the latter sat an old gentleman with two negroes, whom he seemed to urge on by words and threatening movements of his right hand, in which he held a huge whip, only stopping his exertions at intervals, to wave a white handkerchief, to show the captain that he also wanted to come on board.

"Just look, Mr. Gray," said the captain, turning to the young man, who stood near him, as he handed him his telescope. "Just look at the furious face the old fellow in the second boat is putting on. I'll wager my head those are lovers in the first boat, and the old man is after them with the hunting-whip. Heaven have mercy on the boy if he catches him!"

"You don't intend to give up the young folk?" Gray asked, somewhat anxiously, of the captain.

"I!" answered the latter, as if astonished at the question. "No, by George! if they were only on board; but I'm afraid they'll catch him—indeed, they're not fifteen yards apart!"

"Let us go and meet them in the jolly-boat," Gray cried, quite excited by the chase, and looking uncommonly interested in the successful flight of the young man.

"That would be of no use. I'll hold the boat a little more over," the captain cried, and shouted to the pilot to give the requisite orders. It all seemed useless, however, for both boats were still several hundred yards from the Oceanic, but scarcely two oars' lengths from each other; and although the young man had indubitably the lighter and swifter of the two, his strength was beginning to yield, while the negroes, urged by their unmerciful master to still greater exertion, were doing their utmost to catch the other boat.

"Stop rowing, you confounded rascal!" the old man could be distinctly heard to shout, from the Oceanic. "Stop, or I'll shoot you like a dog!" And he drew a pistol from his breast, and cocked it. The young man, however, though he saw his pursuer's act as well as having heard his words, made no reply, but only cast a melancholy glance at the girl, who sat despairing, and wringing her hands in the stern of the boat, and rowed on, exerting all his expiring strength to reach the steamer, which was now hardly fifty paces away, while the second boat threatened each moment to come up with him.

The steamer was again in motion, and drew near the first boat, while her starboard side was crowded with passengers, looking with beating hearts upon the race. At this moment the second boat had overtaken the first, and the old man moved forward, with a pistol in one hand and the whip in the other, to spring from the bows of his own boat into the stern of the other, when his foot slipped, and he fell on the negro's arm, who fell back, himself, and let his oar go. The first boat shot forward and reached the steamer, while fifty hands were extended at the same instant to help the young people on board.

"Go ahead!" sang out the captain; and the steam colossus slowly left the two boats astern.

"Stop that boat!" the old man shouted, after regaining his feet. "Stop, stop, confound you! Stop," he continued, almost breathless with rage.

His shouts died away in the distance, for the Oceanic now had her full steam up, whereupon the old man was seen rushing like a tiger to vent his rage upon the two unhappy negroes.

THE SON-IN-LAW.

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

III.

GUSTAVE LABOISSIERE had displayed that punctuality which, it is said, is an act of politeness on the part of monarchs, and which lovers always scrupulously observe in their first appointment. At five minutes before midnight he was at the garden-gate; as the clock struck twelve he had reached the window of Adolphine's apartment, after having amicably terminated his interview with Turk, who appeared to consider his being placed in the garden merely as a means of doing the honours thereof towards his old master—his conduct on the present occasion presenting a model of discretion and good breeding.

Although the night was very dark, the adventurer contrived to find his way, and, almost before he expected, reached the window which he hoped would gain him admission to the house itself. With a prudent hand he tried the shutter, and opened it without difficulty; he next lifted the window, with no less precaution and success; the passage free, to step through it was but a trifle. At a single bound Laboissière overcame this last obstacle, and found his way into the interior of the apartment. Closing the shutters and window with a silent hand, he drew back the curtains.

"Adolphine!" he whispered, catching sight of a dim figure, seated in a corner of the chamber.

He obtained no reply; but, under the present circumstances, this silence did not cause him to despair. He advanced then towards the person whom he took to be Madame Chaudieu. At his approach the figure started up suddenly, and, rushing towards the lamp, throw, with one rapid turn of the finger, over the whole room a flood of light! Immediately afterwards, with an action that would have produced some effect in a melodrama, she placed herself directly in front of Laboissière, and displayed to him, the strong light shining upon it, a well-known visage, at sight of which that personage, notwithstanding all his assurance, came to a dead stop, at a more than respectful distance.

"It is *not* Adolphine!" said Mademoiselle Bailleul, after a moment's mutual examination—stern and terrible on the one side, and on the other, of blank confusion. "It is I, man without gratitude and without honour!"

On beholding himself so completely entrapped, a common adventurer would have lost his self-possession; but Laboissière was above all puerile emotion. His first surprise overcome, he boldly sustained the indignant glance of Adolphine's aunt.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle," he said with an insolent ease. "Delighted to perceive, from the brilliancy of your eyes, that your headache is quite gone."

"Villain!" replied Mademoiselle Bailleul in a deep voice.

The young man took off his hat and made a profound bow.

"Ungrateful, perfidious wretch!" continued she with increased bitterness.

But, instead of replying, Laboissière, at each expression, merely renewed his bow.

"Beggar!" faintly exclaimed Mademoiselle Bailleul, still more incensed by this impertinence.

"Pray permit me to observe that excitement misleads you," said the bold

adventurer, with an insolent smile. "Beggars don't keep a carriage, while mine is at the garden-door."

"Thanks to the dupes who pay for it, and of whom I have made one, only too long!"

"You are unjust to both of us, Mademoiselle. You have too much brains to be a dupe, and I have not enough——"

"To make a rogue? Pardon me, you have twice the amount necessary. But there is one quality you are deficient in."

"Which, if you please?"

"Prudence! or you would have foreseen there was some danger in making me your enemy—your mortal and implacable enemy!"

"Mademoiselle, pray be seated!" added Laboissière with the most irritating coolness. "I foresee that our conversation will be as long as it already is interesting; and, for my part, I dislike to talk standing."

Without waiting for the permission his words solicited, he threw himself into an arm-chair, fell back into it, and crossed his legs with as much carelessness as though he were in his own chamber. Instead of following his example, Mademoiselle Bailleul drew herself up to her full height, as if to protest, by the dignity of her deportment, against this breach of good manners.

"Now, Mademoiselle," continued Laboissière, "I am ready to chat with you to the end of the century. Judging from the expression of your physiognomy, I should say that, at the present moment, you are a prey to excessively tragic emotions. If you would be kind enough to explain the cause of all this wrath, we might, perhaps, hit upon some mode of calming it."

"You are here—and you presume to ask me the cause of my indignation!"

"Ah, I understand. My presence in this chamber is an unpardonable crime; but perhaps you would find some excuse for me were I *there*." And, as he spoke, he pointed with his finger to the ceiling, which separated Adolphe's chamber from that of her aunt.

At these heartless and cruel words Mademoiselle Bailleul covered her face with both hands.

"I have merited this insult," she said, "but a man of honour would have spared me it."

Laboissière's reply was a contemptuous curl of the lip.

"But to the point," he said. "What is the meaning of this scene? Why are you here? What have you to say?"

Mademoiselle Bailleul, so imperious with her brother, her niece, her niece's husband, seemed powerless before that man, towards whom she had been weak enough to show affection.

"You have dared to love Adolphe!" she said in a voice hardly audible.

"What if it were so?" he answered laconically.

"And you have the boldness to admit this to me!" cried Mademoiselle Bailleul, snatching up a paper-knife which lay on the table.

"Fortunately for me, it is not a dagger," said Laboissière, with an ironical smile.

In an excess of fury, the excitable woman took the ivory instrument in both hands, broke it, and threw the fragments at the feet of her faithless lover.

"The dagger is a very poor revenge," she said. "It kills too quickly."

"We have slow poisons," suggested Laboissière.

"For all your wit, you cannot teach a woman how to revenge herself. Trust the hate I have vowed for you from this morning. Neither dagger nor poison, but ruin, shame, misery! You see this knife. Before a month, I shall have broken you as I have broken that!"

Laboissière picked up the pieces of the paper-knife, and looked at them a moment with an affectation of the greatest alarm.

"Do you know, you quite frighten me!" he said. "So I shall, positively, be smashed like this, eh?"

"Laugh on," said Mademoiselle Bailleul in a sinister tone—"laugh on, till others laugh at you!"

"If I laugh, Mademoiselle, it is from politeness, and merely to show that I appreciate your pleasantry."

"My pleasantry!"

"What other name can I give to your threats? You really can't mean me to take your words seriously!"

"They will be found terribly true, for all that!" replied the lady.

"In that case you will have the goodness to be a trifle more explicit. To gratify you, I am ready to tremble in every limb; but, at any rate, it would be satisfactory to me to be informed why I am to do so."

Adolphe's aunt cast upon the man a look of intense hate.

"Because I have been weak, you have thought me blind," she said. "Accustomed to deceive, you have only seen in your benefactress—nay, start not—you have seen in your benefactress but one dupe the more. You did not know that a woman could love a man without esteeming him. Know, now, that from the day you were first introduced to this house, I was not deceived for a single moment as to your true position. Your commercial speculations, the credit you boast, the apparent luxury which surrounds you—all is a delusion! a lie! a hollow cheat! You are nothing—you have nothing!"

"Mademoiselle!" cried Laboissière, jumping up furiously.

"Sit still! I have not finished yet. I have said I was weak enough to love you; I knew you, yet I served you with a blind devotion. I used all my influence to prop you up. I gave credit to your lies. For you, I was about to risk the whole fortune of every individual in this house. Have I not already induced my brother to give you a portion of my niece's dowry? And to-morrow I was about to repeat that abominable act! Yes, abominable; for was I not aware that, in intrusting that money to you, it was cast into a gulf out of which it would never be drawn again? This is what my blind affection has led me to do for you, and now, behold my reward! Oh! Heaven is just, for I have been very guilty!"

Mademoiselle Bailleul hid her face in her hands once more, and remained silent a moment, a picture of despair and grief.

"You are crying," said Laboissière coldly. "For the sake of your beauty, and for your complexion particularly, I would suggest that you dry your tears."

"Oh, yes; I forgot my rouge!" said Mademoiselle Bailleul, turning upon her pitiless lover with a forced calmness. "Listen! From this moment I devote myself to your destruction with more energy than I have hitherto displayed in your service. As you have no heart, you are invulnerable in that respect, but I will not strike there."

"Then you intend to attack my fortune?"

"Your fortune! I have but to put my hand to that baseless fabric to crumble it into dust."

"But you won't put your hand to it."

"I have done so."

"Really!"

"I have promised to obtain for you, to-morrow, ten thousand francs."

"True! and I count upon the money."

"You will be disappointed, and I advise you to seek it elsewhere."

Laboissière sat upright in his arm-chair, and lifted his head so as fairly to confront Mademoiselle Bailleul.

"I am glad to find," he said, "that we have, at length, reached the question. During your reproaches, sighs, sobs, imprecations, anathemas, and other rhetorical figures, I was content to remain a passive auditor; for I felt that tears and nervous attacks were not weapons I could struggle with. But now we have reached a positive and substantial argument, I hope you'll permit me to say just a word or so. Be good enough, then, to listen to me a moment, and, above all, to follow my argument attentively. I am here under two different aspects—as a gentleman, and as a man of business. Under the first, I have behaved shamefully to you, I admit. Look upon me as perfidious, ungrateful; call me the worst your ingenuity can suggest; I deserve it. But as a man of business—that's quite another affair. In this last character, I decline, most positively, your jurisdiction—in a word, I draw the most definite distinction between the lover and the man of business. This argument is, I apprehend, sufficiently logical—here is the conclusion I am about to deduce from it. To-morrow M. Chaudieu is coming to my office to invest, in his own and his father-in-law's name, a large sum in my ships. You will have the goodness not to interfere, in the slightest degree, with the execution of that intention."

"Chaudieu will not come!" interrupted Mademoiselle Bailleul energetically.

"He will come!" replied the speculator calmly.

"I shall forbid him!"

"And I forbid you to say a single word to him upon the subject!"

As he pronounced these words, Laboissière rose, and, crossing his arms upon his chest, concentrated a threatening glance upon the woman who, forgetting her weakness, had dared to resist him.

"You hear," he continued; "I forbid you to speak of my affairs to your brother, your niece's husband, or to any other soul in the world; and woe to you if you disobey! You have just spoken of my imprudence; have you forgotten your own? My credit, you say, is in your hands; is not your reputation in mine? If you strike, I strike; if you destroy, I destroy! Think of that reputation—maintained intact by so much hypocrisy and deceit! I am an adventurer! Well. What are you?"

"A most unhappy woman!" cried Mademoiselle Bailleul with a heavy sigh.

"It will be time to talk of your unhappiness when I have spoken out!"

"That is not in your power."

"As your memory appears to be so bad, allow me to inform you that I have the good fortune to possess forty-three of your letters—neither more nor less."

"You have not burnt them, as you had sworn on your honour!" cried Mademoiselle Bailleul, turning very pale.

Laboissière gave vent to an ironical laugh.

"On my honour!" he said. "How could you trust to my word? No, madame, I have not been so foolish as to destroy your correspondence; besides, one never burns such letters as yours."

Adolphine's aunt fell into an arm-chair, apparently quite overpowered by this last speech. Laboissière remained silent, as if to allow her time to recover herself, and to reply. Perceiving that she maintained her mute and sorrowful attitude, he walked up to the glass, passed his hand through his hair, gave his moustache a twist, arranged his neck-tie, and finally glanced at the hands of the time-piece.

"Already one o'clock!" he said. "How quickly time flies in your company! I must be at business early in the morning, and if you sit up late your headache will return. Adieu, then! Remember my ultimatum—peace or war, as you prefer. As for myself, I prefer peace. I am always sorry to give pain to a lady. M. Chaudieu has promised to be at my office at one o'clock to-morrow. If he does not come, and if I find, from any change in his conduct, that you have divulged anything, you may rest assured that your sentimental correspondence will become a literary success. Meanwhile, allow me to wish you a very good night!"

Laboissière addressed a derisive salute to the woman he had so grievously wounded, then walked towards the window. But, just as he was about to disappear behind the curtain, he turned round—

"By the way," he said, "I remember that I am to dine here to-morrow. I shall be punctual, and I hope that the little gloom of to-night will have passed away, and that you will receive me with your usual grace."

Mademoiselle Bailleul made no reply. After casting upon her a glance of defiance, Laboissière thrust aside the curtain. An instant after, the almost imperceptible sound of the opening window announced that he had successfully escaped. After the departure of the man who had so humiliated and vanquished her, Mademoiselle Bailleul remained long immoveable in the position he had left her. As she sat in that arm-chair—her arms extended and resting upon her knees, her head lowered, her eyes wet with tears, and cast down mournfully—she recalled every detail of the terrible interview. At length she arose, suddenly seeming to shake off the melancholy torpor into which she had fallen, and, glancing round the apartment with a look full of anguish, drew her shawl about her shoulders, and left the room. In traversing the corridor, she found no signs of the presence of Benoit Chaudieu. All the doors were open, precisely as she had left them on coming down. Hardly had she reached her niece's chamber, than all her strength abandoned her, and she fell, exhausted, on a seat. Adolphine, who, for so long a time, had been a prey to the greatest inquietude, had thrown herself on a couch; when she saw the door of her prison open, she made no movement, nor spoke a single word, but seemed to await the outburst of the storm—the first words of her imperious aunt.

Aunt and niece remained some time face to face, equally motionless and silent. From their attitude, one might suppose they slept, were it not that, at intervals, a sombre glance was exchanged between them. Although Adolphine had no suspicion of her aunt's weakness, she had a presentiment that in her she should find a severe and partial judge. Mademoiselle Bailleul herself could not fail to

see, in the young and beautiful woman before her, the first cause of her chagrin. This mutual and obstinate silence became each instant more painful; Madame Chaudieu, from lassitude rather than from politeness, at length spoke.

"May I ask permission, now, to go down to my room?" said she, in a tone which was in strong contrast with the apparent humility of her words.

Mademoiselle Bailleul regarded her with a defiant look.

"You know that I am ill," she said; "cannot you watch, for one night, with your poor suffering aunt?" She tottered in her gait as she walked towards a chair.

Although affection for her aunt had not taken very deep root in Adolphe's heart, she could not observe the forlorn condition of the lady before her without experiencing considerable uneasiness.

"How you tremble!" she said, coming forward as if to support her aunt; "you are really very ill. Sit down; I will go and wake Madeleine."

"It is nothing—it will pass away—I want no assistance," replied her aunt.

Adolphe threw herself upon the couch once more; and the two women remained for some hours without exchanging another word. But, at the first dawn of daylight, the aunt spoke.

"You must be fatigued," said she; "retire to your chamber. Be kind enough, however, to knock at my brother's door, and tell him to come to me at once."

Madame Chaudieu needed no second bidding, and hastened to regain her own apartment, though she little expected to sleep.

After a short time M. Bailleul entered his sister's room, and appeared stupefied at the great change exhibited in her face—

"Why did you not request me, instead of Adolphe, to spend the night with you? You know she is delicate."

The only effect of this inquiry was to irritate the excitable lady to whom it was addressed. On the first sight of her brother, she who, throughout the night, had been compelled to preserve silence under the deepest insults, immediately recovered all her imperious and passionate manner.

"You are the sole cause of my illness. It is all owing to that silly discussion of yesterday. I'm sure I shall have an attack of fever, and then I suppose you'll be satisfied?"

"But, my dear sister," said M. Bailleul trembling, "I'm sure I've agreed to do everything you desired. Laboissière will have, to-day, the ten thousand francs."

At that dreaded name, a shudder passed through Mademoiselle Bailleul's frame.

"And pray who told you to give up that money so hurriedly?"

"Why, yourself, if my memory does not deceive me!" answered her brother, surprised at such a question.

"I said not a syllable of the kind. There was no time mentioned. That's just the way you always misunderstand me."

"Well, nothing is done yet," replied the old man, pleased at the prospect of withholding his ten thousand francs from the chances of the inexplosible ships.

"If you have altered your mind, you have only to say one word, and I'll write and tell Laboissière that he must not count upon our money."

"Now, who ever hinted at anything of the kind?" asked his sister, with a doleful air; she remembered the threat of her lover.

"Well, for my part, I would rather keep the money in my pocket. There's Chaudieu, again, he has taken it into his head to apply for fifty thousand francs' worth of shares; at this rate, all our fortune will be in the hands of L'aboissière in less than a year. Not that I mistrust him; but it's as well, you know, not to trust all one's eggs——"

"Chaudieu invest his money in shares!" cried Mademoiselle Bailleul.

"To the extent of fifty thousand francs! Has he not spoken to you about it?"

"When is he to take these shares?"

"To-day. He is going to start for Paris almost directly."

"Go and find him. Tell him to come to me immediately!" cried Mademoiselle Bailleul, in so sharp a tone, that her brother, instead of obeying, tumbled into a chair, mouth open. "Did you hear what I said?" she continued, in a voice which struck him like a cut-from a whip.

"Yes, yes, sister—I am going at once." And her brother bustled, in the greatest confusion, out of the room.

"Let Chaudieu come alone!" she cried out to him, as he was shutting the door.

During the nine or ten minutes which elapsed between the departure of her brother and the arrival of his son-in-law, Mademoiselle Bailleul, summoning all her strength, took a clear glance at her terrible position.

"Poor fool that I was, to have believed this man!" she said. "If these letters remain in his hands I am lost—we are all lost; for while he holds them I dare not speak! They must be recovered, whatever may be the price—whether gold or blood!"

Ladies, as a rule, never fight duels; many among them, consequently, treat very lightly an affair which even the bravest of the other sex regard in the most serious light. Mademoiselle Bailleul, moreover, saw no other mode of escaping from her position; and, as she could not fight herself, she resolved to do so by deputy. Necessity, rather than preference, caused her to make choice of her niece's husband for her champion. There was not a moment to lose. She resolved to address herself instantly to Chaudieu.

BY THE SEA.

THE quiet moon, amid the clouds,
Like a giant orange glows,
While, far beneath, the old grey sea,
All striped with silver, flows.

Alone I wander on the strand,
Where the wild surf roars and raves;
But hear full many a gentle word, ●
Soft spoken 'mid the waves.

But oh, the night is far too long,
And my heart throbs in my breast
Fair water-fairies, come to me,
And sing my soul to rest!

Oh, take my head upon your lap,
Take body and soul, I pray;
But sing me dead—caress me dead—
And kiss my life away!

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF EUROPE.

HELEN DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

II.—"TENDER AND TRUE."

WHEN the remains of her beloved husband had been consigned to the tomb—when the calamity of her life had been consummated, to use her own expressive language—an angelic resignation fell upon the Duchess. Henceforth she was to live as the devoted mother of his two sons—as the tender and affectionate daughter of his father. In reading the exquisite letters of this highly-gifted woman, nothing in them is more striking than the evidences they afford of a broad, all-pervading, and ardent religious feeling. She remained all her life a Protestant—the faith of her family—but she had been requested to educate her sons according to the Roman Catholic ritual. This she did; and a beautiful proof of the readiness of her enlarged mind to understand what was good in a religious system differing from her own, is presented by the manner in which she nurtured the religious faith of their father and their country in her sons.

But, despite her constant religious resignation, her heart was rent by its sad recollections, and a faint spirit would overcome her as some slight event recalled her poignant day of sorrow. Simple words of condolence would often cause her to burst into tears. Throughout every day, in every company, she had but one thought—the Duke of Orleans.

"The portrait of the Prince," she wrote, "by M. Ingres, hangs in my *salon*. It is under the eyes of this beloved image that every act of my life must pass."

The changing seasons were, to her, only a melancholy souvenir. She writes—

"The lovely days of spring delight my children, and awaken in me unutterable anguish. He so loved this season! We used to take walks together. We went to see the children at Neuilly; there he made me nosegays of the earliest flowers; he would not put any in his button-hole, as he was wont to do. 'It is not sedate enough for a man who is past thirty,' he would say. He made the children stay abroad all day long; and, when I sent for them to come in, he said laughingly, 'You think the children are well as long as they are under your eye.' We sometimes dined at five o'clock, that we might drive out after dinner; or passed the evening in that perfumed garden of Neuilly, in making enormous bouquets. At nine o'clock we came in; we talked, we discussed all the important and various topics of the moment. . . . I felt the indefatigable ardour of his mind, and the admirable and dispassionate calmness with which he considered his country, its position and its prospects. . . . Here is spring again! again that balmy air he so loved to breathe, those flowers, those birds he was so fond of observing, and of making me observe with him! again those happy children running about the meadow! But all is changed! The very sun is not the same to me. This sky, this sun, have lost their brightness; or, rather, their brightness gives me pain. I would fain hide myself from them—fain not behold this revival of Nature, which but revives my grief."

But the dull, melancholy uniformity of her widowed life was soon to be broken. Out of her unbounded love for her husband grew a quick and deep insight into the national character of the people his son might one day govern.

A foreigner by birth, she was one of the first among the royal circle to mark the coming storm. The revolution of 1848 was, to her, an instinct, long before her husband's relatives saw any tokens of disquiet or danger.

These forebodings were quickly realized. The revolution of February, 1848, burst forth; and what was, at first, considered only a ministerial crisis by the Court, assumed the aspect of a national struggle against the King, who was soon to escape from France into a second exile in his old age—to find a grave in the hospitable land which had fostered his early manhood. The night which preceded the terrible 24th of February was one of unutterable anguish to the Duchess. Early on the fatal morning, the King, distracted by contradictory reports and conflicting counsels, resolved to make a final effort, by riding forth among the frantic mob congregated before the railings of the Tuileries. His sons and aides-de-camp followed him, but with such feverish haste that some had not even time to assume their uniform. From the windows, the Duchess, her young sons, the Queen, and the Princesses, watched his departure with anxious looks. For an instant their hopes revived, on hearing the King greeted with cries of “Vive le Roi!” but the silence with which the National Guard received him, and the overpowering shouts of “Vive la Réforme!” from the populace quickly struck them with dismay. The King returned, went to his own room, and buried his face in his hands. An officer hurriedly entered, and exclaimed—

“Sire, there is not a moment to be lost—give orders to the troops, or abdicate!”

The bold speech of the messenger revealed to the King the imminent peril which marked his situation. After an instant's silence, he replied—

“I have always been a pacific King—I will abdicate!” and, rising from his chair, he opened the door of his apartment, and repeated aloud to the Queen and the Duchess, who were in the next room, “I abdicate!”

The Duchess, the Queen, and the Princesses rushed forward, and conjured the King to recall those fatal words. The King, without replying, sat down, and commenced writing his Act of Abdication, which, when finished, he read aloud—

“I abdicate the crown, which I assumed in compliance with the will of the nation, in favour of my grandson, the Count de Paris.”

The Duchess implored him to alter this resolution; but, on seeing the King affix his signature to the document, she fell back weeping into the Queen's arms. Anxious to appease the tumult by quitting his throne, the old monarch hurried away. The Duchess was left alone, but her faithful household entreated her to assume the Regency.

“It is impossible,” she answered; “I cannot sustain such a burden; it is beyond my strength.”

As she spoke, the rattle of approaching musketry was heard. In a few minutes the palace would be in the hands of an infuriated mob; if she would save her own life, and that of her sons, instant flight must be resolved on. The courageous woman, however, showed no signs of the terror that possessed every one about her. Taking her young sons by the hand, she led them along the corridors which conducted to her own apartments, and stopped only when she reached the portrait of her husband.

“Before that portrait,” she had said, “all my most important actions must take place.”

"If we are to die, it must be here," she said calmly.

By her orders all the gates of the palace were immediately thrown open; and, with heroic fortitude, she awaited the mad mob, at the hands of which, should its fury be not appeased, she was prepared to undergo, with her children, a frightful death. Nearer and nearer drew the frantic cries of the mob, and every instant she expected to be struck by one of the bullets flying through the galleries and chambers of the palace; but at this fearful moment several deputies rushed in and informed her that the Duke de Nemours awaited her outside, ready to escort her across the garden and out of the doomed building. As she passed through the gate, the mob had occupied the palace. On gaining the open place outside the Tuileries, the Duchess observed the Duke de Nemours on horseback, but the surging waves of insurgents prevented her reaching him. Her first idea was to reach the Boulevards; at this moment, however, the cry, "To the Chamber!" was raised, and she allowed herself to be borne along in that direction. The crowd that surrounded her and her sons seemed favourably disposed, and opened up a passage for their progress. She advanced boldly, leading the Count de Paris by the hand, while M. Scheffer carried her younger son, the Duke de Chartres, who was ill, wrapped in a cloak. The greatest confusion and tumult reigned in the Chamber at the moment when the Duchess and her sons entered. A wild crowd choked the lobbies, and almost hindered the progress of the brave mother who was about to assert the rights of her eldest son before the council of the nation.

Cries of "No more Princes!" "We will have no Princes here!" resounded throughout the assembly. The deputies rushed hither and thither in irresolute dismay. But, as this bold woman took her stand near the tribune, and remained there, holding her two children by the hand, overwhelming shouts of "Long live the Duchess of Orleans!" "Long live the Count de Paris!" arose and drowned every adverse cry. The President ascended the tribune and announced that the Act of Abdication was about to be laid before the Chamber; at the same time urgently asking that the acclamations which had hailed the Count de Paris king, and the Duchess of Orleans regent, should be entered in the Procès-Verbal. A violent opposition met these words from another quarter of the Chamber, and the President requested the Princes to withdraw.

"Sir," answered the Duchess, "this is a royal sitting!"

An increased tumult was awakened by her words. A few of her friends, alarmed at the hostile demonstration, begged her to leave; but the Duchess was immovable.

"If I leave this assembly my son will never enter it again," she boldly exclaimed.

The crowd now pressed rudely against the Duchess, and, to prevent her children being thrown down, and perhaps trampled under foot, she allowed herself to be led behind, to some upper benches, where she seated herself, with the Duke de Nemours and her two sons. M. Odilon Barrot, having obtained a hearing, began—

"The crown of July rests upon the head of a child——"

One side of the Chamber cried out for her to speak. She commenced—

"My son and I are come——"

But her words were drowned by the noise from the opposition benches, and, unable to obtain a hearing, she sat down. An indescribable scene of confusion followed; speaker after speaker rose. At length M. de Lamartine came forward. The opening words of his speech seemed to inspire her friends with renewed courage,

but the Duchess shook her head with an incredulous smile. At this moment a violent battering upon the doors of the Chamber was heard, and a frantic crowd of armed men rushed into the place. With the most terrible shouts, they pointed their loaded weapons at different parts of the Chamber, till, finally, discovering the Duchess and her children, they levelled every gun at them. A horrible death was before the devoted woman and her orphan children. She, however, never for an instant displayed the least emotion, but, leaning forward and placing her hand upon the shoulder of a deputy who was seated in front, asked calmly—

“What do you advise me to do?”

“Madame, the sitting is broken up. You must go to the President’s house.”

“How can I reach it?” she asked, betraying no alarm at the muskets still pointed at her head.

“Follow me,” said one.

And she was slowly conducted from bench to bench, and led, by a private entrance, out of the place. The crowd still pressed forward; but, a company of National Guards coming up, the deputy called upon them to protect the Duchess. These worthy citizens immediately complied, and the mother and her children escaped the horrible fate which, a moment before, seemed inevitable.

By this means she was enabled to reach the President’s chamber. The crowd had once more thickened around, and, in the press, her children were separated from her.

“My children, my children!” cried the despairing Duchess, for the first time exhibiting emotion.

The Duke de Chartres had been thrown down and lost for a moment under the feet of the throng, but was rescued and taken into a house close by. The Count de Paris was seized by a workman, who was rushing along with the poor child tightly clasped to his breast, when some friend of his mother, doubting the intentions of the man, snatched him away. He was tossed from hand to hand, till, at length, M. de Montesquieu succeeded in rescuing him by letting him down from a low window, after which he was carried to his mother.

With the recovery of her children came her former self-possession. After a short consultation with the few devoted friends about her, it was decided that she should seek a temporary asylum at the Invalides. A carriage chanced to be standing at the door of the presidency; the Duchess entered it. The generous deputy, M. de Lasteyrie, who had already saved her life and that of her children by conducting them out of the Chamber, still continued to act as her preserver. Snatching the reins from the coachman’s hands, he drove off furiously. The Invalides was gained in safety; but the old marshal in command at the place told him his fears for her safety; the place was not provided for defence.

“No matter,” answered the Duchess; “this place will do to die in, if no morrow awaits us; to remain in, if we can defend ourselves.”

After a painful suspense of some hours the Duke de Nemours joined her, and they consulted together on the best mode of collecting troops and organizing a defence, or of attempting to return to the capital. The Duchess courageously exhorted all her friends to resist. A long day of anxious expectation followed, during which the brave woman allowed neither fatigue nor emotion to overcome her. At night a messenger from the Ministry of the Interior informed her that, despite every effort, only a few of the National Guards could be collected; and

that, everywhere victorious, the armed mob was about to march upon her place of refuge. The insurgents had learned her retreat. Her life and that of her sons were in danger.

"Is there any one here who advises me to remain?" she asked. "As long as there is a person—a single person—who thinks it right for me to remain, I shall remain. My son's life is more precious to me than his crown; but if France demands his life, a King, even a King nine years old, must know how to die!"

At nine o'clock M. Barrot arrived, and told her no hope was left. She was at length prevailed upon to depart. Her attendants begged her to assume a more humble dress, so as not to attract attention. She rejected the suggestion.

"If I am taken," she said, "I will be taken as a Princess."

She consented to leave Paris, and, with her son, seek a refuge in Count de Montesquiou's château. The coachman was ordered to pursue his route through the most deserted streets of the suburb. They had just reached the barrier, when a small barricade prevented their further progress. A small party of insurgents gathered around the coach, and, levelling their guns at the driver, called upon him to stop. The only reply of the coachman was a violent whipping of his horses, which caused the coach to be dragged over the obstruction; and in this manner the Duchess made her escape from the terrible city.

Their place of refuge was a deserted château; and for three stormy February days the Duchess endured the cold, for she durst not light a fire, lest it should betray her presence to the villagers. On the third day the Duke de Chartres was brought to his mother, and the messenger informed her that not another moment must be lost—they must quit France instantly. He had provided the party with a passport for Germany, after great difficulty, and he entreated the Duchess to make her escape while there was yet time.

The Duchess and her sons set out. The rain, and wind, and pitchy darkness gave additional gloom to their departure. The Duchess crossed the frontier, and entered Belgium, an exile from that country she had grown to love so well. Some years later she said—

"When the thought comes over me that I may never see France again, I feel as if my heart would break!"

She had now entered upon the final chapter of her life. As the widowed wife of the favourite Prince of France, she was no longer to adorn the land of her adoption. For the next ten years, the closing ones of her life, the education of her sons was to form the chief employment of her intellect.

"Perhaps," she said, "this trial will be useful to my sons; exile will give them the education it gave their grandfather. Who knows whether it will not be the best they could receive?"

After a short sojourn at Ems, whither her aged mother had come to meet her, the Duchess accepted the hospitality of her uncle, the late Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, at Eisenach. In the summer of 1849 the Duchess left Eisenach to join the King and Queen in England. The exiled royal family at Claremont welcomed her arrival as the coming of one who was to relieve the bitterness of their situation. The old King, Louis Philippe, was deeply moved at beholding her once more; but in less than a year after her arrival in England, the old man, who had loved and esteemed her from the first day that she became the wife of his eldest son, passed away from the scene of his misfortunes, closing his life, as he

had spent his youth, in exile. The monotonous sadness of her existence during the first two years was broken only by the loss of her father-in-law, and of his daughter, the Queen of the Belgians.

While yet the question of what form of government should be chosen by the French nation remained unsettled, the Duchess never lost the power of hoping that the claims of her eldest son would receive the consideration she deemed their due. These last hopes were, however, cruelly dispelled by the first act of Louis Napoleon towards the attainment of absolute power—the *coup d'état* of December 2nd. She now perceived that the period of exile for herself and her sons was to be of an indefinite duration. She was seized with a profound and almost bitter grief, which overcame even her unusual fortitude. To the melancholy which grew out of her feelings at beholding the wreck of all her hopes and projects, was added a morbid uneasiness for those friends who had suffered in her cause. To allay the agitation of her mind, she sought forced activity of body. Reading and music could not turn the current of her sad thoughts. She endeavoured to find relief in incessant movement. A restless desire to escape from herself, to overcome her reflections by travel, seized upon her. “The heavy and enervating atmosphere of England was killing her,” she said. She spent the closing months of 1851 and part of 1852 in Germany, in the society of her beloved mother, and in Switzerland. In the winter of the second year she returned to England, and took up a residence at Kitty, in Devonshire.

We must pass over these intervening years of sorrow. In the spring of 1858, the Duchess was residing at Cranbourne House, near Richmond. The violent agitation of her mind during the last ten years had visibly affected the health of the heroic but delicate woman. The month of May found the Duchess in a shattered physical condition, with increasing symptoms of weakness. She had been suffering from a cold, but the extreme depression of her state was not sufficiently accounted for by such a slight malady. Each day her health grew feebler. On Monday, the 17th of May, she was seized with suffocation and fainting, and remained for some hours almost lifeless. In the evening she rallied slightly; she appeared to think her condition less alarming than those about her; for when the physician approached to feel her pulse, surprised at such assiduous care, she said—

“You think me very ill, then?”

The physician evaded the question, and replied—

“What do you think yourself, madame? How do you feel?”

“Oh! not ill. I have often been thus. I wish to rest.”

The physician left the sick chamber to write notes to the royal lady's relatives at Claremont and Twickenham. While he was thus engaged, a profound silence appeared to reign throughout the house. A friend who was standing near the door was seized with a terrible presentiment. She communicated her fears to the physician, who went back into the Duchess's apartment, gave one look, came out with uplifted hands, and ran to fetch the young Princes. The heart of the ardent exile had ceased to beat! But the passage from one life to another had been so gentle, that the two attendants who watched by the bedside, and whose eyes had been fixed on the sick lady, had not perceived the slightest distortion of her features, nor the slightest change in her countenance!



JUNE has gone, and those flowers which blossomed with its dawning day have already matured their seeds, and are hastening to decay. A new race have succeeded them, and now begin to open their leaves, that they may drink of the most fervid rays of the solstitial sun, as if in eagerness to be early brought to their perfection. They seem to *feel* that the usually hottest month of the year has arrived; that summer has come, with all its glory; that Sol is in the very zenith of his annual influence; and that, in short,

July has visited them, attired in his light yellow jacket, with his bronzed face and sunburnt bosom, and with both his hands and his mouth filled with the delicious vermilion fruit of the cherry-tree. If June was the Month of Roses, this is the Month of Lilies—beautiful lilies! like unto one of which, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed! This Scriptural allusion, however, is to a species which grows in the East—the *Amaryllis Lutea*—whose golden liliaceous flowers are gorgeous beyond description. In Britain the different species are in full flower by the middle of the month—

about the day of St. Swithin, that wonder-working Saxon, who, on seeing a poor woman break a whole basketful of eggs,

“Made them all as sound, or more,
Than ever that they were before.”

July takes its name from the Latin Julius, the cognomen of C. Cæsar, who was born on the 12th of the month. Mark Antony was the first to give it its present name, previous to which it was called *Quintilis*, as being the fifth month in the year, according to the old Roman calendar established by Romulus. Our Saxon ancestors named it *hew-monat*, or *hey-monat*, because, at this season, they usually made or mowed their hay. They also called it *moëd-monat*, from the exquisite bloom with which the meadows were overspread.

“Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch’d, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose
Ere no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharp’ning scythe! The mower, sinking, heaps
O’er him the humid hay, with flow’rs perfumed.”

The genius or taste of the English nation has induced them to reject the Saxon and adopt the

Latin designation, which, above all the names of the other months of the year, suggests the luxury of wandering by the banks of murmuring streams, or beneath the umbrageous foliage of cooling groves.

"Welcome, ye shades! ye bow'ry thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes, wild resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring."

What a month is this for the enjoyment of rural scenery! Crowned with a wreath of lilies, it invites us into the country, there to revel amid those pastoral pictures which have been painted by the poets from the days of Theocritus down to those of Burns. Arcadian scenes have ever been the delight of the children of song. The four orders of poetical landscape—the familiar, the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime—have wooed them into descriptions which have enshrined their names in a framework of immortality, and associated their memories with all that is delightful in connexion with bowers, and groves, and gardens, and meadows, and mountains. Of the first order, we would elect Cowper to be the representative; of the second, Pope; of the third, Thomson; and of the fourth, Ossian—Ossian, whose dim and shadowy genius fills the imagination with representations of an awful and a solemn grandeur. But who has given us more delightful views of rustic innocence and happiness than the "gentle Shakspeare"—the "Swan of Avon," as he is sweetly called by all to whom he has endeared himself by the beauty of his rural descriptions, which seem to breathe odours, and are matchless for their verisimilitude to Nature? Hear him in his "Winter's Tale."

"Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear;
In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear.
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free;
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?"

When love has possessed us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
So harmless, so simple, we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray."

This is an invitation to a scene of enjoyment of which those who have passed their days within the walls and the streets of a city can form only a very imperfect idea. But where is there a description of a garden equal to that of Eden, in the "Paradise Lost" of Milton? No where. Nothing has, in our opinion, ever fallen from a pen to equal, or even approach it, with its inwoven shades, its fragrant leaves, its odorous shrubs, its verdant walls, and its beauteous flowers, all wrought mosaic. The Vale of Tempé, the Gardens of Artnida, the Elysium of Virgil, the Paradise of Ariosto, the Cyprus of Marino, or the Island of Camocns, will bear no comparison with it. It is time, however, to listen to the songs of other poets, who have soared on less ambitious wing than that which carried our great epicist from the regions of Pandemonium to those of Heaven, where it is to be hoped that he, himself, is in the enjoyment of that—

"Bosom of bliss, and light of light,"

of which he sings so well in the "Paradise Regained."

The Bramble-Flower.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are;

How delicate thy gauzy frill,
How rich thy branchy stem,
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough—
Love whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn-flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
Hath laid her weary head.
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,

The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

BERNARD ELLIOTT, 1781—1849.

Song of the Summer Winds.

Up the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly;
Now we sing, now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
'Mid the lily leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam;
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows,
On our weary wings we lie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain;
Moments long as ages dreaming,
Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY, 1785—1849

July.

LOUD is the summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath,
Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute
Is, on a sudden, lost and mute;
Even the brook, that leaps along,
Seems weary of its babbling song,
And, so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;

The cricket on its bank is dumb,
The very flies forget to hum;
And, save the waggon rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound.
The breeze is stopped, the lark's rough
Hath not a leaf that rustleth now;

The taller grass upon the hill,
And epider's threads are standing still;
The feathers, dropped from moor-hen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,

Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny down,
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
And, in the overheated air,
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that, to the earnest eye,
The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers e'en within the shade;
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveller, glad to rest
On pillowed clouds of many hues,
Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain
Hum with their summer-songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine,
As welcome to day's feeble powers
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLARR, born 1793.

The Broom-Flower.

O THE Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it;
And dear it is, on summer days,
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
In modern days or olden;
It groweth on its nodding stem,
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where, clear as light,
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest; but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the broom—
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron:

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man or woman;
The Broom, it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it;
And dear it is, on summer days,
To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

Castle Richmond. In 3 Vols. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THREE more volumes of fiction from the author of "Doctor Thorne!" We have been making a little calculation, and have discovered that, since the publication of his last work, Mr. Trollope has been producing fiction at something like the rate of four chapters per week. Such untiring industry—such rapid, ready, and, withal, most excellent workmanship—must surely be a gratifying subject of contemplation with the novel-reader. And, by novel-reader, we don't mean to imply aught in disparagement of any class—we are all, or ought all to be, novel-readers; that is to say, good novel readers. If we had space, we might speculate upon the way in which Mr. Trollope works—how he contrives so readily to fashion his plots, to cast his characters, to invent appropriate dialogues and sentiments for each, to arrange all the memoranda he must constantly be making of Nature—but, in that case, we should be dealing with the author himself, and treating of other "books of the month." Let us, then, draw rein, and go to the present "Book."

Well, we are surprised at the appearance of "Castle Richmond." Not, by any means, at its so quickly following its predecessor—treading on its heels, so to speak—but because it is an Irish novel. There is a fashion in novels; and fictions of *Hibernia*, having had their day, are now generally thought to be drugs in the market. "It is hard to say," exclaims Mr. Trollope, evidently wishing to protest against this fashion—"it is hard to say why a good story should not have a fair chance of success, whatever may be its bent; why it should not be reckoned to be good by its own intrinsic merits alone; but such is by no means the case."

Hereupon he proceeds to tell us a little story of what happened to himself when he was young at his trade. With the manuscript of a three-volume novel in his hand, he was one day waiting in the back-parlour of a publishing magnate. The eminent publisher, "having, probably, larger fish to fry," could not see him, but sent his manager. "A novel, is it, sir?" asked the *alter ego* of his eminence. "Yes," answered Mr. Trollope, "a novel." "It depends very much on the subject," said the manager, with a thoughtful and judicious frown—"upon the name, sir, and the subject. Daily life, sir—that's what suits us—daily English life. Now, your historical novel, sir, is not worth the paper it is written on." "I fear," says Mr. Trollope, "that Irish character is, in these days, considered almost as unattractive as historical incident; but, nevertheless, I will make the attempt." Mr. Trollope essays the task; and succeeds, too, in this wise. In the county Cork is Castle Richmond, where, exactly thirteen years since, lived Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, his wife, and daughters. The heir to the house, Herbert, is also staying at home just then, having taken his Oxford

degree. But, although a great family in that part of the country, Sir Thomas Fitzgerald's is not the greatest family; for, in the largest inhabited residence known in that part of Ireland, there dwell, Clara Countess of Desmond, widow of Patrick, once Earl of Desmond, with her son, the present Earl, and her daughter, Lady Clara. As this last lady is to be the heroine of the story, we will let the author himself introduce her:—"Clara Desmond was sixteen. But still, even then, to those who were gifted with the power of seeing, she gave promise of great loveliness. Her eyes were long and large, and wonderfully clear. There was a liquid depth in them which enabled the gazer to look down into them as he would into the green, pellucid transparency of still ocean-water. And then they said so much, those young eyes of hers.

Her face was long and thin, but it was the longness and thinness of growing youth. The natural lines of it were full of beauty." Her virtues and her faults are then sketched off:—"That she was proud of her birth, proud of being an Irish Desmond, proud even of her poverty, so much I may say of her even at that early age. In that she was careless of the world's esteem, fond to a fault of romance, poetic in her temperament, and tender in her heart, she, shared the ordinary—shall I say foibles or virtues?—of so many of her sex."

Now for a portrait of the real hero of the story—though, perhaps, Mr. Trollope did not intend him for that honour. His name is Owen Fitzgerald; he is cousin to the great family at Richmond Castle, and lives alone, a wild bachelor, at Hap House:—"He was a very handsome man; tall—being somewhat over six feet in height—athletic, more than in proportion; with short, light, chestnut-tinted hair, blue eyes, and a mouth perfect as that of Phœbus."

This fine fellow is the constant companion of the boy-Earl of Desmond, brother to Clara, in all his fishing excursions and rambles. He is also the welcome visitor at the Countess's house; what more natural, then, that he should fall in love with Lady Clara? She, in her youth and simplicity, and disengaged heart, reciprocates his affection; and, in a beautifully-written chapter, murmurs her "Yes" to the importunate Owen. But the proud Countess of Desmond regards a marriage with a country squire of eight hundred per annum as beneath the acceptance of her daughter. It is true that she and her family are very poor—the late Earl having squandered away all his substance. Poor young Clara is ordered by her mother to reject the hand of Owen. The mother, further, exacts a promise from her daughter that she will on no account see Owen again, nor hold any correspondence with him. At this juncture, the occupants of Richmond Castle begin to play their part in the story. It is time, consequently, that their acquaintance should be made. Of Sir Thomas and Lady Fitzgerald we have already spoken. The first

was an old man in appearance, though by no means an old man in years, being hardly more than fifty. Lady Fitzgerald was in many things a counterpart of her husband, not in health so much as in spirits. There are two daughters, both handsome, both good girls; a son, Herbert Fitzgerald, just come from Oxford, and, in a short time, the successful rival of Owen Fitzgerald. We will not stop to dispute the author's right to confer the happiness of Clara's love upon this young man, and to take it away from poor Owen. It is enough that he does so, making the Countess of Desmond his instrument in the matter, her argument being that, while Owen Fitzgerald, the plain country squire, is beneath her daughter, Herbert Fitzgerald, the heir to a baronetcy, and fourteen thousand a year, is a very good match for a long-descended, but penniless Earl's daughter. Premising that Herbert is a good son, and thoroughly respectable young man, we will give the author's portrait of him: "He was not handsome, as was his cousin Owen; not tall, and stalwart, and godlike in his proportions, as was the reveller of Hap House; but nevertheless, and perhaps not the less, was he pleasant to look on." Such is the man who, much against the reader's consent, the author makes the accepted lover of Clara. She is almost a woman now, and has outgrown that first girlish love for Owen.

But, accepted lover as he is, a dark future lies before Herbert Fitzgerald. There is a grim skeleton in that substantial Richmond Castle. A tragical secret lies coiled in the bosoms of both Sir Thomas and Lady Fitzgerald! Were this a three-volume novel, and not a short notice of the same, we should have the strongest reason for withholding this secret as long as possible from our readers. But having neither room nor occasion to keep our readers in suspense, we will pluck at the heart of this mystery at once. Many years ago, when she who is now Lady Fitzgerald was Miss Wainwright, the eldest daughter of a Dorsetshire vicar, burdened with a small income, and blessed with a large family, there came into her father's parish a man about thirty, who rented there a small hunting-box. "He had three hunters, two grooms, and a gig; and on Sundays went to church, with a prayer-book in his hand and a black coat on his back. What more could be desired to prove his respectability?" In a month this gentleman, who called himself Talbot, was intimate in the parson's house; before two months had passed, he was engaged to, and in less than three, had married, the vicar's daughter. In two months more, Mr. Talbot had bolted from Dorsetshire, his groom, gig, horses, his creditors, and his wife. The poor, beautiful girl, whose welfare and happiness were ruined, fell into a stupor of grief; but some time after, by dint of endless search and inquiries, it was ascertained that the miscreant had been kicked out of a gambling-house in Paris, and killed in a violent *fracas* in the French streets, his body being afterwards identified in the Morgue. Many months had elapsed, and Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, a young Irish baronet, was reading with the vicar of a neighbouring parish—the kindest

friend of the Wainwrights. An intimacy between the lovely widow and the young Irishman was commenced, which, in due course, culminated in matrimony.

Years flew by, and Sir Thomas and Lady Fitzgerald were blessed with a son and two daughters. One day, a stranger, who had come from Cork in an Irish car, stopped at Richmond Castle, and inquired for Sir Thomas Fitzgerald. The baronet gave interview to the stranger. Making himself known as the late Mr. Talbot, who had married the present Lady Fitzgerald in Dorsetshire, he demanded a large sum as the price of his silence. What could poor Sir Thomas, who loved his wife, and his son and daughters, dearly, do in so terrible a perplexity? The ruffian was paid his price, and had continued to receive, whenever his necessities forced him to ask for them, fresh sums to keep his secret from the world.

But a few years after the opening of the story, a second rascal appears on the scene, the son of the ex-Mr. Talbot and present Mr. Mollet. The Mollets, father and son, continue to torture the poor, broken baronet, till, almost dead at their hands, he sends to London for a friend of the family, an astute lawyer, Mr. Prendergast; Sir Thomas reveals all to him. The lawyer, who is a stern, just man, counsels no half-measures—the truth must be laid bare before the world. The marriage of his father and mother not being legal in the eyes of the law, Herbert Fitzgerald is no longer heir to the baronetcy and the Richmond Castle estates; and, on the death of the present proprietor, the whole must go to the moody, disappointed lover, Owen Fitzgerald. The Countess of Desmond now appears in a very bad light indeed; she commands her daughter to be off with the new love and on with the old. But she greatly mistakes her daughter's character. Clara cleaves all the more strongly to Herbert in his misfortunes. Very nobly behaves Owen Fitzgerald, when his cousin tells him the story of the inheritance to Richmond Castle. He refuses both title and lands; but demands of Herbert the lady whom he has stolen from him. Herbert himself, finding little encouragement at the hands of the Countess of Desmond, goes to London to study the law, and to earn a tion that will enable him to gain Lady Clara for his bride. Lo! there is another turn of the wheel. Mollet père and his hopeful son have split. The latter offers to let the lawyer Prendergast into a little secret, for a consideration, being very short of cash. His secret is this: that Mr. Mollet, at the time he married Miss Wainwright, now Lady Fitzgerald, had a wife living. That wife was still living—her address was given. The lawyer hunts up the woman, and parish registers are brought to prove the truth of what young Mollet has stated. The sequel is, that the marriage of Sir Thomas and Lady Fitzgerald proves to be a true marriage. Then all is over, and everything ends happily? Not entirely. There is one poor, lone fellow, who wanders wearily over the earth, inconsolable, for he has lost his bride. That man is Owen Fitzgerald.

THE FASHIONS.

We have this month not very much novelty to notice in the way of materials for dresses, but would call attention to the various Grenadine barèges, which are both elegant and useful; as, having rather more substance in them than mousseline de soie, they keep in better condition than that material.

The narrow flounces are still worn, arranged in a variety of ways. One skirt is trimmed with three flounces; the first four inches wide, the two others rather narrower, bound with silk of a darker shade; each flounce finished at the top by a puffing which, when finished, covers two and a half inches of the skirt.

A very pretty trimming for a light silk dress is as follows:—Four flounces, the under one twelve inches in depth; the next six inches; the third four and a half inches; and the top one three inches. Each flounce is edged with a frill of darker glacé, about an inch and a half in width, pinked out on both sides, and gathered half an inch from the top to form a heading. The same trimming is placed on the sleeves. This style answers very well for a barège or mohair dress, the frills then being of black or coloured glacé. It may also be made in muslin, with plain hemmed frills.

An elegant dress of plain or figured silk is trimmed with two flounces of black glacé, one five inches wide, finishing the bottom of the skirt. The other, a little narrower, is put on half a yard up the skirt, goes round the back part of it, and is finished up the sides to form a tunic, instead of going quite round, the width being graduated to two inches as it reaches the waist, where it almost meets. The same trimming is continued up each side of the body over the shoulders, ending in the back part of the arm-hole.

For a young lady, a plain skirt of silk may be trimmed with large rosettes of the same, either pinked out or edged with a narrow black lace. These are placed up the front of the dress, commencing with a very large one at the bottom, and gradually getting smaller, as they trim the body. The sleeves are open, and put in with a pleat at the back of the arm (to give a flowing appearance), and down them is placed a row of rosettes, the same size as those on the body. In bodies there is really very little variety, the only trimming generally being the band and clasp, or the sash. The only novelty is that which is made to cross over in front, finishing at the side with a bow and ends, or knot of ribbon. A chemisette must be worn with this style, as the body does not close to the throat, but leaves a space before it crosses. The chemisette is regaining favour, a great many dresses being made with open bodies. It is made of fine lace and insertion, or muslin insertion and Valenciennes lace, and sleeves to match.

The early morning dresses of cambric muslin, or Swiss cambric, are usually made with the skirt plain, and a trimming up the centre of muslin insertion, with a gauffered frill of muslin, edged with embroidery, on each side of it. A

loose jacket, tied in at the waist with a broad sash of the same muslin, edged with embroidery. Full sleeves, finished at the wrist with a band of the insertion and edging.

For dinner or evening wear, dresses of rich glacé are much worn. The favourite colours are, the new shades of pink, called Solferino and Magenta, maize, the beautiful shade of night green, and mauve. A colour called rose de thé has been introduced, but is generally so unbecoming and ineffective as to be very little used. Pearl or silver-grey is a favourite colour for middle-aged ladies, with black lace and satin ribbon introduced in the trimming. A stylish dress is made of glacé, with three pinked flounces two and a half inches wide, arranged in the form of festoons round the skirt, a little distance from the bottom, each festoon finishing with a tied bow, or large rosette of velvet or satin ribbon. The body is trimmed to correspond with the skirt, the latter being formed of three very narrow frills of glacé, put on as smaller festoons. A very deep tucker, composed of a puffing of Brussels net, and three rows of narrow Valenciennes lace, completes this dress; each lace of the tucker is drawn up with a coloured ribbon or chenille, and very small rosettes or bows of velvet are placed on the puffing of net, about one inch and a half apart.

Another rather more elaborate costume is of tulle and silk. The under skirt, of coloured glacé, is covered with white tulle bouillons. An upper skirt of moire antique, or plain glacé, to match the under one, is made almost as long, but looped up all round at equal distances, half a yard from the bottom of the under skirt, with six chataînes of white frosted flowers reaching to the waist. Bouquets of the same trim the body, and smaller ones the sleeves, which are of puffed tulle. The headdress to be worn with this is a wreath of flowers, white in the centre, standing up very high, and at the sides and back matching the dress in colour.

We have lately seen, and must describe, a very elegant dress. The petticoat was of white glacé, covered with flounces of black lace; the skirt, or demi-train, of rich maize silk, opened in front, showing the front breadth of the petticoat, and was trimmed with graduated straps of black velvet, two inches wide, down each side; the lower ones measuring ten inches, those at the waist only two inches. The low body was cut square, and open in front to the waist, showing a stomacher of white, trimmed with black lace to match the petticoat, and a trimming of black velvet up each side of the body, matching that on the skirt. Sleeves tight to the elbow, with the same trimming of black velvet, and puffs of white tulle falling from them, shaded the arms.

Tarlatan dresses are made with narrow flounces, bound with satin ribbon, or the under skirt trimmed with puffings about half a yard up; and an upper skirt, looped up all round with rosettes of satin ribbon, which also form a trimming for the berthe and sleeves. For

glacé dresses, ruches of glacé and crape, pinked out, are very much used, especially for double skirts, which are not discarded. A very novel and stylish trimming for a plain skirt is a flat pleating of glacé, nine or ten inches wide round the bottom, and narrower pleatings for the body and sleeves.

Bonnets are still worn large, and made often of blonde, or of tulle, for young ladies. Garnitures of fruit are very fashionable, and will be even more generally worn as the season advances; at present, black, white, and red currants are used, and cherries; the latter, when mixed with the beautiful white blossom, and green leaves, are very pretty on a white blonde or chip bonnet.

A little later in the season we shall find bunches of grapes, dark plums, and apricots introduced as bonnet trimmings. Dark velvet is also much worn, and is very effective mixed with white blonde, or black lace, on a white crape or tulle bonnet; it also looks particularly well on those made of white crinoline, some of which are sprinkled over with little beads and stars of gold. Black crinoline bonnets, too, have the same ornaments in steel and jet, and are very useful for slight mourning, trimmed with black lace.

We must say a few words about outer-garments for young ladies. SHAWLS, of any and every material, are worn; some are made of black Grenadine, square, and with a binding of black or violet glacé all round, two inches in width, and of crossway silk; others are of the same material as the dress (some barèges being made wide for this purpose), and bound in the same manner, or have a ribbon laid on with a narrow straw trimming on each edge. A great many muslins are also made to match the dresses, the border being the same as that on the flounces. Shawls of white muslin, with embroidered borders, are very dressy and stylish, also those of plain white muslin, bound with black velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

1. **WINTERING TOILET.**—The bonnet is of white crape and mauve silk, trimmed with white feathers, tipped with mauve; white blonde and straw ornaments. The front is made of white crape, stretched tightly on the shape, and has a row of blonde slightly drawn along the edge. The loose crown is embroidered in palm-leaves, with straw. The tulle curtain is covered with several rows of narrow blonde, not gathered. The bouquet of feathers begins on one side, passes round the bonnet, and hangs down on the other side. The headband is of mauve silk, and decorated with straw ornaments, surrounded by a narrow blonde. A ruffled blonde is placed inside the bonnet; and the strings are of broad white silk ribbon.

The dress is made of silk, with diagonal mauve stripes, and small mauve flowers on the white portion of the ground; the trimming is of ruches and frills of mauve silk and white silk. The body is high, plain, and buttoned in front.

The waist is round and rather short. The skirt is laid in broad flat pleats at the waist so as not to have a bulky appearance on the hips. The sash is of mauve silk, with white edges, and forms, on each side, scarfs tied in a knot, sixteen inches from the waist, with two long ends. The sleeve, which is very wide, is fastened a good way above the bend of the arm, and inside as well as out, by three pleats very near together at the top, and spreading well on each side. The end of the sleeve is trimmed with a mauve ruche, having a white ruche in the middle of it, and three very full frills with pinked edges; a white one, a mauve one, and then another white one. The mauve ruche is an inch and a half wide, the white one half that width; the frills are each an inch and a quarter, and half cover one another. The ornament of the skirt is very elegant. It is composed on each side of two pyramids of frills drawn very full, placed in the shape of a V, from the bow of the scarf. These frills are about two inches wide, laid one on the other, and alternately white and mauve. A mauve ruche, about two inches wide, with a white ruche about two-thirds of that width in the middle of it, goes all round the skirt (about sixteen inches from the bottom), except at the sides. Flounces drawn very full, like those of the two pyramids, are placed slanting on the front. On the rest of the skirt all the flounces are in a slanting direction, and meet behind in the form of an A.

2. **TOILET FOR A YOUNG LADY.**—The hat is of Belgian straw, having a turned-up brim covered with black velvet. It has a velvet bow in front, and velvet round the base of the crown. A white feather is laid on the brim and turns underneath.

The dress and square scarf are of Indian muslin, ornamented with embroidered insertions, with a green silk ribbon run in it. The body, which is high, is slightly open in front, and is made to cross over. The waist is round and short. The bottom of the body is gathered in three rows all round. The sleeve, which is very wide, and only reaches to the middle of the arm, is gathered into an insertion to match the skirt. The skirt, which is gathered, is ornamented at bottom, for a depth of fourteen inches, by three embroidered insertions, each two inches wide, with a little festoon of about half an inch wide, above and below. On each shoulder there is a green bow. The sash is of green ribbon, crossing under the buckle and hanging down on each side. The scarf is composed of a wide square of muslin, and fastened all round the edge.

THE BERLIN WOOL-WORK PATTERN.

The Arabesque Pattern included in this month's number may be used for a sofa-cushion or footstool. As will be seen, a fourth of the whole square is given; the other three-fourths to be worked exactly to correspond. The square may be formed with either of the two sides outermost. The light colours may be worked in floss silk, which will considerably lighten and relieve the appearance of the work.

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNERS IN JULY.

FISH.—Carp, crayfish, dory, flounders, haddock, herrings, lobsters, mackerel, mullet, plaice, prawns, salmon, shrimps, soles, thorn-back, trout.

MEAT.—Beef, lamb, mutton, veal, buck venison.

POULTRY.—Chickens, ducklings, fowls, green geese, leverets, plovers, pullets, rabbits, turkey poult, wheatears.

VEGETABLES.—Artichokes, asparagus, beans, cabbages, young carrots, cauliflowers, celery, cress, endive, lettuces, mushrooms, onions, peas, radishes, small salad, sea-kale, sprouts, turnip, vegetable marrow—various herbs.

FRUIT.—Cherries, currants, figs, gooseberries, melons, pears, pineapples, plums, raspberries, strawberries, walnuts in high season for pickling.

RECIPES.

Roast Fore-Quarter of Lamb.

INGREDIENTS.—Lamb, a little salt.

Mode.—To obtain the flavour of lamb in perfection, it should not be long kept; time to cool is all that it requires; and though the meat may be somewhat thready, the juices and flavour will be infinitely superior to that of lamb that has been killed two or three days. Make up the fire in good time, that it may be clear and brisk when the joint is put down. Place it at a sufficient distance to prevent the fat from burning, and baste it constantly till the moment of serving. Lamb should be very thoroughly done without being dried up, and not the slightest appearance of red gravy should be visible, as in roast mutton: this rule is applicable to all young white meats. Serve with a little gravy made in the dripping-pan, the same as for other roasts, and send to table with it a tureen of mint sauce and a fresh salad. A cut lemon, a small piece of fresh butter, and a little cayenne, should also be placed on the table, so that when the carver separates the shoulder from the ribs, they may be ready for his use; if, however, he should not be very expert, we would recommend that the cook should divide these joints nicely before coming to table.

Time.—Fore-quarter of lamb weighing 10 lbs., 1½ to 2 hours.

Average cost, 10d. to 1s. per lb. *Sufficient* for 7 or 8 persons.

Seasonable, grass lamb, from Easter to Michaelmas.

Mint Sauce, to serve with Roast Lamb.

INGREDIENTS.—Four dessertspoonfuls of chopped mint, 2 dessertspoonfuls of pounded white sugar, 1 pint of vinegar.

Mode.—Wash the mint, which should be young and fresh-gathered, free from grit; pick the leaves from the stalks, mince them very fine, and put them into a tureen; add the sugar and vinegar, and stir till the former is dissolved. This sauce is better by being made 2 or 3 hours before wanted for table, as the vinegar then becomes impregnated with the flavour of the mint. By many persons, the above proportion of sugar would not be considered sufficient; but, as tastes vary, we have given the quantity which we have found to suit the general palate.

Average cost, 8d. *Sufficient* to serve with a middling-sized joint of lamb.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND DIRECTIONS.

—Although in some years it is not the case, yet, usually, July is not so dry a month as June; the dry weather of the latter being generally followed, towards the middle of July, by heavy falls of rain—not, perhaps, continuous, but frequent. The labour of watering is thus usually saved. The garden should now exhibit its gayest hues, as roses, phloxes, geraniums, verbenas, &c., will be daily increasing in richness and beauty, and the best plants should be noted, with a view of propagating from them.

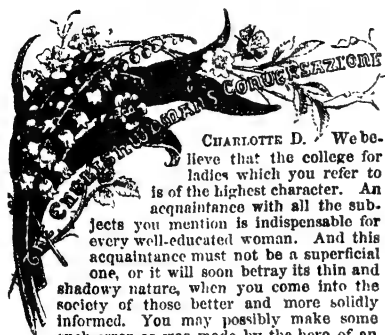
BEDDING-OUT PLANTS, &c.—If there be spaces of ground unoccupied, these may be filled by planting out any late annuals; and any biennial or perennial seedlings, which were sown about March, may also be now put in the beds. Ranunculuses, which have done flowering, may be removed, as also all decayed flowers—these always tending to make a garden look untidy; all tall-growing plants should be carefully and neatly tied up, and any decayed leaves taken off them. Carnations, pinks, and sweet-williams may be now struck by putting cuttings or pipings from them under a hand-glass, if it be obtainable; and a little hotbed of short grass and manure, mixed with sand, with a few bricks, or blocks of wood, to support it, will be found very useful for any cuttings that may be wanted to strike. Towards the end of the month, the roots of auriculas, double primroses, and polyanthes may be divided and planted out; cuttings of geraniums, required to stand the winter, may also be struck.

THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT TREES.

Insects should be well looked after and destroyed, or fruit will neither be whole nor plentiful; the birds must also be scared away as often as possible, from all fruit that is ripening, or their small beaks will quickly make havoc. The suckers at the roots of currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries should be grubbed up, or much strength will be taken from the parent plants. Water, if the weather be dry, should be given to Alpine and other strawberries.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

The early potatoes having been dug up, turnips for winter use should follow them. If, however, the soil is not suitable, let a row of celery be planted in trenched ground; as also some Savoy, and other green vegetables, so as to come in for early winter. If *Plate* crop of scarlet-runners and French beans be liked, these may be sown early in the month. Early, or autumn broccoli, may also occupy a portion of the ground; spinach, lettuces, endive, and turnip-radishes may also be planted out for a late autumnal crop. Any celery that was planted last month will require earthing up. Peas, requiring it, should be immediately stuck, and those past use removed. Lettuce-stalks which have been out, and all such untidy things, should be taken away. Shallots and garlic, when ripe at the end of the month, should be taken up; as also sweet herbs, if in flower, so that they may be dried in the shade for winter use.



CHARLOTTE D. WEBER.

I believe that the college for ladies which you refer to is of the highest character. An acquaintance with all the subjects you mention is indispensable for every well-educated woman. And this acquaintance must not be a superficial one, or it will soon betray its thin and shadowy nature, when you come into the society of those better and more solidly informed. You may possibly make some such error as was made by the hero of an Oxford story we remember to have heard. An undergraduate, weak in his divinity, was asked "Which are the minor Prophets?" His reply was respectful to all the sacred writers and authors of the Bible, but it evidenced a respect which had certainly kept him from venturing very closely into the comparative greatness and merit of the seers of Holy Writ—"Well, he did not like to draw distinctions."

AN APPEAL.—Can any of our readers aid the inquiring EVA SINCLAIR? She says she will feel obliged to the editor if he will inform her of the composition of the cosmetic used in the time of Charles the Second by the beauties of the Court, which really had the power of calling the crimson stream of blood to the exterior fibres of the cheeks, and producing on the cheeks a beautiful rosy colour, like unto the bloom of nature itself. Eva wishes, also, to know if it was injurious to the skin or not, as she is very anxious to make a trial of it, for she does not like to be detected in rougeing. Eva has also heard that the Egyptian women use water and friction to bring a colour on the cheeks. Eva would also like to know how that art is to be learnt, or if the editor can enlighten her on the subject.—We think the use of water and friction—why should we not at once say, a good wash?—cannot be equalled for Miss SINCLAIR's purpose; but some of our readers will come to EVA's rescue, possibly, with a more philosophic remedy.

LADY C.'s suggestions shall have our best attention. We think two or three of them are practicable and good, and we are greatly obliged by her Ladyship's letter.

A BACHELOR IN LOVE sends us a communication, in which he declares that there are ladies in whose "conversation, as in an academy of virtue, we see nothing but nobleness and learn nothing but goodness." We agree with him.

Mrs. ROWE (Woking, near the Cemetery).—The quarrels of lovers, it has been believed, ever since the old Roman so described them, are but the beginning of love—a love stronger and more delightful from the very fact of the quarrel. But we don't think any author, either in times of yore or of the present day, whether of a practical turn of mind and given to the instruction of the people, or of a poetic and dramatic disposition, has ever told us anything half so pretty concerning those quarrels which will sometimes break out between husbands and wives. These are not pretty quarrels, and we can easily see that they are not considered so, even by the parties concerned; for, in nine cases out of ten, the two better halves are not anxious that it should go forth to the world that there has been any vital difference of opinion between them. "Well, don't make a noise, the servants will hear you." These quarrels, however, do get to be known, and here is a case in point. A Scotch minister, engaged in visiting his flock, knocked at a door, where his modest tap was not heard for the noise of a violent quarrel within.

After waiting a little, he opened the door, walked in, and somewhat pompously inquired, "I should like to know who is the head of this house!" "Weel, sir," said the husband, "if ye sit down a wee, we'll may be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

ALBUMS.—We have succeeded in unearthing one splendid specimen from the magnificent fossil remains of ancient albums—those wondrous ruins which prove the existence of the keen wit, trenchant satire, and subtle imaginations of many "great unknown." Who would not desire to have known the Mr. Clark who wrote the following lines, and afterwards—oh! what a loss for England, and what a gain for England's faithful colony!—went to Canada. Your kindest attention, if you please.—"To the Editor of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE. Sir,—The following was inserted in my album, written by Mr. F. Clark, who afterwards went to Canada, North America. If you deem them worthy of a place in your valuable repository, they are at your disposal.—Yours respectfully, E. H. May, 1860."

Lines to Miss E. H., of Bromley.

Let love and homage still be paid
To every rank and every grade;
Let beauty have its proper sway,
And find admirers every day;
May swains and maidens early find
Husbands and wives that's a very kind;
Soon to the church may they be led,
And the married happy, the single wed;
May pleasure and goodness be abound,
And all our efforts with success be crowned.
Thee, dear maid, above all others, too,
To honour, love, and friendship true,
May Heaven's choicest gifts be sent—
Health, happiness, plenty, and content.
Thrice-happy youth and favoured swain,
Who shall thy hand and heart attain,
Thy softest lips with roseate dye,
Thy lustrous and thy sparkling eye,
Thy lovely cheeks that softly glow,
Sweeter than the bashful rose;
'Tis so clear and sparkling bright,
Learning and manners that delight;
Choicest virtues and graces rare,
Unparalleled amongst the fair.
A brighter wreath thy brow shall twine,
Than ever grac'd the noblest of thy line;
May choicest gifts from Heaven descend,
To the heartiest wish of a

A. D. 1845.

SINCERE FRIEND.

A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE must expect to have some trouble with their servants. As we are not all constituted alike, nor have the same opportunities, it is impossible that intelligence can be equal. We knew a lady who, weary of town servants, imported a piece of plump and rosy innocence from the country, and who, on the first day of her appearance, had occasion to address her thus—"Mary, bring me some water with the chill taken off." "Yes, ma'am, directly." "Mary," cried the lady, after the delay of half an hour, "what on earth keeps you?" "Why, ma'am, I've been looking ever since for the chill, and I can't find it." So much for Mary; but boys are not a bit better. We have heard of a gentleman who told his boy to boil some eggs soft, and when questioned what detained him, he replied, "Rat the things! it aint o' no manner o' use! they won't bile soft. I've been trying 'em more nor an hour, and the more I biles 'em the harder they get!" We have given these instances of intelligence with great pleasure, in the hope that you will derive some consolation from their perusal.

MARY BRUCE.—Never get into a crowd gazing at shop-windows; but if you do, and are visited by the annoyance complained of, take the advice given by an old lady to ourselves. When the person behind you treads against your heels, lift them up a little, and let them fall on his toes.

Now this was taking a great liberty in my opinion, and every person with a well-regulated mind must concur with me, I am sure; but Herbert did not at all offend our little maid. On the contrary, the caress, familiar and arrogant as *we* think it, seemed rather to please her. It was superior, lordly; and with that new notion aforesaid ballasting her mind, she was glad to think him superior and lordly. How stupid, how impertinent it was of her to lecture him, to pretend to reason for him or to decide for him, when—when he could sit on a high horse and stroke her hair with a whip! And when, with some such question in her mind, she glanced up and saw how much more grave and manly he really did look than usual, her satisfaction—the satisfaction of abandoning her fate to him, and of standing by while he fought out his destiny according to his own will—made her still happier and still more thoughtless than ever.

“And when is papa coming home?” says he.

(*That makes Lotty rather thoughtful, though.*)

“Papa, dear Herbert!”

“Yes! I am only thinking of a little bit of business that he and I and a certain lawyer have to deal with at the end of the month.”

“Oh! Well, I expect him home this week.”

“Hum! This week! Hum!”

Rather a humdrum question that of Herbert's, and a still more humdrum rejoinder to Lotty's answer; but, though his “Hum! hum!” may have had little meaning in it, there was a certain eloquent absence in his eyes, out of the depths of which many meanings might have been fished.

“Hum! Ah! Well, I will not dismount; and, to tell you the frank truth, I simply call this morning to see how you look, and to ask for one of your flowers to remember you by for the rest of the day.”

Lotty makes no answer, but, going straightway into the house, presently returns with the flower that had represented—and still to her represented—herself.

“Oh! a rose!” Herbert muttered (taking care that the words should escape between his horse's ears), as Charlotte advanced towards him, the spray half concealed. “Well, I wish it had been something else. Roses are become vulgarized. Cottage-door sentimentalists and drawing-room ballad-makers have ruined the sweet innocents; and I know how Adelaide will look when she sees *that* in my buttonhole. However!”

He would have added, that he had asked for the flower to remember her by *all day*; and that he was far too loyal to take it *out* of his buttonhole simply to spare himself Adelaide's reflections; but before the thought could take shape in words, Charlotte had placed the rose—that represented herself—in his hands.

“There, Herbert!” she said, with a blush and sensible trembling; for she felt (love is full of fancies and superstitions) as if her Real Presence had passed into the flower; as if presenting it to him was in the nature of a sacrament, by which she revoked all she had said the previous day. With far less sentiment, be sure, the young man placed the flower in his buttonhole, and gathered rein to *de* away.

“Farewell, then, for to-day. To-morrow—shall we meet to-morrow?”

“I suppose so, dear Herbert! Don't you? You think I may go?”

“Go!” cried Herbert, dropping his bridle hand.

"To dine with Lady Grovelly. You know she sent Stevens this morning with an invitation, do you not?"

"Gad no, my dear, I don't!"

"You are surprised, Herbert! I am sure I thought you must have known about it! I was wrong not to excuse myself, then; but I am sure I said yes to please you."

"My dear Charlotte, I am delighted you did so; and I am delighted with that dear old mother of mine for sending for you! Well, now I'll not stop a minute longer!"

And away he rode, *looking* so delighted, but at the same time still so grave and manly, that Charlotte absolutely did not notice that he had never shaken hands with her. So delighted, that she suddenly asked herself whether Herbert had not "spoken" to Lady Grovelly, and whether she had not — No, our little maid hardly dare hope that my lady had listened in toleration. But the hope did take possession of a distant corner of her mind, whence it peeped out now and then, like those famous mice of Sir John Suckling's; and she could not help glancing at them occasionally with some such feelings as confuse the bride of to-day when she furtively glances at the ring on her finger—knowing it is there, and fearing to find it gone.

As for Herbert, he was touched to the heart. To think that, after all, this dear, proud mother had humiliated her feelings in deference to his happiness; had abated her pride and asked Charlotte to dinner. "She lay awake half the night, I will be bound, and this is what comes of her cogitations! It is too good of her, by Jove!"

He went home rejoicing, and at a gallop. He went home, walked straight into my lady's sitting-room, and kissed her with a meaning which she was sensible of indeed, but which gave her much doubt for all that. Could it be that her boy, taking thought, had seen how unreasonable his passion was, how unkind to *her*, and had resolved to be good? The very hope was balm, but she was woman enough, nevertheless, to be grieved for *that* result; in fact, she did not know whether she was grieved or satisfied most.

Nor did Herbert confine his good humour to his mother. Immediately after he had kissed her, he went over and sat by Adelaide and her altar-cloth, and commenced chatting with—no, to—that young lady with a rapidity and gaiety which she did not fully appreciate, I am afraid, though her teeth came out in the most amiable manner. Sitting at Adelaide's side, however—sitting anywhere—did not accord with the tumult of his mind. A picnic! The suggestion was readily taken up by the ladies; and in half an hour Herbert had a hamper delicately stored, a carriage was ordered out, and at a rattling pace he drove them out to Grantley Abbey—that fine old ruin which so many people go to see, and which so few are capable of admiring. The day was glorious—the way for more than one mile or two lay over the very green turf—the air was full of sweetness undisturbed—disturbed only by the whirling of the carriage, as a lake by the limbs of a swimmer. The party arrived at the abbey delightfully hungry, delightfully thirsty. There was a capital piece of sward within the ruin, shaded not only by its walls, but by the trees which had grown within: it was a day of days, a drive of drives, a picnic of picnics. Was not a boat to be had a mile or so away? A servant was despatched for it; he brought it up the stream almost to the abbey-walls. The

Indies embarked just as the sky grew grey in the east and glorious in the west ; and Herbert pulled them leisurely along the river, that wound amidst wood and meadow-bank mile after mile. The moon rose as the sun set, round and fair. The ladies re-entered the carriage, shawled like Eastern women from the deadly embraces of the night. Herbert lit a cigar, and away home, with champagne in the horses' heads, it seemed.

The day is over.

"My dear Herbert!" says mamma, rising to bid her boy good night, "I have to thank you for one of the happiest days I have ever passed!"

"Will you not include me in your thanks?" says Adelaide modestly.

"You been happy too?" says Herbert gladly.

"Yes, dear Herbert!" Adelaide replies still more modestly.

Happy family!

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.

THE year began work next morning in no good humour. It sulked and frowned ; it was heavy and dull. And therefore everybody in the strictly agricultural region of which Grovelly House was a centre was heavy and dull too : including the ladies and gentlemen of that establishment.

The postman came in, and his errand did not mend matters at all. First he called at the House, and left one letter—a foreign letter, posted at Hamburg. He then went on to the Mill, and left one letter there too—posted at Hamburg. The letters were directed in the same handwriting, and the hand was strange to both their recipients.

My lady was about to open her letter in Herbert's presence, but some undefined alarm cautioned her not to do so ; so, placing it aside for the present, she waited till Herbert had strolled out according to his morning custom, and then she retired with it to her own particular sanctum. Two minutes afterwards she rang a bell, and requested to speak with Miss Dacre in that same sanctum.

"My dear Adelaide," she said, as the young lady entered, prepared to give her advice on some knotty question of toilette, or to hear of fresh outrages by the servants, "something very unfortunate has happened. Fortune does not smile on us, my dear!"

Adelaide's fine complexion took a tint which would not have discredited the cover of this magazine. She evidently dreaded the worst. Without reflecting that there had been no time to effect the union, she jumped to the conclusion that Herbert and Lotty were actually married. "This accounts for his restless gaiety yesterday," thought she. However, she said nothing, but stolidly awaited an explanation.

"I have a letter here," my lady continued, "which informs me that Mr. Leeson has met with so serious an accident—poor man!—that his life is in some danger."

"Oh dear! how shocking!" ejaculated Adelaide, with a sigh of sympathy, or perhaps of relief. And then she looked vaguely at Lady Grovelly, as if she did not quite understand how that could be so serious a misfortune for them.

"Shocking indeed! And in this letter, which he seems to have dictated to the keeper of the hotel where he lies, he beseeches me to soften the blow to his daughter, and in the event of his death to extend, as he says, 'some measure of protection to her.'"

"Yes, but is not that rather ——"

"Awkward? Very awkward, my dear; especially as he puts the request in such a way that I cannot neglect it. Listen! He says, '—measure of protection to her. You know, my lady, that I was never a social man, and while I have not a relation in the world, I have failed to establish such cordial friendships amongst neighbours of my own rank to entitle me to ask so much of any one of them. But you and Sir Thomas, and especially your ladyship, have so often been pleased to express such obligations [Mark the word, my dear, and he is perfectly justified in using it!]—such obligations for the service I have sometimes been able to render you in business affairs, that I venture to hope you will give my poor little girl your advice and protection should I be taken away; for then she will be alone. I know I have no right to mention my services, since Sir Thomas has so often pressed ample reward on me; but your kindness and condescension to Lotty hitherto have paid me a hundred times over—according to my mind—and if you continue that kindness, should anything happen, Heaven will set it to your account, my lady, in the next world.' And then he concludes by saying that his money affairs are all in order, and will only trouble his lawyer."

"Well," said Adelaide, not at all affected by the letter, "that is awkward!"

"Yes, and in this very letter he incloses an unsealed note for Sir Thomas (but which is of course intended for Herbert and myself), containing minute information and counsel for the conclusion of that railway business which he opened, you remember, and which there can be no doubt will raise the value of the estate immensely. So, you see, our kindness to Lotty has been more than earned, and must be paid."

"Oh, no doubt! But you had resolved to encourage her intimacy here already, had you not?" Adelaide suggested, not without a blush. "She is to dine here to-day, I think?"

"My dear Adelaide, that I meant to explain to you this morning, and will explain now. But beforehand (though I am afraid it is mean and cruel to speculate so selfishly on the death of a man who has most unselfishly dealt with us), do you see the consequences of Mr. Leeson's death to—to this unhappy love affair of Herbert's?"

"I confess I do not."

"These, then. Charlotte's grief will fix his affection closer (we must look the matter fairly in the face, my child!)—her loneliness will appeal to him. Then Charlotte would bring immediately a not inconsiderable fortune, at a time when we are still embarrassed; it is probable that her portion would at least equal yours, my child, and any objection on that ground would be done away. Then it is one thing for a young man of Herbert's condition to marry the daughter of a cattle-dealer, and a comparatively uneducated man to boot, while he is alive and your neighbour, and quite a different one when he is dead, and when the daughter has absolutely no connexions to vulgarize the family."

"Ah, I see!"

"Adelaide, you suspect me of urging these points in Lotty's favour. Pray

don't mistake me, my child! This is a council of war, and I should not have called you to it if my ideas had changed since yesterday. No, these are points which *Herbert* may urge, and it would be difficult to rebut them. These are new dangers which we, as women of the world, and with one undisguised end in view, are bound to meet."

"Certainly, dear aunt; you are always right, and always kind."

"That's well. Now about the invitation to dinner. I do not disguise that I have a great affection for *Charlotte Leeson*, and we are bound to be civil to her. But her father was expected home this week, I believe, and I thought it as well to continue our civilities till he arrived. This would have given greater weight to my errand (if it were needed) when I waited on Mr. Leeson, explained to him the state of affairs, and enlisted his loyalty and good sense against *Herbert's* designs."

"But now ——?"

"Now, my dear, I don't know what to ——"

Here the ladies were interrupted. *Herbert* was heard hastily ascending the stairs; he knocked at the door, and entered.

"Mother!" he cried, in great excitement, "here is a dreadful to-do! Poor little *Charlotte* is below, out of her wits about her father, to whom some accident has occurred. Her letter says it is trifling, but that, of course, she won't believe. Pray go to her, if it is only for *Leeson's* sake. Go down, *Adelaide*, there's a dear girl!"

The ladies exchanged glances, and hurriedly obeyed: my lady impressed, in spite of the preoccupation of her mind, by that same unwonted calm, that increased manliness, in *Herbert's* manner, which she, as well as ourselves, had occasion to remark yesterday.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH AFFAIRS ARE BROUGHT TO A CRISIS.

LOTTY was comforted. Lady Grovelly was touched by the depth, the simplicity, of the poor girl's grief, and her sympathy was effectual because it was the sympathy of *Herbert's* mother. Miss Dacre, too, was most kind. Little shudders thrilled through her exquisitely-moulded form, as she contemplated her distressed little friend; and once *Herbert* thought he saw a tear in her eyes. She herself thought he must have seen it too, and hoped, perhaps, that he would give her credit for a not wholly selfish heart. The ladies carried their kindness so far that they insisted on *Lotty's* remaining at Grovelly House that night. "We cannot think of your going home to that lonely house of yours to-night, my dear," said madame, "can we, Miss Dacre?" "Certainly not, dear aunt," *Adelaide* replied anxiously. "Why, we should have her dead with grief and fright to-morrow morning; and that would never do!"

They hardly knew, these kind ladies, *how* comforting these words were, though they probably guessed how grateful they were to *Herbert*. Truth to tell, *Lotty* almost forgot her grief, sometimes during the evening, as my lady chatted to her so encouragingly, and *Adelaide* played and sang; while *Herbert*, silent and thoughtful as he was, seemed to have acquired already a right to share her trouble, since he took no open part in consoling her. As for that young gentleman himself,

I believe he was not altogether sorry for Mr. Leeson's misfortune; I even believe it gave him much secret satisfaction; for you must remember, he had only seen Lotty's letter, which represented the accident to be no very dangerous one. If so, the old gentleman's absence a-sickbed gave him—the young one—time, when time was precious, for the perfecting of his plans. Moreover, Lotty would be thrown more than ever into the society of the ladies of his house; and the result of that must be, he thought, the discovery of what a good, sensible girl she was. Did Lotty entertain any such hope, too? The heart of woman is deceitful, and desperately wicked.

So there was balm in Gilead; and when Lotty went to sleep that night, under the same roof with Herbert (and I put it to any engaged young lady who ever went on a visit to her lover's sisters, whether *that*—that first night's sleep under the same roof with *him*, is not a wonder and a delight)—when, I say, Lotty placed her head on her pillow, knowing that Herbert lay within the sound of her voice—I confess that her heart was about equally divided between its great joy and its great distress.

Not that she permitted herself to remain longer at Grovelly House, and not that the ladies wished her to do so; though they did press her very much, when she went away, to come again in the evening, and “stay the night.” She resolutely said “No,” and returned home grateful and calmed.

But when Herbert called on her next day—with Miss Dacre, who was equally anxious about the “poor little creature,” and insisted on accompanying her cousin—he found her almost as distressed as ever. She had had time to reproach herself for forgetting her father in her own selfish happiness; she had had time to think of him—so good to her—lying in agony, hour after hour in the day and in the night, wondering whether he should ever get home to his dear little girl again. Her loneliness, her suspense, became insupportable, especially as no more letters came; and oh! suppose that he was dead! The thought preyed upon her like that immortal vulture of classic story; and Herbert was really shocked when she placed her sad, cold hand in his, and looked at him so pitifully.

“This will never do!” said he to himself. “Something must be done!” And that was exactly what Charlotte thought. She felt it would be impossible for her to remain at home, lapped in the thousand comforts which her father had earned for her with his careful head and tender heart, while he lay sick and in agony amongst a nation of strangers. She longed to speak with Herbert about it, with a feverish anxiety which betrayed itself plainly not only to Herbert, but to Miss Dacre—at least, the desire to speak with him alone about *something*; and therefore Adelaide resolved not to give her a moment's opportunity on that occasion. However, Herbert was not to be balked altogether; and when he and his cousin departed, after what was little more than a formal visit, he contrived to intimate by a pressure of the hand that he would see his love again before nightfall. This contented her.

Accordingly, within three or four hours, Herbert was closeted with Charlotte. I say nothing about the opening of the interview. You have only to imagine our little maid hugged to his bosom while she poured out all her tears; and if you further imagine the young man now and then kissing her forehead (which had not a thought of *him* in it, at present), you have a faithful picture enough. It was a sudden storm, and soon over; and then to business.

"It is impossible to endure this suspense!" she said, leaving Herbert's releasing arms. "There's no more news of my father, and he may be dead for aught we know. I must go to him!"

"You, little pet! why you would never arrive there. Those foreigners would eat you up!"

"Oh, don't joke, Herbert! I have made preparation ——"

"Packed up!"

"Yes, and I shall start to-morrow!"

"And pray," said he, "what do you think *I'm* for?"

Such a look! She did not stir, but it seemed to Herbert as if she had flown back into his arms, kissed him with ten thousand passionate kisses of surprised gratitude, and retired, afraid. That settled it. The suggestion was made in thoughtless impulse, but now it became a resolve.

"You do not mean, Herbert," she said with trembling lips —— and said no more.

"Why not, my dear? You cannot make such a journey alone; we could not permit that, you know; and what have I to do, what ought I to do, bound as my family is to your father, but to go and see how he is faring? By gad!" he continued, looking serious, "I *must* go! You remember what I said about certain business lately? As your father cannot possibly return this week, or even next, to settle it with us, I must settle it with him!"

Charlotte did not believe a word of it, but her heart was too full of this proof of his earnestness, and too proud of it, to admit of any question or objection.

"Will that do?" the young man asked, finding that Charlotte made no reply, and even avoided his eyes.

"It is more than I dared hope, I am sure!" she faltered.

"Then as I am going on my own account, you commission me to go on yours!"

"If you please, dear Herbert!"

"But wait a bit. The word commission reminds me that I cannot afford to undertake your errand for nothing; because you will want me to travel very fast indeed, and that will add to the expense. Now suppose I make the greatest haste —there and back; and suppose I bring you good tidings; and suppose we should meet in a certain plantation afterward; what would you say if ——"

"Yes!" she exclaimed, looking up into his face with the fairest, frankest, most earnest eyes in the world.

"My dear Lotty!" said he, bending over the hand she offered him, and kissing it softly, "you may unpack your portmanteau—I start to-morrow!" And there-with he was gone.

By daylight next morning Herbert was on his way to London. He had a difficulty with madame; for when he protested to her (it had only just struck him, he said) that Leeson's signature was absolutely necessary for the completion of the aforesaid railway business, while that business must be concluded within a week of the then present time, she met him by the production of the papers Leeson had so carefully transmitted, signed and attested in regular form. This was a blow to Herbert's project; but then he remembered that he was destitute of some actually necessary information which Leeson alone could give. Well, there was his information in other papers which my lady triumphantly placed before him. But by

this time Herbert had fully made up his mind, and after a glance at the instructions he flung them down, declaring that he could not proceed safely without a personal interview with Leeson, and it was only a question of five pounds and a pleasant trip, and he should go. Lady Grovelly divined his real object clearly enough; but it was useless to urge objection further; and, besides, she was glad and proud to see him taking up any object like a man who was *not* in danger of lunacy.

So Herbert departed; and, significant to say, dined at St. Paul's Hotel, next adjacent to the gateway of Doctors' Commons.

I suppose, after that, I may as well come to the end of the chapter. Mademoiselle will be sure to skip all intervening matter. But she should accompany this young man on his glad errand by road and sea; she should pray, as Lotty did, for fair winds and plenty of steam on everywhere. And to do him justice, he scarcely sleeps or dines for haste. He won't trouble the captain for a potato more than he can possibly refuse his appetite at dinner, or to pass the bottle, or to do anything but his duties as commander of a fast packet-boat. He seems to have a belief that the steward is an important part of the machinery; and is afraid to call for wine or water for fear the boat should stop. Landed, he takes no rest till he arrives at the hotel where Leeson is lying. And now for that momentous question—languishing or convalescent? alive or dead?

Not dead. Not languishing. Convalescent. Herbert even forgot all about the railway business when he heard from the old man's own lips that, nearly as he had been carried to death's door, the doctors now thought him out of danger, and that he might be moved in a month. Leeson himself thought it could be done in three weeks, now that he had heard directly from his daughter—now that she had sent him her dearest love—now that he had been told she could only be restrained by main force from coming to him herself. (These were Herbert's inventions.) As for those poor business matters—it is true some thousands of pounds depended on them ultimately, but the two men—Lotty's father and Lotty's lover—disposed of them in an hour: all the rest of their conversation was Lotty; and yet the simple old man could not see how affairs stood with Herbert in that quarter. And Herbert was afraid to tell him, knowing full well that he might expect even more strenuous opposition from him than from my lady. Lotty was right when she said her father would look upon her marriage with Herbert, against my lady's will, as a piece of gross ingratitude and presumption.

Did Herbert write to Charlotte? Within an hour after seeing her father. He hastened to quiet her anxious mind of course, with such good news to tell? He did not. He was selfish; he was covetous of her thanks; and all he said in his letter was—

"MY DEAREST LOTTY,—I shall return by the packet which arrives at Hull on Friday morning. May I ask you to meet me there? You can bring your maid with you, of course. You, my dear, are anxious, I know, to hear my news at the earliest moment, and I must give it you myself—by word of mouth.

"Yours ever,

"HERBERT GROVELLY."

"I have not written to Lady Grovelly."

Had Herbert allowed himself time for reflection, he would probably have written

with less ambiguity; though I verily believe he meant to be ambiguous. As it was, his letter dismayed Charlotte on first perusal, but afterwards she found much hope in it. What did the postscript signify?

Nevertheless, judge with what feelings she set out on her journey to Hull! Consider what depended on that single moment when she and Herbert met! On the one hand —! On the other —!

The packet had been delayed at sea. It was verging towards afternoon when it came in sight, and for two hours our little maid had waited and watched, waited and watched on the pier—with Elizabeth dogging behind her, in rapturous anticipation of an elopement. Did anybody think she was blind?

The packet came in sight, it came to land, and Herbert was the first man ashore. The moment Lotty's eyes met his, she turned away from him, and walked towards the door of an adjacent hotel. He followed her, led the way to a private apartment (followed by the rapturous Elizabeth), and still not a look had passed between them. Alone, he placed a letter in Lotty's hand—from her father. It announced all that Herbert could tell: and for full five minutes our little maid was nothing but silent joy and love. Silent, for Elizabeth had her eye on these young parties.

Then dinner was ordered, and Herbert left his sweetheart for a stroll till it was served. Then for the first time they dined alone together—another deep, deep satisfaction. And after dinner he placed a second paper in her hands: a formidable paper, signed and sealed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ah, the flush, the glow, the glory on Lotty's face then! She handed the paper to Elizabeth (here I omit some very pleasant detail), and next morning Herbert Grovelly and Charlotte Leeson were married.

THE PICTURE.

SPAKE a little lovely flower
On an upland high,
When the western wind was fresh,
'Neath a sunny sky—
"Oh, west wind! oh, west wind!
I love thee very dear!
I would that thou wert blowing
Round me all the year!"

Came a little shepherd boy,
* Mountain born and bred,
Stooped beside the gentle flower
Lovingly and said—
"Oh, blue flower! oh, bright flower!
I love thee very dear!
I would that thou wert blooming
Near me all the year!"

Climbing up the mountain side,
Drew the shepherd nigh;
Seeing there his happy boy,
Said he with a sigh—
"Oh, dear child! oh, bright child!
I would that thou couldst stay
Ever through thy childhood thus,
Innocent and gay!"

Came the painter down the hill,
All the picture drew,
Imaged even in his art
How the west wind blew—
"Oh, sweet scene! oh, bright scene!
I think that thou wilt stay
Fresh and calm, and pure and bright,
When I am passed away!"

THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

FROM 1272 TO 1399.

"And oft conducted by historic truth,
We tread the long extent of backward time."—TROMSON.

ENGLAND in 1200! Let me see, what may we think about?—pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. Well, we may pierce through the thick walls of the convents, and walk with measured pace and slow, beside the gentle nuns and the sober monks. We may stroll through their orchards as they stand silently



MONKS AND NUNS.—(From Strutt)

Supposed to represent one of the absurd ceremonies belonging to the Festival of Fools.

pruning or transplanting the trees, brought so far with such great care, and from which we are to derive so great benefit in after days. We may note their vineyards, and walk into the kitchen-grounds, and through the herbarics, and count, till we are tired, the shrubs and fragrant blossoms; and then let us come away quickly, while the even-song is singing of peace, for the whole earth is at rest, as it were, there; and we may forget, if we linger too long, that there are broad fields outside inviting our inspection, and well worthy our attention—fields where hedge-rows are firstly and fastly appearing; and ditches, and hedges, and trees, to shelter the sheep and herds from the scorching heat and the bitter bleak winds of the ides of March, are being dug, planted, and fenced. Ah! too, while we are in the fields, we may remember those cruel famines that carried off so many thousands of our countrymen and women, for the imperfect state of agriculture ended, in the year 1258, in the death of no fewer than 1,500 persons in London alone; but later still, and still more dreadful, was that dearth which, beginning in 1314, continued to rage for three years both in England and Scotland, when a quarter of wheat, it is said, sold for 40s. (i. e., 30l. of our present money). This was the time when the proclamation was made, prohibiting the making of malt and the brewing of ales; for said the King, "That if this was not prevented immediately, not only the poor, but people of the middle rank would inevitably perish for want of food." And we learn from the concurring testimony of several historians who lived in those days, that multitudes of people died of hunger, or of diseases contracted by the use of unwholesome food; and that many were tempted to perpetrate acts of

the most unnatural cruelty to prolong their wretched lives. No wonder, however, that famines were common, when agriculture was so neglected, or rather despised. As yet the good Old English Gentleman was not; and Edward II., who was ever ready to lay by his sword in his fondness for agriculture, was bitterly reproached, as well as very much despised, for his bucolic tastes. So, though the great barons and prelates, who were the chief proprietors of the soil, kept prodigious quantities of land in their own immediate possession, it was cultivated partly by their slaves and partly by their tenants, who were obliged to neglect their own farms and labour for their lord whenever they were called; and, as these slaves and tenants had but little interest in the success of their labours, we may be sure they were not particularly anxious about performing their duties in the best manner.

It is a curious circumstance that not only treatises composed at this time for the instruction of farmers and their servants, down to their very swineherds, were written in Latin, but even the accounts of the expenses and profits of farms and dairies were kept in that language! Getting from the fields and farms, we come again to the bakehouse, and the bread-makers, and sellers, which was very early a matter of much importance, and regulated by law as soon as Henry III.; when it was commanded that bakers "do not impress their bread intended for sale with the sign of the cross, *Agnus Dei*, or the name of Jesus Christ." It will be remembered that, in a previous paper, we have noticed the practice of baking bread at the oven of the seigneur, and when that was abolished, it was a very long time before there were any bakers' shops to be seen even in London. Before the date of 1443, the inhabitants of Stratford were bakers for the whole city. They sold their bread every day, except on Sundays and great festivals. It was brought in carts, and they were ordered to stand, three in Cheapside, two in Cornhill, and one in Gracechurch-street; and this Stratford baking never ceased till 1568!

The enumeration of a few varieties of ancient bread will show how minutely such matters have been chronicled. So far back as the time of Henry III., we find mention made of wassel bread, cockel bread, and bread of treet, corresponding with the three sorts of bread now in use—viz., white, wheaten, and household bread. In the convents and nunneries, or, as they were then called, the religious houses, they had also various kinds—as esquires' bread, monks' bread, boys' bread, and servants' bread; in the household establishments of great persons, they had messengers' bread besides, which was given to messengers as a reward for their errands. Court bread was also allowed by the lord for the maintenance of his household; and eleemosynary bread, distributed as alms to the poor. It may not be uninteresting to notice the custom of doles, or the benevolent practice of giving relief to the indigent at the gates of great men, which, in later times, was so common that *alms-dishes* (into which portions of meat for the needy were carved) were to be seen at nearly every nobleman's and prelate's table. One of the bishops of Durham (in the time of Edward III.) had eight quarters of wheat made up every week into bread for the poor, besides what came from his table in the *alms-dishes* or in fragments, and the money given away by him in journeys.

Wheat was always cheap after the harvest; for, there being no corn-dealers, the people bought their stock of corn from the farmers as soon as the wheat was reaped; and this change, after harvest, from comparative want to abundance, will, in a great measure, explain the unbounded joy of our ancestors at their harvest-home (a custom believed to be exclusively English)—

"When loose to festive joy, the country round,
Laughed with the loud sincerity of mirth."

In a document dated Colchester, 1296, we find almost every family provided with a small store of barley and oats—usually about a quarter or two of each—but wheat and rye are rarely mentioned. From the oven and the bakehouse we may

"Round about our old coal fire"

—a comfort so exclusively English, that we can scarcely understand coals being prohibited in London as a nuisance as late as Edward I. Yet such was the case; and Stowe, writing of this period, says, "the nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coals were burned; nor willingly eat of the meat that was even sod or roasted with sea-coal fire." The nobility and gentry complained that they could not go to London on account of the noisome smell and thick air. Dyers, brewers, &c., were forbidden the use of coals, even in the suburbs of London, on pain of fine, or loss of furnace. Those trades, however, finding the scarcity and price of wood-fuel daily increasing, discovered it was still their interest to use sea-coal; and, notwithstanding the prohibition, dared to enter on the trade with Newcastle. Shortly after this, coals were the common fuel at the King's palace, in London; and, by-and-by, the trade had grown so considerable, that Edward III. imposed a duty of 6d. per ton, each quarter of the year, on all ships laden from Newcastle with coal. Some curious items have been preserved of the prices of coals; for instance, in the time of Richard II., Newcastle coals were sold at Whitby at 3s. 4d. per chaldron; in the time of Henry VIII., they were only 1s. at Newcastle, and 4s. in London; but, in 1643, the use of coal had become so general, and the price had risen so considerably, that many of the poor are said to have perished for want of fuel; and, in a pamphlet of this period, is the imprint—

"Printed in the year,
That sea-coal was exceeding dear."

From coals we pass to chimneys and fire-places. Perhaps our readers may be surprised to hear that these were luxuries still unknown; and, after the opening in the roof, or lantern, was obsolete, the next adoption was the portable brazier, or fire-pan, which could be carried to any apartment that required warming. Chimneys did not appear till late in the reign of Elizabeth! It ought, however, to be mentioned that it is supposed that the temperature of the apartments was kept considerably below that of our sitting-rooms in the present day. Even so late as Henry VIII., it seems that no fire was allowed in the University of Oxford; and, after supping at eight o'clock, the students went to their books till nine in winter, and then took a run for half an hour, to warm themselves previously to going to bed. Therefore, all ideas of the firesides of our forefathers must be confined to the last four centuries!

As we have been speaking of agriculture and gardening, it may not be amiss to proceed to notice the reward of the labourer in the fourteenth century. In some districts it appears they were paid in wheat, or money at the rate of 10d. per bushel, at the option of their employers; they were also hired by the year, and not by the day. Reapers and mowers were enjoined to carry their implements of husbandry openly in their hands to market-towns, and to apply for hire in some public quarter or other. Weeders and haymakers were paid at the rate of a 1d.

per day; mowers, 5d. per acre, which was equivalent to 5d. per day; and during the first week in August the reapers made 2d. a day, but from that time till the end of the month they could earn 3d., though, in either case, without any diet or perquisite of any description. It is not strange that, when so many mendicants were swarming throughout the country (Stowe counts them at 4,000 or 5,000), the wages of the labourers should have been so small; especially when we learn that there was to be found a class of men (called "deyes") ready to work for still lower wages than even those of the servants already referred to. These deyes were employed either in the dairy or in tending swine—the former being women—and Chaucer particularly describes the hard living and homely fare of one of these poor women.

It is well known that anciently women were the millers, and, it has been conjectured, the bakers also; since one Agnes la Regatere is charged 1d. tax for her stock of saleable bread, which was valued at 15d. And that brewing, baking, and weaving were also usually exercised by women is, we think, a fair deduction from the fact that all these nouns have feminine terminations; and it is but of late date, and since the introduction of breweries, that women have ceased to be brewers, both in the North of England and in Scotland. Formerly women carried on exclusively trades that are now conducted entirely by men. In a statute of Edward III., which enjoins artificers to keep one master, some allowances are made in favour of women who pursue manual occupations. Females of the following descriptions are exempted from the regulations of the statute—viz., "*brocerescres, pesterescres, testerescres, sileresces, et oeuvresces, si bien de leine, come de leine toile et de soie, broadesters, kardesters, pynerescres de leine, et toutes autre que usent et oeuerent overaignes manuelles.*" Surely this statute may be adduced, amongst many others, in proof of Blackstone's observation that women are great favourites with the laws of England; and if the activity of our poorer countrywomen found vent in trade, we have, on the other hand, a picture of the restless industry of the higher classes in such exhibitions as Lady Joan Berkley, who, in her elder years, was accustomed to saw billets and sticks in her chamber, with certain fine hand-saws, to ward off ennui, that old and cruel enemy of the wealthy English.

In a valuation taken at Colchester, about 1296, a revelation concerning the nakedness of the land was made which would horrify a modern household and proprietor of best rooms and gaudy parlours—the bed in a good-sized house was then valued from 3s. to 6s.; a brass pot (to be met with in nearly every domicile), and which seems to have been almost the only culinary utensil then used, was only worth 2s.

A cobbler's stock-in-trade was estimated at 7s., a butcher's stock of salt meat at 1l. 18s., another at 1l., a tanner's at 7s.

During this period the greatest part of the domestic trade in Britain was transacted at fairs, some of which were of long duration, frequented by prodigious multitudes of people from different countries, and stored with commodities of all kinds. The fair of St. Giles's Hill, near Winchester, continued sixteen days, during which time all trade was prohibited in Winchester, Southampton, and every place within seven miles of the fair! which very much resembled a great city laid out in many regular streets of tents inhabited by foreign and domestic traders, who exposed their various commodities to sale. To such fairs our kings, prelates, and great barons sent their agents, and others went in person, to purchase

jewels, plate, cloths, furniture, liquors, spices, horses, cattle, corn, and provisions of various kinds, and, in a word, everything they needed, men and women not excepted; for we are assured by a contemporary writer of undoubted credit, that men and women slaves were publicly sold in the fairs of England, like beasts, to nearly the conclusion of the fourteenth century.

A great part of the commerce of those days fell into the hands of foreigners—merchant-strangers as they were then called. Of these the Germans came first, and were the most flourishing of all companies; and after these came another mercantile society, called the “Brotherhood of St. Thomas Becket.” The Jews may also be reckoned among the strangers settled in England, on account of commerce; but their situation was notoriously an unhappy one. They were plundered by the sovereign, and universally hated by the people; and the clamour against them and their extortions became so vehement in 1290, that they were in that year banished out of England. Not so with the Germans and the Lombards, whose expulsion was as earnestly desired as that of the Jews; but these found powerful protectors in our kings, prelates, and barons (to whom they were in many respects useful), and when the city of London presented a petition to Edward I., for the expulsion of all merchant-strangers, that great Prince replied, “I am of opinion that merchant-strangers are useful and beneficial to the great men of the kingdom, and therefore I will not expel them.” The excessive jealousy of the Londoners, and their cruelty to the foreign merchants, is exemplified by the following fact:—

A very rich merchant of Genoa presented a petition to Richard II., A.D. 1379, for permission to deposit his goods in the Castle of Southampton, promising to bring so great a share of the trade of the East into England, that the price of a pound of pepper would be reduced to 4d., and all other spices in proportion. “But the Londoners (says an historian), enemies to the prosperity of their country, hired assassins, who murdered the merchant in the streets. After this,” he adds, “what stranger will trust his person among a people so faithless and so cruel? Who will not dread our treachery and abhor our name?”

But far worse than the Jews or the merchants of those days were the clergy of the fourteenth century. Chaucer’s “Plowman’s Tale” is one continued invective against the gross ignorance, cruelty, covetousness, simony, vanity, pride, ambition, and gluttony of the priests! This too general profligacy of the clergy could not fail to have an ill effect on the manners of the laity. For the clergy in those times, possessing immense wealth and great power, had many followers and dependants, who were, no doubt, ready enough to imitate their example, to flatter them in their vices, and to minister to their pleasures. We have reason, therefore, to suspect that the laity in general were not more virtuous than their teachers, though, from the difference of their circumstances, their vices were, in many respects, different. The cruel and unnatural law of the celibacy of the clergy, for example, involved many of that body into various vices to which the laity had not the same temptations. And how can we wonder at the vices of either priest or people, when we remember that a religious life had dwindled into a passion for holy wars, pilgrimages, relics, &c., which were not only very general, but esteemed the strongest evidence of eminent piety!

The hospitality of this period was almost unlimited, both in the palaces of princes and the castles of great barons. Some idea of the hospitality of the

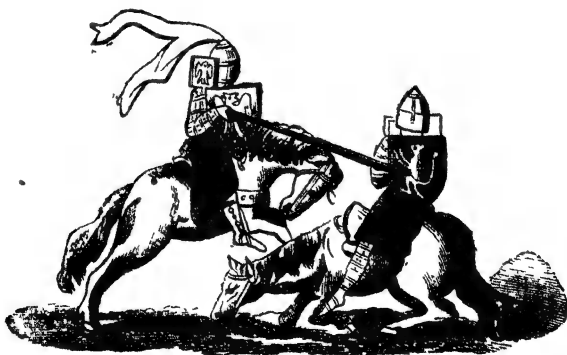
opulent nobles of that day may be formed from an account of the household expenses of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, for A.D. 1313. It appears that the Earl spent for that year no less than 7,309*l.*, equal to 109,635*l.* of our present money; and we can also judge of the grandeur in which this nobleman lived, and the



PART OF THE FOOLS' DANCE.—(From *Strutt*.) Dicks of Court Fool—Edward III.

immense quantities of provisions of all kinds that were consumed in his family in one year, from the quantity of wine they consumed annually, which was no less than 371 pipes! This profuse and expensive hospitality, it would seem, began to decline a little towards the conclusion of this period; and some barons, instead of dining always in the great hall with their numerous dependants, according to ancient custom, dined sometimes in private parlours with their own families and a few familiar friends; but this innovation was very unpopular, and subjected those who adopted it to much reproach.

There was an attempt—which succeeded, too, for a short time—to renew, with the revival of chivalry, the old spirit of baronial hospitality. This was signally the case when Edward III. celebrated the magnificent feast of the *round table*, at



KNIGHTS JOUSTING.

Windsor, to which all the nobility of his own dominions, and of the neighbouring countries, had been invited. Amongst the company were Queen Philippa and three hundred ladies illustrious for their birth and beauty, dressed in the richest habits, who were treated with the most pompous and romantic testimonies of respect and admiration; and many of the most magnificent tournaments of those times were the effects of gallantry, being designed for the honour and entertain-

! the ladies, who appeared at these solemnities in prodigious numbers, and from different countries. But, in the midst of all this splendour, the greatest ignorance and credulity prevailed, not only among the vulgar, but also among persons of the highest rank. Pope Innocent VI. believed that Petrarch was a magician because he read Virgil. Many miracles were reported and believed to be wrought in different places, on the most trifling occasions, and are recorded by the gravest historians as unquestionable facts. No prince engaged in any undertaking of importance till his astrologers had consulted the stars, and discovered the auspicious moment for carrying it into execution.

But, still worse than all this, the administration of justice, even in the King's courts, was very corrupt and oppressive in this period. The venality of the King's ministers of justice at length became so intolerable and notorious, that they were tried by a Parliament held at Westminster A.D. 1280, found guilty, and fined according to the degrees of their delinquencies.

As early as the reign of Henry III. we read of the painted glass windows in domestic buildings; and in the fourteenth century they were made with lattices to open and shut. Of the chairs and tables of that century, perhaps the less said the better—for the chairs were square-backed, and chiefly wooden, and the tables still laid upon tressels. The beds appear to have been the chief domestic



BED OF EDWARD II.

glories of that period, and were considered of sufficient importance to be named in the wills of our sovereigns and the chief nobility. Anne, Countess of Pembroke, for instance, in 1367, gave to her daughter a bed "with the furniture of her father's arms." In 1368 Lord Ferrers left to his son his "green bed, with his arms thereon," and to his daughter his "white bed, and all the furniture, with the arms of Ferrers and Ufford thereon." Edward the Black Prince bequeathed to his confessor, Sir Robert de Walsingham, a large bed of red camora, with his arms embroidered at each corner; while to another friend he left another bed of camora, powdered with blue eagles; and, in 1385, his widow gave "to my dear son, the King, my new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves issuing out of their mouths!" After which, we think our readers had better turn over, roll themselves round in the clothes, and go to sleep, if they can, for one whole month! M. S. R.

AMONGST THE AMERICANS.

BY F. GERSTÄCKER.

PART IV.

THE young fugitives, whom we have seen gain the friendly *Oceanic* in our last chapter, had, almost as soon as they were safely on board, been conducted into the cabin, where the ladies immediately took possession of the girl, pressed round her, and wished her joy, as if they had known her from her youth.

Mr. Gray took the young man into his own berth and gave him some clean linen, for he was so heated that large drops of perspiration continually poured down his brow and temples; Simmons, moreover, arrived with a tremendous glass of brandy-and-water, and did not rest till the other had emptied it, in spite of all his assertions that he never drank spirits.

"Hang it, man!" he exclaimed, "do you want to kill yourself? You're as wet as a rat, and won't drink any brandy! Gray, did you ever hear such a thing? He's been rowing himself almost to Death's door, and behaving like a brave fellow, yet he won't drink any brandy! No, nothing of the sort," he continued, seizing the young man by the arm, when the latter, with a smile, had swallowed a portion of the fiery draught, and was going to put down the glass half full. "No, no; empty it; it will warm you. And now I'll go and give the young lady a similar dose to cure her fright." And, returning with the glass to the bar, he left the two men in order to carry out his charitable intention.

Off Vicksburg there came on board an old Missouri settler, who had been forced to remain in Mississippi State for several weeks, on business, and was now returning to his Western farm. Although he appeared a substantial citizen, he was dressed quite in the fashion of the backwoodsmen, and wore Kentucky trousers and a simple leather hunting-shirt. The latter, however, though duly fringed like the true Indian garments, was not, like them, decorated with beads or fantastic designs. From several remarks he had let fall, referring to game and hunting, he made Mr. Bloomfield his inseparable companion, who accordingly proceeded to overwhelm him with questions about the Western portion of the United States—about the nature of the game, the hunting there, and the dangers connected with it. The farmer, whose name was Stewart, displayed, nevertheless, a most exemplary store of patience in answering his pertinacious acquaintance politely and in detail, and appeared never tired of explaining to him matters which other men would not have thought of asking. Simmons listened quietly for a long while, but at last, fairly tired out, got up and walked away.

"No," he said to Gray, whom he found sitting despondingly in his berth, absorbed in thought, "may I be scalped if the man in the leathern shirt is not a martyr, and one of the most enduring of his class. He *has* got Christian patience! It is enough to drive one mad merely to listen to the questions put to him, to say nothing of the trouble of answering them."

"Yes, yes," Gray replied; "I observed him even before the lovers came on board. This Mr. Bloomfield is a confounded bore. But the stranger has a peculiar smile lurking about the corner of his mouth; he'll humbug him splendidly before he's done with him, for he really cannot hold out much longer against such incessant questioning, even if he possessed Job's patience."

"Job!" Simmons ejaculated in astonishment—"Job was patient for 140 years, but must have lived 440 to display such patience as the leathern shirt has shown this morning. I never saw such a prodigy! The New-Yorker asks question on question, and don't seem to have any mercy."

"Well, Simmons, what do you say to our chase this morning? That was interesting—eh?"

"I can tell you just this, that the breath in my body was clean gone when the old villain was going to jump out of his boat into the other; and if I'd had a rifle in my hand at the moment, I really believe I should have fired at him."

"The young lady fainted when she was taken into the cabin," Gray said.

"No wonder," Simmons replied; "at that particular moment she had little hope of coming on board with her sweetheart and escaping the old one's clutches. By Jove, what a whip he'd got!"

"Mr. Dalton (that is the young man's name) showed me a pistol he had in his belt," Gray remarked. "He told me he had made up his mind to blow his own brains out if the old man entered his boat."

"And what would the poor girl have done then?" Simmons asked angrily. "Better have given the old man the lump of lead."

"The father of the girl!" Gray cried in horror.

"Hang such a father!" Simmons said. "He himself would most certainly have ended the young fellow's days, had he not desired so greatly to take him alive. But deuce take me! if I should have liked to be in the skin of the poor black devils, who will have to pay the bill! He flew at them nicely when his prey escaped him at the moment of capture. But, Gray," he went on, after a pause, during which the gentleman he addressed had been lost in thought, "don't be angry with me, but there's something lying heavy on your heart—out with it. I am older than you; and, although we have only known each other a little while, I have taken a fancy to you, and should like to know what troubles you; for I might, perhaps, be able to help you."

"No, no, dear friend," Gray replied, with a melancholy smile, as he heartily shook the fat, good-natured little man's hand. "It's nothing—nothing at all. I—only I am a fool at times."

"Hullo! you want to get off the trail," Simmons cried. "No, no—nothing of the sort. I saw the salt water in your eyes last night, when I invited you to liquor. I should have spoken to you on the subject then, but the affair with that rogue of a cheat prevented me."

"I do not see," Gray said suddenly, as he rose and again seized Simmons's hand, "why I should not tell you what it is that gnaws at my heart and poisons my happiness. The story is simple and short, still long enough to render me miserable for my whole life. But this is not the place to tell it. There's the New-Yorker coming. Let us go on the hurricane-deck." And with these words he walked towards the wheel-house, and went up, followed by Simmons, and sat down in front of one of the colossal chimneys. For a few minutes he preserved silence, and looked thoughtfully at the green wilderness before him, and then began, rather speaking to himself than his friend—

"I am a native of Virginia. My father, a Scot, only settled in the 'old dominion' about six years before my birth, and then formed the acquaintance of a young German lady, whom he married.

"My mother bore him three boys in twelve years, but died in her last accouchement, and the child speedily followed her into the grave.

"We boys were now all that was left my father, and he never ceased to toil indefatigably for us, so that his prosperity increased each year, and he, who had arrived from the old country with a few hundred dollars, soon possessed one of the finest plantations in Virginia, as well as nearly eighty slaves. Scarcely a mile distant from our house—the fields joined—was the plantation of a rich man named Taylor, who, himself childless, had adopted an orphan, and loved her as his own. We were playmates as children.

"Old Taylor died, and left everything to this girl, but placed her under the guardianship of his brother, to whom he intrusted Celeste—then nine years of age—on his dying bed.

"The brother had just returned from Mexico, where, it was said, he had kept a public gambling-house, and had earned much money, if not in the most honourable manner. He had a son about my own age, and his plan was soon formed: to bring up Celeste for this son, and so obtain both plantations for his heir.

"This plan became, later, a necessity, because he lost nearly all his fortune through unlucky speculations, and the failure of several banks. We children grew up, in the meanwhile, and Celeste was sixteen, myself twenty-two, when the crafty man first perceived that the familiarity existing between two playmates might easily be converted into love.

"He took Celeste with him to Cincinnati, and placed her there in a school, under the pretext of perfecting her in feminine accomplishments, but, in reality, to separate us.

"It was too late. We exchanged letters; and that which we had not before dreamed of—or, at least, had not dared to utter to one another—we now confessed in our letters in the most glowing terms.

"One of these letters fell into old Taylor's hands; he opened it, and immediately went to Cincinnati in the greatest rage, to suppress, while there was yet time, those feelings which he had not imagined so deeply rooted in Celeste's mind.

"Where he expected timidity and obedience, he found an undaunted bearing and firm will; and soon saw that only severe measures could effect a change.

"He left the plantation in the hands of an overseer, and went to Georgia—I followed.

"Thence he went to Alabama; and there I found him out, and approached Celeste.

"His son, a repulsive-looking fellow, with light hair and green eyes—who made Celeste almost mad by his importunate declarations of love—was everywhere their companion.

"I applied to old Taylor himself, and asked Celeste's hand, giving up any claim to her fortune, and handing him a written promise never to ask him for the estates, which he seemed so fond of; for I possessed sufficient fortune of my own to live happily and independently. The old villain, however, sent me no answer, because he probably felt ashamed openly to retain Celeste's fortune—of which, as I then conjectured, he had converted a large portion to his own uses—and preferred retiring again secretly, and, on this occasion, to New Orleans.

"He had taken such excellent precautions to deceive me about his departure,

that all my inquiries led me to believe him in Texas; but a letter which I fortunately received at the very moment I was going to leave Mobile for Huston, told me where they really were. I immediately changed my plans, and arrived a few days after them in New Orleans.

"There I was taken so ill, that the physicians who attended me despaired of my recovery. For weeks I lay in a terrible fever, which became frenzy when, in my sane moments, I thought that Celeste might be torn from me and, perchance, compelled to give her hand to my hated rival.

"At length my powerful constitution gained the victory. I was scarce strong enough to leave my room, when I flew to Celeste's residence. She had gone months before, with her uncle, no one knew whither; some fancied to Texas, others to Mexico; many asserted he was in New York, while others insisted on his being at Cincinnati.

"I now returned home, and lived with my father; I slowly recovered from the effects of my illness, and intended to renew my inquiries as soon as I was in perfect health. The news suddenly reached our neighbourhood, in the spring of the year, that young Taylor had married Celeste—whose health had also suffered by a residence in New Orleans—and had taken his wife to England.

"This news immediately destroyed all the faint hopes I had, till then, secretly entertained; I devoted myself indefatigably to the business of my plantation, as my father was gradually breaking, and exerted myself to forget, in the labour and occupation of my vocation, all that had destroyed the happiness and peace of my life.

"In June I went on business to New Orleans, where I was compelled to remain some six or seven weeks; but conceive my sorrow, dear Simmons, when a mulatto woman handed me a letter, a few days ago, which Celeste had written to me when I lay in the dreams of fever, and in which she hurriedly told me that she was being taken to St. Louis, and entreated me to follow her and liberate her from the hands of her relatives, whose importunities and persecution had made life a burthen to her. The letter had not reached me then; and now—now, when it is too late—her trembling voice sounds on my ear, and tears open afresh all the old wounds of my heart."

"Then you're going to St. Louis?" Simmons asked gently, after listening to the young man's story with much sympathy, and seizing his hand as he turned to wipe away two bright tears that filled his eyes.

"Yes, I'm going to St. Louis. I will, at least, be certain about Celeste's fate. Perhaps I shall find her happy in her new circumstances—contented. If so, I may, perhaps, be able to endure what is inevitable."

He bowed his head on his hand, and looked fixedly down, while both were silent for awhile, each engaged with his own thoughts.

Thick mists had descended on the stream while they were conversing; and the steersman, who kept as close as he dared to shore, could only perceive the summits of the trees which emerged from the sea of fog.

"Stand by to stop her!" the pilot called down to the mate; "the mist's getting too thick, and I fancy I hear a boat coming down the stream."

"Ay—ay!" was the sharp reply, and the necessary orders were given on deck.

Young Dalton, who saw his darling intrusted to the care of all the ladies on board, and had taken advantage of Mr. Gray's kind offer to make use of his

wardrobe, now walked up to the two gentlemen, and interrupted their previous conversation.

"I am afraid we shall have to lay by," he said, after a hasty salute; "the fog's growing thicker every moment, and just before us, there is a tremendous bend in the river, which has already been the destruction of many boats, through snags, sand-banks, and collisions."

"Our pilot is very careful," Gray replied; "and I fancy he's only getting out of the current to anchor, or ——"

"Take care!—look out!—a boat!" a number of voices shouted together; and out of the thick mist, right in front of the Oceanic, the shape of a steamer became visible, which was coming down without using its paddles, and on which the bell was now being rung furiously.

Scarcely perceived, it came up with the Oceanic before the engine could be stopped; and a moment of terrible, breathless silence—during which the bows of the Oceanic ran into, or rather over, those of the other vessel—was followed by a terrible crash, which was accompanied by shrieks of terror from a hundred throats.

The three men on the hurricane-deck had held on by the iron supports of the chimney, and observed, with bated breath, the result of the collision, but saw immediately, that if either boat were in real danger, it was only the one coming down the stream, for it was considerably the smaller, and was pressed down to the water's edge by the bows of the Oceanic. They sprang down—the one to calm his bride, the other to save or assist, if it were requisite.

The Oceanic, as we stated, had run its bowsprit on the fore-castle of the Mazeppa (as the other boat was called), but had not done any considerable injury, for the captain of the Mazeppa had immediately torn the planks up, and found that the water was only coming in through a very trifling leak. He therefore sought to calm his passengers, who had, immediately after the collision, sprung on to the larger vessel.

Simmons, who was well acquainted with steamers, and saw at the first glance how matters were, took Gray by the arm, and, while leading him up the cabin-stairs, said, "Come, come! in a quarter of an hour both vessels will be all right; and we'll liquor in the meanwhile, and calm the people up above. There is a terrible row in the cabin." With these words they entered the dining-cabin, in which the most terrific confusion prevailed.

"Hullo!" old Simmons cried, as he opened the door, "what on earth's up here?" And he really had every cause to ask, for the Oceanic's cabin resembled a second Babel, in such wild confusion were Americans, French, Germans, and English running about laden with their traps, looking for their trunks and hat-boxes, to put them in a place of security. A picture of the most excruciating terror was presented by the stout French lady, who was rushing up and down the cabin with flying locks and ashy face, with an immense life-buoy fastened round her—which, however, hung still unfilled round her loins—shouting in a voice almost suffocated by terror, "Blow me out—blow me out!"

"But, Mrs. —— what's your name?" Simmons asked, opening his eyes to their fullest extent.

"Blow me out—blow me out!" the lady yelled.

"Gray!" said Simmons, who had been looking at her for a minute or two, and

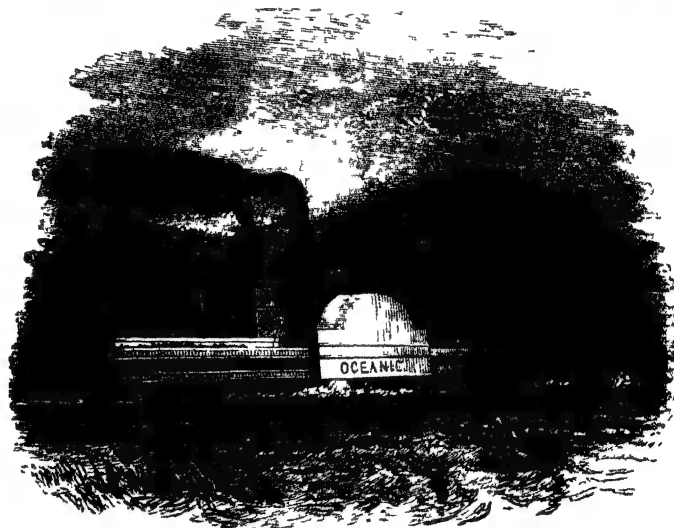
then fell back in a chair, while the tears ran down his cheeks from laughing—
“Gray, I’m a dead man—I can’t last any longer—the fat woman—the fat woman wants to be blown out to a still greater size.”

“But she means the life-buoy,” Gray replied with a smile.

The sight of that stout old lady, on whose forehead the perspiration of terror stood in huge drops, and the comicality of her position, were too much for both Gray and Simmons, and they, convulsed with laughter, left the cabin.

“If I die now, that woman will be my death,” cried Simmons, as he dried his forehead, and ran to the boiler-deck. “I feel as if I had broken something internally.”

The captain had now entered the cabin, and, although he could scarce refrain from laughing at the confusion that everywhere met his glance, he at the same



time soothed his terrified passengers, by assuring them on his honour that there was not the slightest danger.

In the meanwhile the little Frenchman had been looking for his own life-buoy. The moment had now arrived when he should employ it, and the cushion—which he had suspended over his bed, that it might not be out of the way—was missing at the critical moment. His eyes suddenly fell on Mr. Bloomfield, and he recognized his own life-buoy, but still unblown, round his loins, with which the New-Yorker, who now fancied himself quite secure, was walking up and down, scorning all danger.

“What are you do with my life-buoy, sar,” he cried to him. “Did I pay so much money for it in New Orleans for you to save your life wid it?”

“But, my dear sir,” Bloomfield replied, who had seen the article in question hanging in the cabin he had in common with the Frenchman, and had regarded it as belonging to the vessel—“but, dear sir, I did not know; I fancied that —.”

"And you haven't even blown it out!" the Frenchman continued with a smile. "Do you think that the stuff will float you without air inside?"

"Ah! that was the reason the lady cried so for some one to blow her out," Bloomfield said in surprise.

"Don't mention it, man!" Simmons shouted, who had returned in the meanwhile. "Don't mention the lady, if my life and the preservation of my blood-vessels are worth a cent in your eyes. But come, let's liquor," he continued, as he turned to the bar, where the bar-keeper was busily engaged in repairing the disorder which the first violent collision had caused among his bottles and glasses. "Come here, all of you," he cried in a louder tone. "All of us want a drain to restore our equilibrium in some degree. I take brandy and sugar."

In the meanwhile the Oceanic had been again pushed off by the industry and exertions of the sailors and 'tween-deck passengers, and both vessels lay peaceably together near the bank, awaiting the rising of the mist.

"But, Captain Dundas," the captain of the Oceanic asked him of the Mazeppa, as they were seated in the cabin of the former vessel, while one of the waiters was going round the boat ringing a bell to inform the cabin passengers that, spite of accidents and dangers, dinner would be served immediately—"but, captain, what the deuce drove you down the stream, so that we heard neither engine nor paddles?"

"I heard your boat a short time before," the pilot remarked; "but soon after, everything being quiet, I fancied you had stopped."

"The stupidity of some of my people is alone to blame, and I can't find out exactly who is the guilty party," Captain Dundas replied with a smile. "When the fog grew so thick that I was afraid of a collision, and heard you coming, I called to my mate to have the anchor ready; he gave the necessary orders, and my deck-hands set to work to carry them out. Some cleared the chains, others raised the anchor; but not one of the sea-dogs thought of fastening the anchor to the chain. When I fancied that everything was in order, and your boat came nearer, while the fog grew thicker, I hulled from the deck, 'Throw the anchor overboard!' 'All over' was the answer I received, and at the same moment I saw the steam of the Oceanic. I immediately ran to the bell, and rang it with all my strength; but it was too late, and it is only fortunate that our collision was not worse than it was. But I see that the fog is settling down, and I'll be off again. I shall be obliged to stop at Vicksburg, and have my leak repaired—so good-bye, captain; good-bye, gentlemen." And with these words he went on board his own vessel, which was in readiness to start.

The Oceanic was also unmoored from the trees on the bank, and while the passengers were sitting down to dinner, it pursued its snorting and puffing course.

The company on this day were merrier over their dinner than is usually the case on American steamers, and there was much laughing at the various comical scenes and situations which had occurred during the apprehended danger, and which many of the passengers related themselves, for the sake of having a laugh, even at their own expense.

THE SON-IN-LAW.

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

IV.

MADemoiselle BAILLEUL's plan was formed in a very few moments. CHAUDIEU should fight with Laboissière; her own letters being the reward of the victor. Might not fortune favour the good cause? Might not Laboissière, wounded, repentant, restore that correspondence of which he had threatened to make so base a use? But how if, by some fatal chance, her own champion were vanquished? Why, that misfortune could add nothing to the danger she dreaded; and, besides, why need she contemplate such a contingency? Does the drowning person, instead of clutching at the rope thrown to his assistance, stop to calculate whether it be strong enough to bear his weight?

In this game, the cards of which she was shuffling, Mademoiselle Bailleul risked the life of the lover whom she had loved so deeply; but the wound she had received bled too cruelly for her to recoil at the idea of extreme vengeance. La Rochefoucauld has said that if we judge of love by the majority of its effects, it more resembles hatred than friendship. The goblet of love is golden: poison appears not in it; but it fills little by little, and, with the very first drop in excess, it overflows. And between a lady of thirty-nine and a man of thirty-two, it is impossible that the drop in excess can be long forthcoming; and, in truth, it was now falling.

At the present moment, then, Mademoiselle Bailleul, hating Laboissière at least as much as she had once loved him, troubled herself but slightly with the risk he was about to incur.

It remained to reflect a moment as to Benoit Chaudieu, who, perhaps, might display little ardour in taking up the quarrels of others; but his scruples were of so secondary an importance, that Mademoiselle Bailleul immediately dismissed the matter from her thoughts. According to this lady's ideas, a son-in-law was a piece of furniture little agreeable to the eye, but of a certain value in a household where it might be daily used—a flesh-and-blood piece of furniture, that might be turned to a thousand domestic uses—for example, to carve at table, to carry a shawl or pelisse, to call a cab, to give one's arm to, to read the newspaper aloud, to complete a whist-party—for any, for every purpose, in fact. It is true, under pressure of exceptional circumstances, he might aspire to a higher office—in case of a pecuniary deficit he might be permitted to lend money, and, should some ill-bred fellow present himself, he might be allowed to kick him, or get kicked himself—for the honour of the family. But perhaps Benoit Chaudieu had his own opinion as to the proper duties of his station? Mademoiselle Bailleul was in no degree uneasy on that point; and consequently she awaited, with the calmness born of a belief in an infallible project, the arrival of her champion.

CHAUDIEU made his appearance without delay. His manner was placid, his expression careless; in truth, his whole demeanour was more than usually unconcerned. He entered the apartment with the most complete deliberation as he said—

"You have a message to send by me to Paris, I understand?"

"I have a most important matter to confide to you," replied Mademoiselle

Bailleul gravely. "But, first of all, you must declare to me, on your honour, that you will not reveal our conversation to any one. To no soul breathing; do you understand?—not even to your wife."

"You might save yourself that caution. I am aware we must only confide to a woman a secret we desire all the world to know."

"Ah, those are your principles!" said Adolphine's aunt, surprised at a reply which contrasted so strongly with the ordinary manner of Chaudieu.

"It is a proverb we have in Brittany."

There was an expression of determination in the sunburnt, bony visage of the young husband, that greatly astonished Mademoiselle Bailleul. She appeared to know Chaudieu for the first time, and she augured well for her enterprise at this unexpected symptom of energy.

"Listen to me," she said in a solemn tone, "and carefully weigh each of my words. Were your mother alive, and a man had insulted her, would you not defend her? Would you not employ all your strength and courage in protecting her?"

"I would do my duty," replied Chaudieu.

"You have had the misfortune to lose your mother; so has your wife; but your marriage with Adolphine has given you a claim upon your aunt, only to be surpassed by that of a brother. I am certain my brother regards you as a son; may I look upon you as a brother?"

Benoit Chaudieu gave a glance at the lady before him which clearly said, "I never dreamt I was so dear," but made no reply, merely inclining his head.

"I am sure you are a man of honour—a man of spirit!"

The son of Brittany acknowledged this compliment by a second salute, not less silent or ambiguous than the former.

"Suppose, then, I were to say to you, 'Benoit, a man has gravely, profoundly, mortally insulted me; he is my enemy; I have everything to fear from him; my brother is an old man, I have no son, and I am but a woman; will you defend me—will you succour me?' What would you do, my friend? Tell me."

Benoit lifted his nose towards the ceiling, and, crossing his hands over his stomach, twisted his thumbs energetically.

"What would I do? Well, really I don't know!" he said, with a circumspect air, after having reflected an instant. "I think you ought to tell me what to do."

"What, you a man, and make that reply to such a question! I speak to you of an unpardonable insult—of a serious danger—of a question of life and death—and you ask me what you ought to do! But you surely have not considered—or, rather, you have not understood me."

"Not thoroughly," replied Chaudieu with the greatest coolness. "You see, Brittany folks are somewhat dull of comprehension. If you were to speak a little more clearly, perhaps I might be able to understand you."

"If a man gave you a blow, what would you do?" said Adolphine's aunt in a sharp tone.

"Return two for it," replied the Breton.

"That is to say, you would provoke a duel between yourself and the individual who had struck you? Well, I will put you to the proof. In virtue of the tie

which unite us, your honour and mine are inseparable. You have been insulted in my person. Do you understand now?"

"Well, I really begin to guess. You want me to fight a duel. On that subject I have a trifling observation to make."

Mademoiselle's visage became darker.

"About two months ago, yourself, my wife, and myself were in the drawing-room. I was lying on the couch, asleep as you supposed; you were chatting near the piano. You said to Adolphine, 'You assert that your husband is dull and awkward. I admit it; but, on the other hand, he has neither energy nor a will of his own. You could mould him like soft wax. It is much better for you to have for husband a stupid fellow that you can lead by the nose, than a witty one who would govern you.'"

"I did not say that!" interrupted Mademoiselle Bailleul, blushing to the ears.

"I beg your pardon; you did say so. You decidedly declared me to be without will or energy; consequently you must permit me to be astonished when you ask me to play a part which imperatively requires both one and the other."

"You are evading my question," said Mademoiselle Bailleul, recovering from her confusion.

"You want an answer. Here it is. During the five months that I have been married, I have accepted the position you assigned me. I should have liked nothing better than to have been master in my own house; but I know that is not your idea. My wife controls me according to your instructions; in turn, you control my wife; consequently you are the head of this family. I dare hardly invite a friend to dine with me. When I request my servants to do anything, they stare at you; you arrange my house, lay out my garden; in short, I am a cipher. Very good! I don't complain. But, as I have no authority, I can't think of taking any responsibility. If I am nobody, I claim the right of not being consulted in anything."

"Oh! it is just as I expected!" cried Mademoiselle Bailleul. "You are precisely the weak, stupid mortal I took you to be when I first saw you."

Benoit inclined his head. "I wish you good morning!" said he, and went out of the apartment.

Chaudieu went straight to the parlour, where his solitary breakfast had been laid for him. He was busily engaged with a fine Bayonne ham, when the door opened, and his father-in-law entered, with a mysterious expression on his face.

"Well! what has my sister had to say?"

"She spoke about those shares of Laboissière!" answered Chaudieu, dropping two lumps of sugar into his cup of coffee.

"Just as I expected! Then she has changed her mind about them!"

"Not at all! Immediately after breakfast I start for Paris. By the bye, have you got the shares he allotted to you the other day?"

"Here they are," said M. Bailleul, taking out his pocket-book.

"You'll find pen and ink on that table. If you like, you may indorse the shares to me. I'll take them as so much on account of the forty thousand francs you owe me."

The old man lost no time in drawing forth from his pocket the straps of paper, of which he was only too eager to be disencumbered. But when he had dipped his pen in the ink, a sudden thought arrested his hand.

"You are sure my sister is aware of it?"

"Certainly!" replied Chaudieu. "Your sister and I understand each other perfectly. There's no time to be lost. I want to start immediately. I've several places to call at before I see Laboissière."

"There you are!" said M. Bailleul, handing over the shares to his son-in-law. "But, my dear Chaudieu, I—I think you ought to reflect a little before you conclude with Laboissière. I think you ought to make some further inquiries about this ship speculation. After all, why need you be in a hurry? Fifty thousand francs—that's a large sum; and you're not much accustomed to these matters, you know."

"Don't disturb yourself! I know you've very little confidence in me; but, after all, perhaps I'm not such a fool as I look!"

Without waiting for his father-in-law's reply, Chaudieu walked out of the room; ten minutes afterwards he was on the road to Paris, and, as the Bourse clock struck one he was at Laboissière's chambers, which were located in the very centre of the commercial quarter of the city.

Although not vast, the apartment of Laboissière had that appearance of luxury which seemed to denote the quarters of a rich and substantial man. He was so splendidly lodged that the most circumspect client, the most crabbed shareholder, could not help reposing confidence in him.

When the door opened, Laboissière buried his nose deep among the papers lying on his desk, affecting that profound preoccupation which may be termed the coquetry of business men. He remained in this attitude for several moments, pretending not to have heard the servant's announcement of Chaudieu's name; finally lifting his eyes, and glancing towards his visitor with an absent air—

"Beg pardon!" he said, without leaving his desk. "I was so busy that I did not see you. Sit down. You'll allow me to finish this letter?"

"By all means; I am in no hurry," replied Chaudieu, taking a seat.

Laboissière scribbled a few lines, and then raised his head afresh. "You'll find a plan of our inexplosible ships somewhere," he said carelessly. "Just glance your eye over it while I finish my job; it will give you an idea of their construction."

Chaudieu approached a table, and, without making any reply, began to study the drawing labelled "Inexplosible transatlantic vessels."

"Now I am at your service," said the speculator, after having folded the letter he had written. "But, before we proceed to business, how are we all at home? Are the ladies quite well?"

"Mademoiselle Bailleul is somewhat unwell."

"Passed a bad night, I suppose?"

"I believe so."

Laboissière left the maladies of Mademoiselle Bailleul for a subject considerably more interesting to him.

"As I was saying yesterday," he began, stretching himself carelessly in his chair, "our inexplosible shares are going up at an astonishing rate. A few days hence, and you would have been too late. The whole affair promises to be a brilliant success. But perhaps you'd like to hear what we propose to do, how we mean to carry out our scheme, and the probable results of the enterprise?"

Benoit Chaudieu inclined his head by way of affirmation.

"In a few words, then, here is the whole business: Compared with the triumphs achieved in America and in England, steam navigation is, among us, in

its infancy. In this respect, France is, incontestably, behind the nations I have mentioned. To remedy a state of things so deplorable both in a commercial and political point of view, will be to render eminently good service to our country; and I believe I am not deceiving myself when I affirm that the only means of obtaining that result is the creation of a regular service of steam vessels between France and America. Observe that I don't contemplate a trumpery speculation; I speak of a vast enterprise—one requiring a comprehensive basis. You understand me?"

"Perfectly! A comprehensive basis, which means, I suppose, plenty of money!" replied Chaudieu, with the modest air of a pupil submitting an observation to a professor.

"Decidedly. Money is the sinews of industry as of war; but what a difference in the result! War consumes; commerce fosters. In the present instance we risk silver and obtain gold. Let us anticipate matters a little; let us suppose our company in full activity. We have created between Bordeaux and the principal ports of America, Mexico, Rio Janeiro, a communication regular, rapid, safe, and economical. For regularity, we have only to launch a sufficient number of vessels. For rapidity—well, we shall make over twenty miles an hour. As for safety, our vessels can't be blown up; and to insure economy, we intend to do without coal altogether."

"Do without coal!" exclaimed Chaudieu.

"We intend to do without coal altogether," repeated Laboissière, with a smile of superiority. "You will permit me to keep silent just now as to the way in which we mean to effect this. That is the secret of our enterprise. Without further explanation, you must see that incalculable advantages will arise from the employment of a new motive power which promises increased speed at the minimum of cost."

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Chaudieu, apparently convinced of the greatness of the scheme. "Why it's a great compliment to be allowed to participate in it!"

Laboissière smiled. He already saw a roll of crisp bank-notes leaving the fingers of the delighted shareholder before him, and passing into the red mouth of that bulky pocket-book at his side. Without wasting more words, he resolved to go straight to the point.

"You want something like fifty thousand francs' worth of shares, I believe?"

"I beg your pardon—not exactly."

"But wasn't that the figure you yourself put it at yesterday?"

"Yesterday—yes."

"Have you changed your mind?"

"No."

"Then let us explain ourselves. Do you want more shares or fewer?"

"Neither more nor fewer."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't want any at all."

This was a conclusion so completely unexpected, that, despite the self-control his many acts of commercial diplomacy had endowed him with, Laboissière could not help jumping up from his chair. But, the first moment of surprise passed, he immediately re-seated himself, with a calm countenance, fixing on Chaudieu his penetrating eye.

THE SON-IN-LAW.

"It appears that you have slept on it?"

"Precisely. I have slept on it!"

"And, doubtless," continued Laboissière, "Mademoiselle Bailleul is no stranger to your change of intentions?"

"Mademoiselle Bailleul knows nothing of the matter."

The disappointed speculator twisted his moustache and knitted his brows.

"I must assure myself on that point!" he said, as if speaking to himself.

"As you please," replied Chaudieu.

"Well, as you so completely change your mind in twenty-four hours, there's nothing more to be said. But, as you don't require the shares, may I inquire what has procured me the honour of your visit this morning?"

"I had two motives in coming here," replied Chaudieu, with the most perfect calmness. "Here is the first. About three months ago my father-in-law took ten thousand francs' worth of shares in your speculation. These shares have become mine, to-day, in consequence of M. Bailleul's indorsing them to me. As I have already told you, I don't wish to embark in this speculation; and, as there seems such a demand for them, I suppose you will have no objection to take them from me at par?"

"What do you say?" broke forth the speculator, regarding the speaker with the utmost astonishment.

"I say that I have the shares in my pocket-book; and, as I perceive, a number of bank-notes in yours, nothing can be easier than the exchange."

Laboissière fell back in his chair, as if to give a free course to the laughter provoked by so much simplicity.

"My dear Chaudieu," he said, after taking breath, "I knew you were a capital fellow, a distinguished house-painter and amateur gardener; but, upon my honour, I had no idea you were so great a humorist."

Benoit Chaudieu smiled. "We'll return to the shares presently," said he; "now, if you please, I'll explain the second motive of my visit."

"Do, pray! One so seldom gets a hearty laugh. Let us hope that number two will prove not less diverting than the first."

"We shall see. You are the possessor of forty-three letters written to you by Mademoiselle Bailleul. My second object in visiting you is to demand the restitution of those letters."

"Ah! the mystery's explained. I was sure Mademoiselle Bailleul had a hand in this business. Poor lady! She prefers war? She shall have it. Benoit Chaudieu, your first demand was a piece of harmless pleasantry, and I was content to laugh at it. But now I am compelled to become serious. You have not sufficiently reflected on the consequences of the mission with which Mademoiselle Bailleul has charged you."

"Mademoiselle Bailleul has charged me with no mission."

"Has she not spoken to you of these letters?"

"Certainly not."

"Then who has?"

"You must allow me to make no reply to that question."

"Then I suppose you to be acting on your own responsibility?"

"Yes."

"In that case, here is my answer. Though you are the husband of Made-

moiselle Bailleul's niece, I don't admit your right to interfere without authority in an affair which interests her alone. I refuse to give up the letters. As for your other demand, I sell shares, not buy them."

"I expected both refusals," replied Chaudieu. "So I have taken measures to compel you to comply with both demands."

"Indeed! And what are these measures, pray?"

"If you will be good enough to listen, you shall learn."

"Certainly. I am ready to listen for any length of time. I am exceedingly curious to hear what you can say that will compel me to say yes, when I have already said no. Do you object to tobacco?"

"Not at all!" replied Chaudieu.

Laboissière lit a cigar, folded his arms gracefully, threw himself back in his chair, and placed his legs upon the desk before him. In this careless attitude, while he discharged from his lips a stream of tobacco-smoke, he seemed to await Chaudieu's words, as something that would afford him an infinite degree of mirth.

"Now, my dear sir," he said, "you may commence. I am all ears!"

Benoît Chaudieu surveyed, for an instant, the man of speculations. Then breaking the silence in a calm and self-possessed tone—

"When you were explaining your commercial theories just now," he said, "you thought you were speaking to a man who was a total stranger to such matters: you were mistaken. Although I cannot boast of such vast experience as yourself, I am not entirely ignorant in matters of business; and for this reason:—Some four years ago I was a partner in a discount-house, which transacted a great deal of business—the firm of Roux, Jaubert, and Co., in the Rue Cléry."

Laboissière made a sudden start, which caused his chair to glide backwards; and his legs, losing their support on the desk, fell upon the floor.

"One day," continued Chaudieu, regarding his listener fixedly, "(it was the 30th of April, 1832,) an individual presented at our house a bill drawn upon us by the firm of Rhul and Dentzel, of Strasbourg."

The speculator dropped his eyes, and appeared exceedingly uneasy.

"Although we had received no advice from our correspondents, the bill was paid, for it appeared all regular. It was, nevertheless, a forgery. On making inquiries, we discovered that the body of the bill had been drawn by the firm, but the signature was a forgery. From the first, our correspondents' suspicions fell upon a young clerk who had just been discharged. That young man was called Chabaud; but he had also another name—Why, you've let your cigar out!"

Laboissière, whose breathing seemed suspended for an instant, made a great effort to extract smoke from the cigar between his lips; but it was too late; the little roll of tobacco was completely extinguished.

"We put the authorities on the track of this discharged clerk, but without success; no trace of him could be discovered. The affair was afterwards forgotten. Two persons had, however, seen Chabaud when he presented the bill at the Rue Cléry. One was the cashier, M. Blancquart, since dead. The other was a partner in the firm; and he, across the counter, had perceived and noted the features of the man who had presented the forged bill, in such a way as to know them again. That partner was myself!"

• Laboissière crossed his arms over his chest with a convulsive movement, and crunched the extinguished cigar mechanically between his teeth.

Chaudieu continued—"This Chabaud, who has, however, another name—this forger, in fact—was *you*!"

Laboissière had collected all his strength to receive the shock which he had for several moments felt was inevitably about to fall upon him.

"It is an infamous calumny," he cried, jumping up from his chair. "It is an abominable lie. Your life shall answer for this insult!"

"I do not think so; but allow me to conclude. I shall not occupy myself with your life since the 30th of April, 1832, nor with the manner in which, about a year since, you obtained an introduction to the house of my father-in-law. It would be useless to go farther back than the date of my marriage, when it seemed to me that I had seen your face before. When I married my wife, whose family I had only known a short time, you were at Bordeaux, organizing your inexplicable ship speculation. I met you at the house of my father-in-law after your return. I have an excellent memory. Your face seemed familiar to me instantly, and soon I remembered when and under what circumstances I had seen you."

"It is an atrocious falsehood, I tell you."

"I recognized you instantly, beyond the slightest doubt. Your name confirmed the evidence of your features. Messrs. Rhul and Dentzel had informed me that the suspected clerk's name in full was Gustave Chabaud Laboissière. At Strasbourg you were called Chabaud simply; but considering, doubtless, that name had seen enough service, you abandoned it in Paris for Laboissière, just as one leaves a wounded horse in battle for a sounder and fresher animal."

"Proceed!" replied the speculator. "Continue your insults. When you have finished we shall settle the account."

SUMMER.

'Tis summer!—I know by the morning's breath,
By the forest's wearing a brighter wreath;
By the lark's sweet hymn, as she mounts on
high,

To welcome with joy the dawning sky;
By the breeze's voice, and the woodland song,
And the streamlet's hum, as it flows along.

'Tis summer!—I know by the noontide's glow,
When the sun looks down on this world below;
By the cloudless sky and the sunny ray,
So bright and clear at the noon of day;
By the wild bee seeing the clear sunshine,
I know, I know 'tis the summer time.

'Tis summer!—I know by the evening's ray,
By the farewell light of departing day;
By the flow'rets shedding a sweet perfume
Ere they close their leaves on the darksome
gloom;
By the distant song of the nightingale,
I know she is telling her summer's tale.

'Tis summer!—I know by the starry night,
By the silver shine of the clear moonlight;
By the stilly hush that hovers around,
But faintly broke by the waves' low sound;
By that hour more sweet than the daylight's close,
I know 'tis the summer's moonlight repose.

A. N.



IN the parlour of the famous London tavern, "The Good Woman," No. 77, Fleet-street, sat Master John Farren, the host, in his arm-chair, his arms folded upon his ample breast, ready to receive his guests.

It was seven in the evening, the hour at which the members of the club were wont to assemble, according to the good old London custom of 1742. Directly before worthy John Farren stood Mistress Betty, his wife—her withered arms akimbo, and an angry flush on her usually pale and sallow cheeks.

"Is it true, Master John," she inquired in a shrill tone—"is it possible? Do you really mean to throw our Ellen—our only child—into the arms of that German beggar?"

"Not exactly to throw her into his arms, Mistress Betty," replied John quietly; "but Ellen loves the lad, and he is a brave fellow, is Joseph Wach—handsome, honest, clever, industrious."

"And poor as a church mouse!" interrupted Betty. "And nobody knows who or what he is!"

"Yes; his countryman, Handel, says there's something great in him."

"Tush! Get away with your Master Handel! He is always your authority. What is he to us, now that it is all over with him in the favour of his Majesty? While he could go in and out of Carlton House daily, his good word was something worth caring for; but, now that he's banished thence for his high-flown, insolent conduct, what is he but an ordinary vagabond musician?" It would be difficult

to say how far the old lady's wrath would have led, had she not been interrupted by the entrance of two gentlemen.

"Well!" cried the elder of the two—a colossal figure, with a handsome and expressive countenance, and large flashing eyes—"well, Master John, how goes it?"

"So, so! Master Handel," was the reply; "the better that you have just come in time to silence my good woman."

Handel gave his stick and hat to the waiter, and turned to his companion, a man about middle height, of simple and plain exterior; but in the corner of whose laughing eye the observer could detect a world of shrewdness and waggery. His name was William Hogarth, and he was well esteemed as a portrait-painter.

"You think, then," said Handel, keenly regarding his companion—"you think, then, the Duke would do something for my 'Messiah' if I begged a favour of him?"

"You shall not trouble yourself to beg a favour of him," exclaimed Hogarth eagerly. "I will not ask you to do so; no honourable man would ask it. Speak to the point at once with him, and you may be sure he will use all his influence to get the work suitably represented."

"But is it not too bad," cried Handel, "that I must flatter such a shallow-pate as the Duke of Bedford to get my best (Heaven knows, my *best*!) work brought before the public? Listen, Hogarth: I have been thirty-two years in England. I was only twenty-five when I first arrived in this country, but I had been a diligent student almost from the day when I first saw the light on the banks of the sunny Saale, in Lower Saxony. My father, who had at first regarded me as the unexpected solace of his old age—he was sixty-three years old when I was born—soon began to grow terribly alarmed as he saw that I was determined to become a musician, while he wanted to make a lawyer of me. Every kind of musical instrument was carefully put beyond my reach, but the strong vocation with which I came into the world overcame every obstacle. I constructed a clavichord, and, when all my father's household slept, I stole into the garret, where I had concealed it, to play upon my treasured instrument. Fortune came unexpectedly to my aid: one day I found myself before the organ in the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfel's chapel; I was unable to resist the temptation of touching it. The Duke heard me. I was brought before him. He wrung the secret of my stolen musical practice from me, and, in his delight at my performance on his organ, he promised to intercede for me with my father. He was successful. I was permitted to study under Sackau, the organist at the Cathedral of Halle; he taught me to play the harpsichord, the violin, the organ, and the hautboy. At length he declared he could teach me no more. At eleven years old I went to Berlin, where the worthy Prussians were good enough to regard me as a prodigy. A year after, I was recalled home by my father, who died shortly after my return. He left me poor enough. I wanted to go to Italy, but my funds were too scanty. I was compelled to become a violin-player in the Opera House at Hamburg. My condition there was sorry enough; but one day I fancied that a chance of proving my musical powers was opened to me. The office of organist of Lubeck was vacant. I went there; but discovered that, in order to obtain it, I must marry the daughter of the retiring organist. Matrimony has never yet had any charms for me. I returned. I worked on till, at the age of twenty, I produced my first dramatic works—'Almina,' 'Nero,' 'Daphne,' and 'Florinda.' After spending

three years in Hamburg, I took my departure for Florence, where I produced my 'Roderigo,' for which the Duke presented me with a service of plate and a purse of a hundred sequins. There was a song in this opera for which the accompaniment of a trumpet was positively required; but, as there was no trumpeter to be found in Florence, I was compelled to accept the hautboy instead! I next visited Venice, and produced there my 'Agrippina;' and from Venice I wandered to Rome, where I composed sacred music. At Naples I brought out my 'Acis and Galatea,' in the year 1708—that is to say, when I was in my twenty-third year. I paid a second visit to Florence, Venice, and Rome, in search of employment; but Italy no longer appeared to present work suitable to one who, like myself, was a conscientious Lutheran. I returned to Halle, resolved to embrace my old, blind mother once more, and to shake my first master, Sackau, by the hand. At length I came to your country, at the close of the year 1710. After this short account of my early years, I think you will admit that I have deserved a better reward than the indifference which greets my efforts."

"Well," answered Hogarth, "follow my advice: call on the Duke of Bedford. Have you not discovered that the patronage of a stupid great man does no harm to a work of art? You know me, Handel, and know that I abhor nothing so much as servility, be it to whom it may. You know, as well as I, that talent, a true taste for art, and wealth to support both, are seldom or never found together. Let us thank God if the unendowed are good-natured enough not to grudge us our glorious inheritance, while they deny us not a few crumbs from their luxurious tables."

Here the door opened, and there entered Master Tyers, then lessee of Vauxhall, the Abbé Dubos, and Doctor Benjamin Hualdy. They were followed by Joseph Wach, a young German, who was studying music under Handel's instruction.

"Master Handel," began the abbé, "do you know, I was not able to sleep last night, because your chorus, 'For the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,' rang continually in my head and sounded in my ears. I fancy, good Master Handel, your glory shall be revealed through your 'Messiah,' when you can once get it suitably brought out. But the Archbishop, it seems, is against it."

Handel reddened violently, as he always did when anger stirred him. "A just Christian is the Archbishop. He asked me if he should compose me a text for the 'Messiah.' And when I calmly asked him if he thought me a heathen who knew nothing of the Bible, or if he thought to make it better than it stood in the Holy Scriptures, he turned his back on me, and represented me to the court as a rude, thankless boor. Enough of repining, however. I will take advice of my friend Hogarth. To-morrow I go to the Duke of Bedford, and you *shall* hear the 'Messiah,' were all the rascals in the three kingdoms against it."

The next morning Handel went, as he had promised his friends, to the Duke of Bedford. His Grace had given a grand breakfast, and half the Court were assembled in his house. The servants announced the great composer's arrival to their master.

The Duke was but an indifferent connoisseur, yet he loved the reputation of a patron of the arts, and took great pleasure in exhibiting himself in that light to the Court and the King. It was his dearest wish to win the illustrious master to himself, particularly as he well knew that the absence of Handel from Carlton House was in no way owing to want of favour with the Sovereign. The King, on

the contrary, highly valued and appreciated his genius. But Handel's haughty nature could not bend to the forms and ceremonies held indispensable not only at Carlton House, but among all the London aristocracy; and it was natural that this peculiarity should gradually remove him from the circles of the nobility. His fame, on this account, only rose the higher. His oratorio of "Saul," which had been produced some three years previously, first in the metropolis and afterwards in the chief provincial towns, had stamped him a composer whom none had surpassed. The King was delighted; the Court and nobles professed at least to be no less so. When informed of his arrival, the Duke hastened out, shook the master cordially by the hand, and was leading him, without ceremony, into the room where his guests were assembled. But Handel, thanking him for the honour, informed him he had come to ask a favour of his Grace.

"Well, Handel," said the Duke smiling, "come with me into my study."

The composer followed his noble host, and unfolded his petition in a few words. To wit: that his Grace would be pleased to set right the heads of those who sought to lay obstacles in the way of the representation of his "Messiah," which had already been enthusiastically received by the Irish public at Dublin.

The Duke heard him out, and promised to use every means and all his influence to prevent any further obstacle being interposed, and to remove those already in the way.

"Now, come in with me, Master Handel," said the Duke. "You will see many faces that are not strangers to you, and an honest countryman of yours, moreover, whom I have taken into my service. His name is Kellermann, and he is an excellent flute-player."

"Is the worthy fellow in London!" exclaimed Handel, with joyful surprise. "That is news, indeed! I will go with you, were your chamber filled with baboons."

"Oh, no lack of them!" laughed the Duke, as he led his guest into the saloon. "And you will find a fat capon into the bargain."

Great was the sensation among the assembled guests when the Duke ushered in the celebrated composer. After a moment the Duke beckoned Kellermann to him, and Handel greeted his old friend with all the warmth of his nature. The Duke appeared to enjoy his satisfaction, and allowed the two friends to remain undisturbed, though Farinelli, the idol of the London world of fashion, hemmed and cleared his throat many times over the piano, in token that he was about to sing, and wanted Kellermann to come and accompany him. At length Kellermann observed his uncasiness; he pressed his friend's hand with a smile, returned to his place, took up his flute, and Signor Farinelli, having once more cleared his throat, began a melting melody in his sweet, clear voice.

Handel, a powerful man, austere in his life, vigorous in his works, abhorred nothing so much as the singing of these effeminate creatures; and all the luxurious cultivation of Signor Farinelli seemed to him only a miserable mockery of nature, as of heaven-born art. But, however much displeased at the soft trilling of the Italian whom Kellermann accompanied, and dexterously imitated on his flute, he could not refrain from laughing inwardly at the effect produced on the company. The men rolled up their eyes, and sighed and moaned with delight. The ladies seemed to float in rapture, like Farinelli's tones. "Sweet! sweet!" sighed one to another. "Yes, indeed," lisped a fair one in reply, drooping her eyelids and bending her head. Signor Farinelli ceased, and eager applause rewarded his

exertions. The Duke now introduced Handel to the Italian, who, after some complimentary phrases, addressed the master in broken English.

"I have inteso," he said with a complaisant smile, "that il Signor Aendel has composed una opera, 'Il Messia.' Is there in that opera a part to sing for il famous musico Farinelli? I mean for me."

Handel looked at the ornamented little man from head to foot, and answered in his deepest bass tone, "No, *Signora*."

The company burst out laughing. The ladies covered their faces. The composer took his leave.

Handel sat in his chamber, deep in composition. Once again he went over every note. Now he would smile over a passage that pleased him, now pause earnestly upon something that did not suit him so well—pondering, striking out, and altering to suit his judgment. At length his eyes rested upon the last "Amen" long—long—till a tear fell on the leaf!

"This note!" said he, solemnly looking upwards—"this note is, perhaps, my best. Receive, oh! benevolent Father, my gratitude for this work! Amen."

In the evening Handel went to visit his old friend, John Farren's tavern. Hogarth was already there.

"Well," cried the latter, "are you pleased with your singers? Will they acquit themselves as well to-morrow as your Dublin performers did last year?"

"They cannot behave very badly," answered Handel. "I have drilled them diligently, and Joseph has helped me with assiduous study. But the first soprano is dreadfully mediocre. I am sorry for it, as some of my best music——"

Here Joseph Wach put in his head at the door, and said, "Master Handel, a word, if you please."

"Well, what do you want?" asked Handel, as he rose and went out. His companions looked smilingly at one another, and John Farren sent forth from his leathern chair a prolonged "Ha! ha! ha!" Joseph beckoned to Handel to follow him up-stairs. He led the way into his chamber. To the composer's astonishment, he there found the pretty Ellen Farren, the daughter of the tavern-keeper.

"What does all this mean?" asked Handel, evidently displeased. "Open your mouth; speak!" he said impatiently to Joseph.

Joseph began—"For what I am I thank you, my dear master. You befriended me when I came hither a stranger. To make me a good singer you have spent many an hour in which you could have done something great."

"Come, stupid!" he replied, "do you think making a good singer was not doing something great—eh?"

"Master, it has often grieved me to see you vexed beyond reason with indifferent singers, because their education is far behind your *works*!"

"It is so!" sighed Handel.

"And I have tried," continued Joseph, "to make a singer for you. I think I have succeeded. There she is!" and he pointed to Ellen.

Handel opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

"Ellen!—what our Ellen?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes," cried the tavern-keeper's daughter, coming forward.

"Shall she sing before you?" asked Joseph.

"I am curious to see how your teaching has succeeded," said

Joseph rushed joyfully to the harpsichord. Ellen took her place beside him and began.

How the composer was affected—how he listened, when he heard the most splendid part in his forthcoming “Messiah,” the grand air, “I know that my Redeemer liveth”—and how Ellen sang it, the reader may conjecture when, after she had ceased, Handel still sat motionless, a happy smile on his lips, his large flashing eyes full of tears of deep religious emotion. At length he drew a deep breath, arose, and kissed the forehead of the maiden. “Ellen, my good child, you shall sing this part to-morrow!”

The maiden sobbed for joy, and fell upon her lover's neck; and Joseph, enraptured, sang—

“*Erwach'—‘erwach’—an Liebste der Wonne;
Frohlocke!—frohlocke du!*”

“AMEN” resounded through the vast arches of the church, and died away in whispered melody through its remotest aisles. “Amen,” responded Handel, as he slowly let fall the staff with which he had kept time. Successful beyond expectation was the first performance of his immortal masterpiece. Immense was the impression it produced, as well on the performers as on the public. The fame of Handel was now immoveably fixed. George the Second, who was present, expressed his thanks to the composer for his great masterpiece. “And now tell me what can I do to display my gratitude?” said the King to Handel.

“If you will give a place in your chapel to the young man who sang the tenor part so well, I should be ever thankful to your Majesty. He is my pupil—Joseph Wach.”

“He is, from this moment, the first tenor in the chapel choir!” answered the King.

We shall not attempt to describe the joy this news caused the lovers, Joseph and Ellen. John Farren took his old wife in his arms, and fairly hugged her as she consented to the union of the pair.

For seventeen years more Handel continued his superhuman labours. “The Messiah,” that marvellous work, was written in three weeks, and was followed by other great efforts of his gigantic mind, such as “Samson,” the “Dettingen Te Deum and Anthem,” “Joshua,” and scores, literally scores, of other oratorios, anthems, operas, and smaller pieces, just as it had been preceded by a similar fruitfulness of genius.

Handel's genius embellished all the great events of his time. His music was required to celebrate the birthday of Queen Anne, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, George the Third's father; that of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Orange, the coronation of George the Second, and the burial of Queen Caroline; the peace of Utrecht, and the victories of Culloden and Dettingen. Even in our own day, no great public funeral takes place without his solemn and impressive “Dead March from Saul.”

In the last years of his life the great musician's sight failed him, but still the grand old man would preside at the organ during the performance of his works. Proud and magnificent is the marble monument erected in Westminster Abbey, where the bones of the musical giant are laid. Time may destroy it, but the monument he himself, in his high and holy inspiration, has left to his adopted country—his “Messiah”—will endure for ever!



AUGUST has come—the *barn-month* of our Saxon ancestors, who so called it because their barns were, in this month, usually filled with corn. It is allegorically represented by a fierce-looking youth, habited in a flame-coloured garment, and crowned with a wheaten garland, with a sickle in his belt and a basket of summer fruit on his arm. The Romans dedicated it to the honour of Augustus Cæsar, because, in this month, he was created consul, because he thrice triumphed at Rome, and because he subdued Egypt and made an end of the civil wars. But might it not be called the “Festive Month of the Birds?” seeing that in it they are supplied with plenty, when

“Their little lives are void of care,
From bush to bush they fly,
Filling the rich ambrosial air -
Of August’s painted sky.”

Or might it not be called the “DOMESTIC ENGLISHWOMAN’S MONTH,” as in it she generally dons her pretty muslin dresses, her cool white bonnets, and her light shawls? Call it what we may, however, it is a beautiful month, clothing the forests with a richer verdure, the plains with a lively yellow, and the skies with a deeper blue. Under the influence of a favourable season, it is, emphatically, the time when the heart of the British farmer rejoices, when he views

“The rising pyramids that grace his yard;”

and when the prospective festival cheers the hearts of the laborious peasantry, who, as Dryden has it,

“Do merrily roar out, Harvest Home!”

Had it been left to us to name this month, we should have called it the “Corn Month;” for in it we behold the goodness of an All-provident Being covering his fields, in almost every soil and climate, with a golden abundance. Even amid the rugged rocks of Finland, as high as the sixty-first degree of north latitude, crops of barley are frequently to be met with, as luxuriant as those which clothe the fertile plains of Sicily. And what is more beautiful to the eye of Benevolence than a field of ripened grain? What, in all this world’s variety of scenic loveliness, grandeur, and sublimity, suggests, to the reflective mind, sentiments of deeper gratitude? The Romans seem to have felt this, for they peopled their fields with imaginary deities, each of whom presided over the corn in every stage of its growth and preparation. Scia watched the

seed while it remained in the earth; and when the blade sprung up, *Runcina* superintended the weeding; *Robigus* protected the tender plant from both blasts and mildews; whilst *Nodusus* guarded the joints of its stalk; *Volusia* folded the tender blade around the ear, and when the wheat began to blossom, *Flora* presided over it with guardian care; *Hostilina* saw that the ears grew long and even, and, when they were fully ripe, it was the office of *Matura* to shield them from every danger that might threaten them. Thus was that which was to become, emphatically, "the staff of life" protected in every stage of its existence; from its being first put into the ground to its being carefully housed in the barn. Then came the time for rejoicing.

"Come, sons of Summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap our lands;
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing, Harvest Home."

Amongst our ancestors, many curious ceremonies were observed by rustics at the celebration of Harvest Home. An image made of straw or stubble was carried from the field, followed by a drum or a piper, with the men and women laughing, shouting, and singing round it. It was, truly, "the village festival;" and, eighty years ago, in the north, a figure like this was dressed up at harvest time, and was called the "Kern-baby." It was the season of good cheer, as Herrick tells us in his "Hesperides," when you should see at the ample board of the hospitable lord—

"— first, the large and chief
Foundation of the feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon (which makes full the meal),
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
And here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumentie."

So much for the "Golden Apples" of Herrick's muse. Let us now taste some of the fruits which have fallen from other poets whose songs are less redolent of the materialities of rustic hilarity.

Summer Morn.

With quickened step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents
shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild-deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd
leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

JAMES THOMSON, 1790—1748.

Summer Eve.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense, and now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb,
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
Confessed from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All other softening, sober evening takes

Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck.

JAMES THOMSON.

Invitation to the Forest.

UP to the forest hie!
Summer is in its prime,
'Tis glorious now to lie
In the glades of heath and thyme.
The bees are there before us,
Hanging in many a flower;
Let us list their joyous chorus
Through the basking noontide hour.
Let us see the golden sun
Amid the wood-boughs run,
As the gales go freshly by
Through the blue, blue summer sky;
Let us hear again the tune—
The charming sound
That floats around—
The woodland hum of noon!

I scent the ancient sward!
I feel it 'neath my tread!
The moss, the wiry nard,
And the harebells bend their head!
I see the foxgloves glow,
Where plough did never go;
And the streams, the streams once more,
Hurrying brightly o'er
Their sandy beds; they roll
With the joy of a living soul.
Ye know that wood-walk sweet,
Where we are wont to meet;

On either hand the knolls and swells
Are crimson with the heather-bells;

And the eye sees,
'Mid distant trees,
Where moorland beauty dwells.

There let us haste again!

For what has life beside,
Like spirits young and fair
In the open summer-tide!

Come all! come all! we'll taste

Our dearest joys anew;

Come to the hoary waste,

Ye spirits loved and true!

There will we advance

Through days of old romance,

And breathe, 'mid woods and streams,

Our own poetic dreams.

For generous, young, and fair,

No world's weight do ye bear;

Not its madness;

Nor its sadness;

Nor soul-estranging care.

Come! in the sun-bright sky,

'Mid mountain-clouds, we'll trace

A spirit-land where lie

Some fair, ethereal race.

Or, in our coming years,

We'll dream of fame and love,

And robe this vale of tears

In the hues of Heaven above.

Our life shall seem to run

A flower-track in the sun.

The poet's wreath—the patriot's heart—

These shall be our nobler part.

So have we dreamed—and here

These thoughts shall reappear.

. A summer day

Thus cast away

In memory shall be dear.

M. HOWITT, SONG 1800.

Rain in Summer.

How beautiful is the rain!

After the dust and heat,

In the broad and fiery street,

In the narrow lane—

How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,

Like the tramp of hoofs!

How it gushes and struggles out

From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane

It pours and pours;

And swift and wide,

With a muddy tide,

Like a river, down the gutter runs

The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks

At the twisted brooks;

He can feel the cool

Breath of each little pool;

His fevered brain

Grows calm again,

And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school

Come the boys,

With more than their wonted noise

And commotion;

And down the wet streets,

Sail their mimic fleets,

Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain,
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land,
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil;
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To their numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.

He counts it as no sin

That he sees therein

Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than those,

The poet sees!

He can behold

Aquarius old

Walking the fenceless fields of air;

And from each ample fold

Of the cloud, about him rolled,

Scattering everywhere

The showery rain

As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold

Things manifold

That have not yet been wholly told—

Have not been wholly sung nor said.

For his thought, that never stops,

Follows the water-drops

Down to the graves of the dead,

Down, thro' chasms and gulfs profound,

To the dreary fountain-head

Of lakes and rivers under ground;

And sees them, when the rain is done,

On the bridge of colours seven

Climbing up once more to Heaven,

Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer,

With vision clear,

Sees forms appear and disappear

In the perpetual round of strange,

Mysterious strange,

From birth to death, from death to birth,

From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,

Till glimpses more sublime,

Of things unseen before,

Unto his wondering eyes reveal

The universe, as an immeasurable wheel,

Turning for evermore

In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

LONGFELLOW, SONG 1867

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

Leslie's Autobiographical Recollections. Edited by TOM TAYLOR. 2 vols.

THIS is the second autobiography of an artist which Mr. Tom Taylor's clever and workmanlike hand has put through the press. Seven years ago, it was the journals of the eloquent, enthusiastic, but unfortunate Benjamin Robert Haydon; to-day, it is the notes and letters of the successful, modest, well-bred Charles Robert Leslie. Strongly in contrast is the story of the two men's lives; Haydon, after battling with adverse circumstances for thirty-five years, died by his own hand; Leslie began life with no higher prospects—he brought to his professional duties no greater qualities of mind—but he lived, and wrought, and was happy, while poor Haydon worked with equal earnestness and industry, and yet was constantly tasting the bitterness of life only. The lesson of these two lives is clearly indicated by Mr. Tom Taylor. The nature of Haydon, he says, was all self-confidence, passion, and combativeness. Haydon failed in his great aims because he was "reckless in his defiance of difficulties, unscrupulous in the means he took to relieve them." Leslie pursued the even tenour of his unambitious life—a quiet, affectionate, equable, self-respecting man. Hence it is that Haydon, alas! is only remembered for his sorrowful end, while Leslie will live in his countrymen's regard as the graceful pictorial humorist—as the painter of those exquisite productions, "Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess," "Don Quixote," "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," the scenes from the "Taming of the Shrew" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Besides these, he produced very many equally beautiful works of art during his industrious life, but we have chosen to enumerate these because they, with other smaller works, are all to be found in the National Collection at Kensington, and because we hold it to be the duty of every one who loves art to visit the place, and to spend some time in company with pictures "stamped in every line with good taste, chastened humour, and graceful sentiment"—pictures which it makes us happier, gentler, and better to look upon—pictures which help us more to love the good books they illustrate, and to regard our fellow-creatures with kindlier eyes.

To revert to the "Autobiographical Recollections" themselves. Very uneventful was the good painter's life, apart from his professional labours; but as he was constantly, from his early student days upwards, acquainted with great men, and moved, moreover, in the very best society, what he has to tell us, respecting both the men and the select circles into which he was admitted, is of the greatest possible interest. Let us hear some account of his own life. His father, Robert Leslie, and his mother, were Americans; natives of Cecil county, in the State of Maryland; his father's ancestors came from Scotland, his mother's from England. His father, in the year 1786,

settled at Philadelphia as a watch and clock-maker; and, his business prospering, he went, in 1793, to purchase clocks and watches, to London, where, in October of the following year, the future painter was born. The Leslie family returned to America in 1800, and Charles was, in due course, apprenticed to a bookseller; but this occupation was very uncongenial to the youth; art was unmistakably his vocation. Accordingly, in 1813, the young man was sent to London, armed with letters of introduction to Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, and Washington Allston, both Americans, and both highly-celebrated artists. He entered the Royal Academy; one of his fellow-students being "a pretty little curly-headed boy," who attracted attention by his talents and gentle manners, and for whom Fuseli, the keeper, would look round, and say, "Where is my little dog-boy?" This was Edwin Landseer. Young Leslie worked hard all day, and every day, and his chief recreation was visiting the theatre at night to see John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons; occasionally strolling into the country to make sketches; hearing Coleridge deliver his lectures on Shakspeare. At this time Washington Irving, then unknown as an author to the English public, was his constant companion. Pleasant were the rural rambles, happy the days were, of the two virtuous, hard-working young fellows, who dined together at the York Chop-house, in Wardour-street, or made excursions to Richmond or Greenwich, or to some suburban fair, on top of a coach. But Irving became famous long before his friend Leslie. The industrious young man was nowise unfortunate, however; he was frequently a listener to the wondrous conversations of Coleridge; he went to Abbotsford, to paint Sir Walter Scott; he met Sidney Smith. And now commences the great charm of these "Recollections"—the portraits, the slight but effective sketches of character, the delightful anecdotes of celebrated men with whom the painter mixed. Of Sidney Smith he repeats many brilliant things, although some were attributed to him that he never said; among them the story of Landseer asking to paint him, and meeting with this reply, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Edwin Landseer said to him, "With your love of humour, it must be a great act of self-denial to abstain the theatres." "The managers," he replied, "are very polite; they send me free admissions which I can't use; and I, in return, send them free admissions to St. Paul's."

Leslie soon attracted notice, was employed by that plainest, most magnificent, and finest specimen of an English noble, Lord Egremont, and rapidly became the honoured guest in those refined and brilliant circles he loved so much to enter. But, to the astonishment of every one, he, in 1833, accepted the appointment of drawing-master to the West Point Military Academy in America. His stay in the native land of his parents was short, however. If he had had any doubt as to which was the

country most suitable to his disposition, it was soon made palpable to him when he was far from those loved brother artists, those witty and accomplished gentlemen, and those distinguished and discriminating art-patrons. He returned to London in 1834. And now again we have world-famous names and witty sayings sparkling through his pages. One day, at dinner, Rogers, the poet, relates a story of a nervous gentleman, who kept, as a fire-escape, "a kind of sack, in which he could lower himself from his window. Being suddenly awakened one night, by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by a tremendous knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife (who had been to the Opera) out of her carriage!"

Rogers also related the following story of a wretch who, for some atrocious crime, was hanged in chains, and whose whole life had been so desperately wicked that the country people believed his body would be carried away by the devil. "The day after his execution, their prediction seemed verified, for the corpse was gone; but, strange to say, in about eight or ten days it was there again, safely inclosed within the irons, as if but newly dead. The truth was that, on the night of the execution, a farmer and his son, who had been for some days from home, were returning in a cart, and, passing close to the gibbet, were startled by a groan from the body, and then a feeble voice imploring help. When they got the fellow home they nursed him with the greatest care, till, in the middle of one night, his deliverer was disturbed by a noise, and discovered the villain in the act of packing up every article of value in the house which he could conveniently carry away. The farmer had just time to awaken his son, who agreed with him that they had better put their new friend into his chains again."

We have not space to narrate how Leslie went on year after year, painting his magnificent pictures. Suffice it to mention that he won, as he deserved them, the highest honours of his calling. Lord Egremont was his constant and liberal patron. Nor was he unappreciated by others of the more accomplished nobility. At Holland House he was a frequent visitor, and Lady Holland, in 1838, obtained for him the crowning act of patronage. She procured for him a ticket to witness the coronation of the young Queen Victoria. Leslie went accordingly, accompanied by his wife, and was soon afterwards appointed by her Majesty to paint the ceremonial. Here is a charming bit, told of his visit to Windsor for the purpose of making sketches for the picture; and of his most gracious sitters he says—

"The Queen sat not only for the face, but as much as is seen of the figure, and for the hands, with the coronation-ring on her finger. Her hands, by the bye, are very pretty, the backs dimpled, and the fingers delicately shaped. She was particular, also, in having her hair dressed exactly as she wore it at the ceremony, every time she sat. She has suggested an alteration in the composition of the picture; and I suppose she thinks it like the

scene, for she asked me where I sat, and said, 'I suppose you made a sketch on the spot?' Every day, lunch is sent to me, which, as it is always very plentiful and good, I generally make my dinner. The best of wine is sent, in a beautiful little decanter, with a 'V.R.' and the crown engraved on it, and the table-cloth and napkins have the royal arms and other insignia on them as a pattern. I have two very good friends at the Castle—one of the pages and a little man who lights the fires. The Queen's pages are not little boys in green, but tall and stout gentlemen from forty to fifty years of age. My friend (Mr. Batchelor) was a page in the time of George III., and was then twenty years old. George IV. died in his arms, he says, in a room adjoining the one I am painting in. . . . My other friend, the fire-lighter, also greatly admires the picture. He confesses he knows nothing about the robes, and can't say whether they are like or not; but he pronounces the Queen's likeness excellent." The worthy artist, speaking of the coronation ceremonial in Westminster, tells us—

"I don't know why, but the first sight of her in her robes brought tears into my eyes, and it had this effect on many people; she looked almost like a child. She is very fond of dogs, and has one very favourite little spaniel, who is always on the look out for her return when she has been from home. She had, of course, been separated from him on that day longer than usual, and when the state coach drove up to the steps of the palace, she heard him barking with joy in the hall, and exclaimed, 'There's Dash!' and was in a hurry to lay aside the sceptre and ball she carried in her hands, and take off the crown and robes to go and wash little Dash!"

Leslie, after having worked hard at his coronation picture during many months, at length completed it to the perfect satisfaction of his most gracious patron. Here is an extract from a letter he sends to his sister immediately afterwards. In it we see the simple, considerate, just character of the man. "There is no probability of a knighthood being offered to me, and, therefore, it is needless to say I should assuredly decline it if offered. But I do not, like the fox in the fable, call the grapes sour that are above my reach; on the contrary, I think titles very good things, but then they should be accompanied by proportionate wealth. In our humble way of living, 'Sir Charles' and 'My Lady' would be ridiculous. Were the case even otherwise, and I could keep my carriage (which I think a titled person should do), as long as such men as Chalon, Turner, and Mulready are undistinguished, except by the addition of R.A. to their names, I may certainly be content with that honour."

We must now unwillingly leave a delightful book—a book full of charming recollections of the wise and the good—a book overflowing with indications of a kindly, generous, faithful, and appreciative nature. Seldom do we meet with such volumes; for is it not held as an axiom that a well-written record of a man's life is almost as rare as a well-spent one? In the present instance we have both the one and the other presented to us.

THE FASHIONS.

THIS August No. of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE* will, doubtless, find many of its readers seeking health and pleasure by the seaside, making excursions into the country, or, at least, preparing for some enjoyment of the kind. As regards travelling apparel, the most indispensable article is the *HAT*, which may be of any coloured straw, crinoline, or a mixture of the two, and trimmed with bindings and bows of velvet and feathers; every description of the latter—ostrich, pheasant, and even bustard-plumes—being used for this purpose. For children's hats, ribbon, and sometimes tulle, mixed with daisies or field-flowers, are much used as trimmings.

DRESSES of any soft, dust-colour, washing silk are very cool and pleasant to wear; also those of holland and linen, braided down the front and sides and round the sleeves. Any light material, a mixture of silk and wool, is also suitable, with a *CLOAK* of the same; both the skirt of the dress and the cloak should be bound with some dark shade of glacé.

ZOUAVE JACKETS are made in every variety of material; some are of black glacé, elegantly braided or stitched with white silk; with these the plain cambric habit-shirt and sleeves, close to the wrist, are worn. Others are of white embroidered muslin, trimmed round with a puffing of plain muslin, over a coloured ribbon, and edged with narrow lace; with habit-shirt of the same material, or of Brussels net, finishing at the waist with a sash of ribbon.

Some of the first houses for *MANTLES* are making those of black glacé, bound with a narrow cording of coloured glacé, or each seam stitched outside with white or mauve silk, which has a very novel and pretty effect. Mantles of fine white *barège* or llama, trimmed with black Maltese lace and velvet, are amongst the most elegant.

SHAWLS made of those materials, and trimmed in the same manner, are very pretty; but we must especially notice those of white *grenadine*, trimmed with one row of wide white Maltese lace, and two rows of black ribbon velvet, two inches wide, with a gold braid on each edge. Some not so expensive, but very stylish, are white in the centre, with a border four or five inches wide, of amber or violet. Black Cashmere shawls, of the very finest quality, are richly embroidered with black silk and small black beads, and are amongst the most *recherché* of the season.

BONNETS are worn the same shape and style as they have been the last month or two. A very pretty bonnet is made of white crape, with a black lace falling in plaits from the edge towards the crown. Inside, a bandeau of three large *marguerites*, and a white ostrich-feather, placed high up on one side; this is drawn over the edge, back towards the crown, and the tip just falls on the curtain. Another has a crown of black crinoline, with a front of white blonde and tulle; outside, rather far back on the crown, is placed a mixed bouquet of different coloured china-asters; inside, a bandeau of

the same. Strings of wide white ribbon. For mourning bonnets, *crêpe crêpé* is used, occasionally beaded with small beads, and trimmed with black grass, oats, and large silk flowers. A very light and dressy style for young ladies' bonnets is a tulle veil, spotted with small gold beads, falling over the shoulders from the top of the bonnet, where it is finished with a half-wreath of small white flowers. For bridesmaids' bonnets, too, the veil is much worn. It is made of plain tulle, caught up in the centre, and fastened on the top of the bonnet with a bouquet of flowers; the ends, which cover the shoulders, are long enough to reach within half a yard of the bottom of the dress.

Velvet ribbon, about two inches wide, makes a pretty trimming for the skirt of a dress, put on in vandykes round the bottom, of which it covers about five-eighths of a yard. At the point of each is a tied bow of the same ribbon velvet. Graduated bows up the front of the dress, with small steel buckles in the centre, sometimes take the place of the rosettes which are so much worn.

A few hints respecting the making of dresses may be useful. All skirts should be slightly gored (one breadth on each side is just enough to set them out well), and sloped two or two and a half inches at the bottom, from the front to the back, to prevent so much slope at the top. In mounting a skirt on to the body, the fullness should be arranged in five or six small plaits on each side of the front, and in three or four large box plaits behind. Sleeves of almost every shape are worn; a few of the tight ones, and some half-tight, but those puffed into a cuff at the wrist, and the large open ones, are more generally adopted this season.

DRESS FOR PROMENADE OR FLOWER-SNOW.—Under-skirt of white muslin, with narrow embroidered flounces; tunic of mauve glacé, with a hem three inches wide round the bottom, the sides open, and laced across with bars with satin ribbon and large rosettes of the same. Body of mauve glacé, open in front to the waist, with ribbon laced across, and smaller rosettes to correspond with the skirt. Wide glacé sleeves, trimmed with rosettes, and under-sleeves and chemisette of muslin insertion, and Valenciennes lace edging. Shawl of fine white embroidered muslin. Bonnet of white tulle, with bouquet, and bandeau inside of mauve flowers mixed with gold.

A stylish dress of fawn-coloured silk is made with one flounce half a yard deep round the skirt, but finishing at the sides, leaving the front breadth plain. The flounce has a binding three inches wide of violet glacé, and is finished at the top with a small puffing, also having a narrow binding of violet. A fold of violet, the same width as the binding on the flounce, is continued up the sides, and narrowed towards the waist. Graduated bows of violet ribbon are placed up the centre. With this dress would be worn a black lace mantilla, and a bonnet made of white Brussels lace, and trimmed with violet velvet.

PARASOLS of white or coloured silk, covered with black lace, are much used.

FASHIONABLE BONNET.

The accompanying Bonnet is drawn from a Paris model, made in white crêpe. The curtain is composed of the same material, covered with puffings of tulle; a piece of tulle, folded in



small pleats, is laid on the top of the bonnet, and is brought down and fastened over the front in the cap. It is trimmed outside with a large bunch of white lilac, just on the top, and a bandeau inside of coloured lilac. The cap is of white tulle, and plain white strings.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

1. **WALKING TOILET.**—The hat is of Belgian straw, with a rolled brim; a piece of black lace is placed on the inner edge of this roll. It is trimmed with two feathers and a large velvet rosette; a white feather is placed on one side of the hat, and a black one on the other. The dress is of black silk, trimmed with green piping and green buttons, and narrow black Maltese lace. The body and skirt are made without a seam at the waist, and the front from top to bottom is slashed and piped. Each side passes alternately under and over, so as to form square tabs, which are small at the waist, rather larger towards the top of the body, and increase in size from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Each tab is finished off by a narrow black Maltese lace. There are about eight widths in the skirt; each width is sloped at the top, and is about twenty-four inches wide at the bottom. They should all be slashed and lap over, as in the front. The sleeve is round underneath, and cut in the pagoda style; it is slashed like the skirt from the shoulder to the bottom. The front or upper side of the sleeve is cut to a point, and turns back as a cuff, with a button at the end of the point. The inside of the sleeve is trimmed with a ruche of black and white silk.

2. **YOUNG LADY'S TOILET.**—The hair is dressed in raised bandeaux, with a bow falling low on the neck behind. The dress is of

clear organdie muslin, trimmed with ruches of mauve-coloured silk. The body is low, and gathered before and behind into a band at the top, which is covered by a silk ruche pinked at the edges. The waist is short and round, over the band of which should be worn a silk sash tied behind. The sleeve is composed of puffing, confined lengthwise by silk ruches. It is pleated in on the shoulder between two narrow ruches, and a double ruche forms a very open band at the bottom. The skirt is gathered in to the waist, and is trimmed at the bottom for the depth of about half a yard, with a double ruche at the top, and a triple one at the bottom. Between these ruches the skirt forms puffings, crossed every ten inches by small ruches.

3. **RIDING COSTUME.**—The hat is of white straw, with turned-up brim, and is trimmed with velvet and feathers. The riding habit is of nankeen quilting, trimmed with white cotton braid and buttons. The body is quite plain, and has neither collar nor cape; the short skirt is cut away square on each hip, and forms a tail behind, with pointed facings. On each tail in front there is a small pocket, covered by a flap. The body is trimmed with a white braid, laid on, and not bound, and the skirt the same. Black silk cravat, plain linen collar and sleeves, and lavender-coloured gauntlets.

4. **VISITING TOILET.**—The bonnet is of rice-straw, trimmed with lace, roses, and green foliage, and a straw curtain. The dress is of two shades of green striped silk, with a white ground, having green flowers between them, and is trimmed with fluted bands of the two tints. The body is plain, with a short, round waist, fastened by a narrow band with clasps. The front is trimmed with light green buttons, edged round with a fluting of dark green, and dark green buttons edged round with a fluting of light green silk, placed alternately. The sleeve is tight, and cut on the cross, and is covered at the top by a small epaulette formed by two rows of small flutings. The wristband has a slanting opening, trimmed with a narrow fluting; through this opening the puff of the white sleeve should be visible. There are six widths in the skirt, and on the seam of each there is a fluted band, one inch wide at the waist, and six inches wide at the bottom. All these flutings, both large and small, are composed of two shades of green. In those on the skirt there are four inches light, then four inches dark, and so on to the bottom. On the small flutings the intervals are less. Lace collar and cuffs.

THE BERLIN WOOL-WORK PATTERN.

This pattern, so elegant in design and colour, is intended for a bag, which should be mounted with a broad steel clasp and steel chain. It should be worked in very bright wools, and, in selecting the shades, care must be taken that they are all very distinct, and the colours dissimilar. It may be grounded in any colour that the worker may prefer; for instance, maize, white, or even a beautiful light blue, would have a very good effect. Worked on coarse canvas, in double wool, it would answer for the bottom of a chair, by extending the grounding on the four sides to the size required.

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNERS IN AUGUST.

SOUPS.—Artichoke Soup, Asparagus Soup, Chantilly Soup, Cucumber Soup, Soup à la Julienne, Green Pea Soup, Potage Printanier, Soup à la Reine.

FISH.—Brill, carp, chub, crayfish, crabs, dory, eels, flounders, herrings, lobsters, mullet, pike, prawns, salmon, shrimps, skate, soles, sturgeon, thornback, trout, turbot.

MEAT.—Beef, lamb, mutton, veal, buck venison.

POULTRY.—Chickens, ducklings, fowls, green geese, pigeons, plovers, pullets, rabbits, turkey poults, wheatears, wild ducks.

GAME.—Leverets, grouse, blackcock.

VEGETABLES.—Artichokes, asparagus, beans, carrots, cabbages, cauliflowers, celery, cressen, endive, lettuces, mushrooms, onions, peas, potatoes, radishes, sea-kale, small saladings, sprouts, turnips, various kitchen herbs, vegetable marrows.

FRUIT.—Currants, figs, alberts, gooseberries, grapes, melons, mulberries, nectarines, peaches, pears, pineapples, plums, raspberries, walnuts.

RECIPES.

Stewed Breast of Veal and Peas.

INGREDIENTS.—Breast of veal, 2 oz. of butter, a bunch of savoury herbs, including parsley; 2 blades of pounded mace, 2 cloves, 5 or 6 young onions, 1 strip of lemon-peel, 6 allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of pepper, 1 teaspoonful of salt, thickening of butter and flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of sherry, 2 tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, 1 tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 2 tablespoonfuls of mushroom ketchup, green peas.

Mode.—Cut the breast in half, after removing the bone underneath, and divide the meat into convenient-sized pieces. Put the butter into a frying-pan, lay in the pieces of veal, and fry until of a nice brown colour. Now place these in a stewpan with the herbs, mace, cloves, onions, lemon-peel, allspice, and seasoning; pour over them just sufficient boiling water to cover the meat; well close the lid, and let the whole simmer very gently for about 2 hours. Strain off as much gravy as is required, thicken it with butter and flour, add the remaining ingredients, skim well, let it simmer for about 10 minutes, then pour it over the meat. Have ready some green peas, boiled separately; sprinkle these over the veal, and serve. It may be garnished with forcemeat balls, or rashers of bacon curled and fried.

Time.—2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. **Average cost,** 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. **Sufficient** for 5 or 6 persons.

Potted Salmon.

INGREDIENTS.—Salmon, pounded mace, cloves, and pepper to taste, 3 bay leaves, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter.

Mode.—Skin the salmon, and clean it thoroughly by wiping with a cloth (water would spoil it), cut it into square pieces, which rub with salt. Let them remain till thoroughly drained, and lay them in a dish with the other ingredients, and bake. When quite done, drain them from the gravy, press into pots for use, let the salmon remain till cold, then pour over it clarified butter.

Time.—Rather more than $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND DIRECTIONS.

—The days will now be perceptibly shortening, although the weather is generally more uniformly warm than in the previous month. But little rain may be expected to fall, and watering is thus rendered more necessary. All plants which have an ungainly appearance should be trimmed and tied up, the grass well shaven, the gravel smooth, and free from the least suspicion of a weed, and the whole garden in neat order.

CUTTINGS, &c.—Cuttings of geraniums and other plants which have struck should be now placed separately in pots of a suitable size, so as to be kept through the winter. Anemone roots may now be taken up. With a view to the next season, such plants as stocks, wall-flowers, and sweet-williams should be planted out in the spots selected for them, and many other plants may now have their roots divided, so as to increase the number of flowers for next year. Dahlias, as they grow in height, may be tied up; straggling shoots from roses cut away, and liquid manure freely applied to the latter.

PLANTS SUITABLE FOR HANGING-BASKETS.

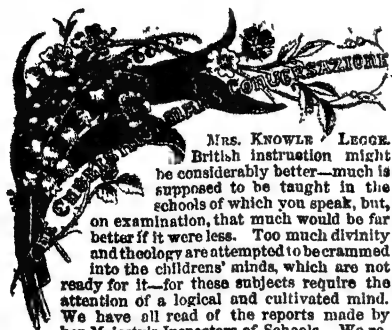
—*Cobaea scandens.*—This favourite plant, which is so generally admired, requires a large pot and plenty of space. It is a native of Mexico, and has large, trumpet-shaped, dull purple flowers, with large leaves. It produces seeds abundantly, and these should be sown in a hot-bed in March. This month they should be potted-off when in seed-leaf, and grow on by re-potting, until the plants are large enough for the basket, stopping often to produce more branches. Few plants are more showy than this capital climber, which should have good soil and a large basket to flourish well. *The Mesembryanthemum.*—This plant is admirably adapted for hanging in the greenhouse, and will also serve well for a window-plant, as it does not require much attention in watering and re-potting. These should be chosen for basket-culture with heavy leaves and hanging branches. They will live and flower for many years.

THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT TREES.

Watering must not be neglected in connexion with any late-bearing strawberries, whilst from the early ones all weeds, straw, &c., may be removed. For new plants, the larger offsets may be now planted out. Raspberries should be daily gathered, so as to make the canes as profitable as possible; and if more suckers be wanted they should be preserved, or otherwise be removed.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

The celery which was first planted will, at this time, require to be earthed-up; and if more be wanted, to come in later, it should be now planted. Turnips may be heeled and thinned, and more of these sown, as also radishes, lettuce, small salad, and spinach. Such onions as are ripe should be gathered and stored away for winter use, after having been well hardened in the sun. All peas, as they are done with, should be promptly removed. Broccoli wanted for spring use should be now planted, and watering these plants must be attended to.



Mrs. KNOWLE LEGGE.
British instruction might be considerably better—much is supposed to be taught in the schools of which you speak, but, on examination, that much would be far better if it were less. Too much divinity and theology are attempted to be crammed into the children's minds, which are not ready for it—for these subjects require the attention of a logical and cultivated mind. We have all read of the reports made by her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. We remember Mr. Brookfield, one of these Inspectors, telling us that he asked one of the boys who said "The Belle!" perfectly, to write it down, for he believed he had learnt it parrot-wise, and knew nothing of its real meaning. The boy commenced, "I bled in God the Father," &c. A gentleman, closely connected with the education of poor children, told us, some few weeks since, that, on a Sunday afternoon, he went into a church, not ten miles from the metropolis, where the Sunday-school children were being examined by the curate. Several questions of a most easy kind were asked, and answered by rote—evidently without any sense of their meaning. But now came—*Question*: Who was the King of the Jews? *Answer*: First boy didn't know, nor second, nor third, when a boy, with just the sound on his ears, lustily shouted, "Hail!" This brings us to a story told by a Scottish writer about a lad who went to the parish minister to be examined before his first Communion. The minister, not wishing to discourage the boy, lead off with what he thought a safe question. "How many commandments are there?" After some little thought, the lad cautiously and suggestively answered, "Aibins a hunner" (about a hundred). The minister, shocked at such intolerable ignorance, dismissed his promising pupil. On returning home, the lad met another boy bound to the manse on the same errand. Notes were compared. "Weel, what will ye say now, if the minister speers (asks) how many commandments there are?" "Say! why I shall say ten, to be sure." "Ten! try ye him wi' ten? I tried him wi' a hunner, and he was na satisfied."

ANSWER TO THE APPEAL OF Miss EVA SINCLAIR.—The marvellous cosmetic employed by the beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second was merely tincture of benzoin, precipitated by water, which Miss EVA SINCLAIR can prepare for herself with the greatest facility. A small piece of gum benzoin must be boiled in spirits of wine until a rich tincture be the result; and fifteen drops of this mixture in a glass of water form the wondrous bloom-producing liquid. We feel inclined to echo the editorial recommendation of "a good wash;" but perhaps this remedy is too simple to be efficacious, for, after all, *wash* is the principal thing.

"Better it is to try and fail
Than never try at all."

ST. SWITHIN.

HELEN.—We would rather not give our opinion on the subject of which you write; but physicians do say that red noses are among the injurious effects of tight lacing. A word to the prudent is enough!

JEMIMA has quarrelled with her former friend, and, finding that she is in the wrong, she does not know how to make it up again. We advise her to call upon her friend, proffer her hand, and never again mention the subject upon which the difference arose. Subjects of quarrel should be like lines written in dust, to be covered by the next breeze that blows. Even where injustice may be done to

you, it is better not to quarrel or keep up animosity, which is only like preserving a fire to burn your own bosom. We are aware, however, that it is not every one who will bow to this dictum, to illustrate which we may tell JEMIMA an anecdote which took place among the hills of the Scottish North. Two Highland lairds—cousins by consanguinity—had, upon some trifling affair, a difference which ended in a complete alienation of their friendship from each other. After several years had elapsed, one of them fell ill, and, as he was not expected to recover, he sent for his former friend to make up the quarrel before he took his final departure from all subinary things. When his relation entered the chamber of the sick man, the latter sat up in his bed, and, extending his hand to the other, said, "Hae, there's my hand in freendship if I dee; but if I dinna dee, mind, Jamie, I'm as much your foe as ever." Death, however, the settler of all quarrels, stopped in on the following day and carried off the sick Highlander.

HOW TO GET RID OF FLIES.

In summer, bright summer, the ladies all know
How troublesome flies do become;

They light on their faces and tickle them so,

And disturb their small ears with their hum;

The cat they torment, and the baby they plague,

When laid down to sleep in its cradle;

Young Miss they annoy, whilst "The Battle of Prague"

She's playing as well as she's able;

On the black nose of Bruno the Blenheim they light,

When he snaps like the cap of a gun—

To mention us all, both by day and by night,

Though to them it seems nothing but fun;

The glass and the crystal, the pictures and frames,

The china and commonest ware,

All things in the kitchen, without and with names,

They spot and their beauty impair.

Ye dames who are wedded, then, hear our receipt,

Which in practice will rid ye of flies:

Be ye young, be ye old, be ye fond or discreet,

You'll prove this before your own eyes.

When your spouse after dinner has fallen asleep,

Wash his whiskers with treacle or honey,

And his cheeks will soon show you a hecatomb heap

Of the pests, without trouble or money.

CAROLINE HUMOUR (Wife of Thos. Humour,

of Funnysate Hall, Leicestershire).

YOUNG MAN.—In affairs of love, a letter is, out of all question, the most eligible mode of communication. It spares the blushes of the lady, and saves the tyro of a lover a vast deal of *mauvaise honte*. Besides, the ladies prefer that a proposal should reach them in black and white, as they have then an opportunity of exhibiting the proof positive of the power of their charms to all their female acquaintance. Earl — courted the beautiful heiress whom he afterwards married in the following manner:—"Do you like buttered toast?" "Yes." "Buttered on both sides?" "Yes." "So do I. Don't you think we had better be married?" "Yes." Her fourth "Yes" was pronounced before the altar.

Mrs. MORFEY.—Doubtless it is difficult to keep your eyes always open in the dog-days, whilst your minister is preaching on the very vulgar, every-day subjects of practical morality and home virtues, preferring, as you do, discussions on predestination and essays on free will. You have not heard, perhaps, of the parish of Lunan, where there existed a habit of sleeping in church, much to the disgust of the minister, who, on one unlucky Sunday afternoon, endeavoured to stir up his hearers by an earnest oburgation, concluding with the pointed fact—"You see, even Jamie Fraser, the idiot (who was in the front gallery, wide awake) does not fall asleep, as many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking either the publicity or the designation, replied, "An I had na been an edcot, I would ha' been



BY THE AUTHORS OF "UNDER A CLOUD."

CHAPTER X.

LOTTY MARRIED.

A WEDDING is a melancholy thing; I know nothing *more* melancholy—not even new-born twins in one basket. Mademoiselle the Dear Reader pities me, no doubt, for entertaining such a sentiment. Well, I pity Mademoiselle, and so we are even. Not that I am one of those who scoff at matrimony and marriage hopes with irreligious sneers—far different a man, I hope am I; and perhaps I too profoundly enter into the feelings of the young couple coming in confusion down the churchward path—the world being *not* shut out from me, as it is from them, meanwhile. But however this may be, I cannot, for all my efforts, understand the ecstasy of the gossips who crowd about the church gates, of the servant maids who lean from the bedroom windows opposite, of their mistresses peeping over the blinds below, to see the bridal party pass to their carriage. My feeling about this ecstasy is, that it is hysterical, like the bride's sobs; and I am sure it is as inexplicable to the bridegroom as it is to me; only I do not *resent* it so much as he does.

So I can go into no sort of rapture, nor even be lively, over the marriage of Mr. Grovelly and Miss Leeson. In fact, it was not a lively affair. The facetious old gentleman who makes the funny speech after the solemn old gentleman, was not present at *their* marriage breakfast; nor the glowing, rustling young ladies; nor the fussy whispering dowagers; nor the ornamental young gentleman, the bashful young gentleman, or the young gentleman with the flow of spirits; nor the footman so unnaturally spry; nor the covey of servant maids fluttering on the stairs, equally frightened and fascinated. *This* party went to church in a hackney coach; and Herbert was pale and silent; and Charlotte was pale and silent; and Elizabeth her maid varied the stillness by occasional fits of weeping, hysterical and exasperating. The clerk was glum, the clergyman severe, eyeing the party in so hard and inquisitive a manner that he almost made Lotty cry—

she felt once more so very naughty. But here Herbert supported her well. So far from quailing before the austere clergyman (as the austere clergyman evidently intended he should), he behaved like a perfectly self-possessed gentleman. It was over the signing of the marriage certificate that the parson looked severest; and (purely to reassure our alarmed little maid at this juncture), when she handed her husband the pen after signing, he embraced her before priest, clerk, pew-openers and all with a dignity and affection which very much propitiated some of those persons, and put the rest out of countenance. Herbert then gave Elizabeth his purse to dispense all charges and gratuities—intimating that it was to be returned empty—and marched away with his bride as proud as you please.

Elizabeth was very angry indeed, when she reached the church door, to find that the coach was gone; especially as some little boys, observing her discomfiture, addressed some rude remarks to her as the old 'un. Now Elizabeth was not more than thirty-three. It was in no good humour, therefore, that she picked her way back to the hotel; and as, being the repository of a secret, she was entitled to give herself airs, she did not fail to take full advantage of her position. Nor was this all. Finding the lovers engaged in a pretty little whispered conversation within the curtained recess of a bow window (she had knocked at the door in vain, and entered unbidden), she interrupted them with an expression of fervent but dejected hope that she had countinganced nothing wrong; adding that it would break her heart if her mistress ever saw cause to rue the day, which elopements was not generally all gold that glitters. "O Elizabeth! How dare you!" cried Charlotte. But Herbert saw that this was not the way to deal with the lady. He took her aside, made her a handsome present, took her into his service at advanced wages, and intimated that if she proved discreet, and held her tongue at present, he would provide her wedding-gown whenever she herself married. Had he offered her half a dozen fine dresses on the spot, it would not have pleased her so much as this provision for so enchanting a contingency, though it was not less distant than delightful.

And thus the woman's fidelity was assured: not a slight matter to these young people.

Well, here they are married, and very sensibly they behave under the circumstances. Looking at Lotty's calm, bright, happy face, the acute observer (that wonderful fellow to whom everything is referred) may see at a glance that that mighty change in the heart of a woman, when the spiritual love of the girl, fluttering on restless wing like a bird, settles down into the nest never more to be disturbed—it is easy to see, I say, that this change has come over her. I am not a woman myself, but I should think that, save that moment when a wife first takes her child in her arms, there is none vouchsafed to mankind more full of wonder and of pious joy than this one. It came to Lotty in that prosaic hackney coach; and if henceforward she experiences a certain reminiscent happiness in the smell of damp straw I shall not be surprised, though she may be. It came suddenly and without warning. She palpably felt her girl-love hovering closer and closer on her heart, and then settle on it, and be still. It was like the first contact of baby's little warm bosom and mamma's; and the result was similar. As in one case the word "mother!" starts in mamma's heart like a spirit of subtle flame, and flows through all her body, so did the word "wife" in Lotty's heart, as she felt the warmth, the life, the limbs, the virility of

This is to open a fountain that floods the whole landscape, and drowns it, and flows away, and leaves the landscape new—with a new flora and new fields, and new perpetual streams.

Mademoiselle supposes, perhaps, that this frame of mind induced an ecstatic sort of dreaminess in our Lotty. Not a bit of it. Mademoiselle will learn, when her time comes, that this marvellous change is accompanied by peculiar gravity, and a feeling that she was never so sensible, so common-sensible, in her life before. Already Charlotte began to take quite a steady view of things; and when her husband, an hour after her marriage, came into the room with his travelling-bag, and bade her put her bonnet on, she took a quiet review of his reasons for so precipitate a return, and put her bonnet on, with a staid content very pretty to see. Prettier still was the way in which she took his arm as they left the hotel. Our friend Mr. Portch will not attempt to picture that scene, I am sure. Nor he nor any other artist could depict the beautiful egotism displayed by the lady in this trifling action. It was as if she had said to the waiters bowing right and left, "You see this handsome gentleman—he is my husband! You are afraid of him, no doubt. He is very proud, and rich, and clever, and not to be approached with levity, I assure you; and yet you see how familiar I am with him! If he does not offer me his arm—and you may depend upon it he has more important things to think about than gallantries which a married woman of sense knows exactly how to value—I just go quietly up to him, slip my arm through his, and walk away with him: and it would be very dangerous indeed for any one to offer me the smallest interruption, I can tell you."

Of course Herbert's reason for hurrying Lotty home was to avoid scandal and suspicion. Against the former Elizabeth's presence was a sufficient guarantee; but the young man knew that the latter already ruled strongly in his mother's mind, as well as his cousin's; and it was necessary to be cautious with them, even to the wickedness of telling a white lie or two. The story to be related at Grovelly House was that Charlotte, impatient to learn news of her father's condition, had gone to Hull for that purpose, attended by Elizabeth; but that of course she did not know the day on which Herbert was to return, and therefore found herself obliged to remain at Hull for a day and a night: for Herbert had come in only that morning: *i. e.*, the morning on which he had been married, in fact. It must be confessed that the bride acquiesced in this story not without compunctions; she was a little ashamed that her married life should begin in positive misrepresentation. As for her maid, however, she seemed to think the deceit added to the romance of the thing; and entered into it with much natural alacrity.

The young people arrived at their several homes in different conveyances, which again Lotty did not altogether like, but Herbert had shown her how not to indulge in sentimentality on any such score, parting with her at the railway station with an easy gaiety untouched by a symptom of what is called "feeling." Lotty would have been better pleased had he shown some sentiment at this time, but he didn't; and the bride consoled herself with the reflection that she was a woman, and he a man, and not to be expected to share her weaknesses.

However, she re-entered her old home with a heavy heart, foreboding it knew not what. Parting with Herbert in such a way drowned the happiness and pride of the morning; and to make matters worse, everything about her appeared so

new and strange. Had she departed from the world a hundred years before, and now was permitted to return in a disembodied manner, to view the one home of her childhood and youth, she could not have felt more separate from the dear, familiar household and all it contained. She went and sat down in her father's chair superstitiously; placed her hand upon a table, looked for her image in the chimney-glass, pottered with the vases on the mantel-shelf, as if to assure herself that they and she were unchanged; and there *was* a difference, evidently. She went to the fowl-house and tried the chickens; they pecked and strutted with their tails toward her for the most part, taking little notice of her. But chickens are unsentimental birds, and Lotty ought not to have been surprised or affected at their conduct. As a last resort, Lotty then went up to her own room. That *did* welcome her, she thought. So she made haste to shut the door, and threw herself on her fair, soft bed, and had a little cry, and rose and refreshed herself with a bath, and began to be happy again.

Charlotte saw no more of her husband till the afternoon of the next day, and by that time, save for the change in herself (which was not confined to her thoughts and feelings, but extended to her manner and appearance), everything had resumed the old course. Herbert came in in an accidental sort of manner, accompanied by my lady and Miss Dacre. They had called to say how gratified they were to hear from Herbert that there was so fair a prospect of Mr. Leeson's return safely and speedily, and to compliment her on the affection which had impelled her to journey so far, merely to hear news of him a few hours earlier than it would have reached her at home. Miss Dacre was especially warm and condescending on this topic; and the more Lotty blushed—and she had her reasons for blushing—the more enthusiastic was Adelaide.

"But," added she, "you look none the worse for the journey or the anxiety, my dear! Does she, Lady Grovelly? Does she, Herbert?"

Herbert would have liked to have delivered himself of an indifferent compliment in acquiescence; but Lotty did look so extremely well and charming, blushing there, that he felt he dare not trust himself to speak at all: which was awkward. Lady Grovelly, too, was silent for a moment. Her attention thus pointedly drawn to Charlotte's appearance, it struck my lady that she did look particularly well, after a new manner.

"Why, no!" said she, deliberately. "I declare, my dear, you have bloomed out of your girlhood! Three days ago you were a pretty child; now you are a pretty woman!"

Miss Adelaide's teeth came out in the most radiant, engaging way, at this. Herbert, looking down, thrashed his boots with his walking-stick. Charlotte was all confusion. My lady all observation.

CHAPTER XI.

VERY TRAGICAL.

'It is now nearly two months since happened the events recorded in the preceding chapter. These two months have been of themselves uneventful: but the rain must gather in the skies before it falls.

The position of affairs may be thus summarily disposed of. Young Grovelly

has spent much time in town, his wife-on-the-aly has spent much time at Grovelly House, and Mr. Leeson has not yet returned. And there are reasons for these circumstances, though they may not lie on the surface. Herbert was much in town not only because he had business there, but because he distrusted his own prudence somewhat, and feared that even if he did not betray his relations to Lotty, the uncalculating frankness of her affection would lead to their discovery. Lotty was oftener at Grovelly House because my lady invited her oftener; and my lady invited her oftener partly because she felt bound to do so from honour, and partly from prudential motives. She liked to have the young woman pretty much under observation; she hoped that her own civility to Charlotte would content her son, pacify his passion, and lead him to forego a marriage with her at present, under the hope that intercourse would do away with his mother's objections to her as a daughter. Meanwhile, the more kind my lady was to Charlotte in her father's absence, the greater claim she would have to his influence when he returned, in checking Herbert's project. But as we have said, day after day passed, week after week, and Leeson did *not* return; and the reason for this was, that no sooner had he grown well enough to pack his portmanteau, than a fever stole into his room and prostrated him again.

Now this was a state of things which could not possibly last long; it became more and more awkward daily; and what added considerably to its awkwardness for Lady Grovelly, was a growing suspicion that her son and Lotty had already passed the pleasant bounds of courtship. We know how the suspicion arose. The young girl's changed manner was a riddle which mamma's experienced eyes had only one solution for; only she could not always think it possible, favoured though it was by the quiet, contented demeanour of the young people toward each other, and the increased respect and affection Charlotte exhibited toward herself—Lady G. To be sure this was a question which might easily have been set at rest by a little private inquiry at Hull; but somehow my lady shrank from such a course with a repugnance founded upon a somewhat ill-balanced and anomalous sense of honour.

For Lady Grovelly had overlooked the fact that, in encouraging Lotty's visits, whether in Herbert's absence or in his presence, she encouraged their love and their hopes cruelly, if she meant to despoil them after all. Indeed she did not dream how much she had encouraged them already, what happy auguries they had drawn from her good humour, how much they had talked of it together in secret, by the end of these seven or eight weeks aforesaid. She made the discovery suddenly; and I will tell you how it came about. Herbert had to pay another visit to town. It was an evening late in autumn when he started, and the rain was falling, and the air was chill. He had bidden them good-bye. Lotty was present; and, just as he was about to leave the house, she cried "Wait a minute, Herbert," tripped up to him, and gravely buttoned his coat at the throat with her own little hands. And while they were so engaged, he brought his head down to an acute angle, and kissed them.

Now there is nothing remarkable in a young man's kissing a young woman's hands when he finds them hovering about his chin; but there is much domestic significance in a young woman's buttoning a young gentleman's coat on a cold night. It is a measure which I strongly recommend to any lady whose lover is dull to her virtues or indifferent to his own happiness. My lady knew the force

and the meaning of it well; and she concluded instantly that it would not do to wait for Mr. Leeson's return, to put a stop to proceedings that had grown to such dangerous and emphatic familiarity. And then it was she began to doubt whether she had been really kind or wise.

However, madam now resolved to end all that; and was silent for the rest of the evening, pondering what course to take. Herbert's absence afforded her an admirable opportunity, so far as that went.

The night was a rainy night, and heavier fell the rain after Herbert's departure. So, without consulting Lotty—which Lotty was very much delighted at—my lady despatched a servant to the Mill, with a message that Miss Leeson would remain at Grovelly House. And so she did; and soft was her sleep, and sweet were her dreams. They were not about Herbert only. They were—I cannot tell you what they were. I only wish they had never ended. With no great objections against Lady Grovelly on the whole—for we can afford to take mothers generally as we find them, their weaknesses with their devotion and their love—I wish the resurrection angel had awakened our young wife, rather than Lady Grovelly, as she did.

She entered Charlotte's room early, and softly; and when she reflected on the dainty little nightcap that reposed on the pillow there, undisturbed by an uneasy thought the whole night through, she was full of remorse for that she had resolved to do. She could not but perceive that such a face, so sensible and pretty, was fit to shine in any man's home; she knew very well that the bosom that rose and fell like a bird's, was innocent and true; and when—still gazing at Lotty—she brought before her vision the children of spoiled pedigree which Herbert might have if he married this cattle-farmer's daughter (you observe I do not say what Charlotte dreamed of beside her husband), there appeared two such beautiful creatures with Charlotte's mouth and chin, that grandmamma could not help embracing them at sight. But was this noble-looking boy as good a gentleman as his papa? Was this more robust than elegant girl-child a lady as good as her grandmamma? Might not the base blood of their grandfathers and grandmothers on the mother's side re-appear in them? Would they be well-bred, with so homely a mamma as theirs? My lady shook her head at that. She relegated the two babes into the impalpable regions whence they came, and beyond, into regions of the impossible, felt sorry for the sleeper's sake, kissed her, and woke her.

"My dear Lady Grovelly," says she, "is it so late?"

"No, child, it is quite early."

Thereupon the stable-clock begins to chime. Both ladies are silent, and when the clock has told off only six hours of the morning, they are rather more silent than ever. Charlotte becomes apprehensive, though she hardly knows why at present.

"Has anything happened?" she said anxiously.

"Well, that I do not know; but I am afraid something is happening, my dear!"

The young wife's face glowed with crimson guiltily; and she hid it with her hands. She knew little of the art of fence, and sobbed out at once, "Oh Lady Grovelly, don't reproach me! I could not help loving him! I tried as well as ever I could, but I could not—I cannot help it!"

"I do not blame you for that, my child, though I do blame my son. Everybody loves him who knows him; but he cannot love everybody, you know."

Charlotte observed the equivoque, and replied to it somewhat absurdly, you will think.

"No; but I am afraid he could not help loving me!"

"*Could* not help, or cannot help? Come, dear Charlotte, let me know how far this unhappy affair has gone. I repeat, I do not blame you—I have more reason to be sorry for you; but I have seen enough to assure me that you and Herbert are acting very blindly; and you will admit, I am sure, that I have a right to ask how far you have gone together in this foolish love business. Come!"

Charlotte—her face turned to the wall—plucked at the coverlet of her bed, as a hundred bitter pains plucked at her heart, and made no reply.

"You do not answer me! I hope in Heaven it's not from shame, Charlotte!"

"Oh no, no!" sobbed the lie-a-bed. "I am not so wicked as that! You ought to be ashamed—I could not think anybody!—O Herbert, Herbert!" And she broke down, and wept.

My lady, to do her justice, *was* ashamed; and said hastily, as she drew the poor girl toward her, who pardoned her at once, and buried her head in her mother's shoulder—

"Well, well, forgive me! I ought to have known, and do know, that you are a dear, good girl, and I am an old woman who has seen so much of the folly and wickedness of the world that I am sometimes foolish and wicked myself, in my suspicions of it. There, I ask your pardon, and Herbert's too!—But you have not answered my question."

"What can I say? What have I to answer?"

"You are to tell me, your friend, your father's friend, and Herbert's mother, how deep you and he are in love."

"I have told you, my lady. I love him with all my heart, and I am sure he loves me as well! He cannot help it either, or else why should he choose me? And oh, pray forgive us!"

"Yes, yes, that is all very well, my dear—I understand it, and have nothing to forgive, so far. But you must understand *me*. When two young people fall in love, and talk together about it—I suppose you *have* talked about it?"—

"Yes."

"Written letters to each other, perhaps?" Lady Grovelly put this question rather anxiously.

"Not a word, I do assure you!"

"Then you have avoided one folly that lovers fall into generally to a dreadful extent. But what I was about to say is, that when two young people like Herbert and yourself fall in love, and speak their love, as the phrase is, they usually talk of marriage. This concerns me very much, and you must tell me what my son has said to *you* about marriage."

Lotty made no answer, but clung close to my lady's arm.

"It has been mentioned, I suppose?"

"Mentioned!" echoed Charlotte mournfully.

Lady Grovelly's face grew dark, and she drew away from Lotty in a slow and very meaning manner.

"Charlotte," she said sternly, "you alarm me! It cannot be that you are already married! What am I to infer from this silence?"

She was *not* silent. She was sobbing most audibly.

"Can it be possible that my son has so far forgotten his duty to me, can he have been so blind to honour and prudence as to make a clandestine village union? And you, Charlotte!—never think, if it be true, that I will ever forgive you!"

"Oh pray don't talk so!"

"Don't talk so!" cried Lady Grovelly, speaking in a low, well-bridled voice, "What words shall I choose to express my utter disappointment in you, and my resolve never while I live to countenance a marriage as disgraceful to you as it is to my son? Charlotte Leeson, I gave you credit for more honesty, for more honour! You have played a treacherous part in a household that always welcomed you with more kindness than you were entitled to expect. You have deceived me; you have deceived your father; and it isn't too much to suppose, that having discovered the weakness of my unhappy boy's character, you have equally deceived him! However, I have done with him, and be sure I have done with you!"

Therewith madam rose and was about to leave the room, hurt and indignant enough. Charlotte interrupted her.

"But, dear Lady Grovelly," she said, half rising in her bed, and looking miraculously calm and pale, "it is a mistake!"

"So I think, indeed!"

"But I am not married at all!"

"No!"

"Not at all!" Charlotte returned, demurely shaking her head, and smiling to confirm her words.

"Then, my dear child," exclaimed Lady Grovelly, bewildered, not unpleasantly, "why did you let me reproach you as I have done? How foolish of you! Come! [here my lady took Charlotte in her arms, and kissed her ice-cold forehead] we are friends again at once. But really we appear to be playing a very stupid game of cross purposes."

"You are no longer cross with Herbert, are you?" Charlotte asked, still so wonderfully self-possessed and pale, with only a little nervousness in her fingers, which plucked at the coverlet again.

"Certainly not, now I know he has not been guilty of what I am sure you will pardon me thinking a foolish thing. And you—I see how it is with you, my dear. Herbert has talked with you about marriage; and when I suspected that you were already married, you favoured the suspicion with your silence in order to see whether I might not be reconciled to the union. Now was not that the case?"

Charlotte nodded her head.

"Of course it was! Now listen to me. Are you quite calm?"

"Oh yes, indeed!"

"Very well. Now you love Herbert very, very much, and he loves you. You think, then, it is cruel of me to wish to separate you. But suppose the real cruelty to be in allowing him to marry you!"

Charlotte looked up with languid wonder. "Pray do not mock me," said she—"that would be too unkind!"

"I am sure I mean you nothing but kindness, my dear. I am a woman, too, you know, and feel for you now from my heart. Nevertheless, I say it would be cruelty to allow you to marry my son, in ignorance of what he is."

"And what is he?"

“Charlotte, I might give too sudden an answer to your too sudden question.”

More wonder, but of a wilder sort, in the young wife’s eyes. “This must be a dream,” said she to herself, half aloud.

Lady Grovelly took little notice of this interjection, though it was made a tone which ought to have resolved her to conclude the conversation. By this time, however, it appeared to my lady that she really had a moral duty to perform to this young woman, in apprising her of the Family Secret. Quoth madam—

“A dream let it be. A warning dream, never to be forgotten, and never to be told. For I am about to tell you a great secret, and as I do so for your own sake, my dear, I expect you never to reveal it. You will be startled to hear that my son is poorer and more dependent than any of the servants here who wait on him!”

Charlotte *was* startled, and in a startling tone she cried, “Don’t tell me that, my lady, if you wish me to give him up!”

“We’ll talk of that, my poor child, when I have done. I simply tell you that Herbert is not the heir to this estate, has no property of his own, and is entirely dependent on the bounty of his friends. He has an elder brother!”

“And that’s the secret!” cried Charlotte, too full of delight that Herbert was a penniless younger son.

“Not altogether. This poor boy of mine—you must suppose, since he is never heard of, never seen, never mentioned, that his lot is a sad one. Charlotte, he is mad!”

“But Herbert is not mad! Herbert is not mad!” cried the young wife wildly—for suddenly he appeared before her with that strange baffling light in his eyes which had so often troubled her, she knew not why.

“God forbid!” exclaimed his mother, and looked down, and wrung her hands.

“Then what do I care for anybody else’s madness?” Charlotte cried with that savage frankness which women often exhibit in such situations. “Why do you tell me about his brother?”

“Charlotte,” said madam in a broken voice, “look at me and learn to care. Herbert is not mad, as John is, but have you not seen—you who say you love him!—have you not seen insanity smouldering in his face? Have you observed no sullen moods, no flashy moods when his hands play together in this way—”

(“Oh, Heaven!”)

“—and a red spark burns deep in his eyes like a lamp in a well? You do not care; but suppose you saw all this in your child as he lay at your breast!”

A stab—home! Lotty will hear little more, I think, after this, judging from her awful face. So great was the shock that a calm observer, Mademoiselle, might even have seen her hair burst from under her pretty cap, to fall like shed leaves upon her bosom. Lady Grovelly, eager with the eloquence of her own distress, and almost forgetful now of the object of her revelations, observed nothing, but hurried on.

“This has been my bitter fate, and bitterly I fear it may be the fate of the woman who marries Herbert! Think of it! The taint runs deep in the blood of this unhappy family; and we have not only to reflect upon what may happen to Herbert—at any moment. What is dormant in him may come out with double violence in his children; and your baby lying in the cradle—”

exportation of the goods of religious houses was prohibited on any pretence whatsoever.

It was about this period that confession was more strictly enjoined than formerly; that, though the wine in the Lord's Supper was occasionally given to the laity, yet it was declared no part of the sacrament, communicants being sometimes put off with the washings of the priest's fingers. Married priests became deprived of their benefices; and all their goods, even those which they had gotten with their wives, were applied to the use of the church, and their children declared incapable of church preferments. General excommunication came also into use in this century, by which all who were guilty of certain vices and crimes, though known only to God and their own consciences, were declared to be excommunicated. These excommunications were published by every parish priest in his holy vestments, with bells tolling and candles lighted, before the whole congregation, in the mother tongue, on Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and All-Hallows-day.



FRIAR PREACHING FROM A MOVEABLE PULPIT.

That these excommunications might make the greater impression on tender consciences and timorous natures, they contained the most horrible, infernal curses that could be devised:—"Let them be accursed eating and drinking, walking and sitting, speaking and holding their peace, waking and sleeping, rowing and riding, laughing and weeping, in house and in field, on water and on land, in all places. Cursed by their head and by their thoughts, their eyes and their ears, their tongues and their lips, their teeth and their throats, their shoulders and their breasts, their feet and their legs, their thighs and their inwards. Let them remain accursed from the bottom of the foot to the crown of the head, unless they bethink themselves and come to satisfaction. And, just as this candle is deprived of its present light, so let them be deprived of their souls in hell." It was for opposing such teaching that hundreds of poor creatures were most cruelly treated, and imprisoned in the room now known as the Lollards' Tower.

Still further to illustrate the irresistible power of the clergy, we may mention that Robert Lord Morley, one of the most powerful barons of the kingdom, having committed some trespasses in a park belonging to William Bateman, Bishop of

Norwich, he was prosecuted with so much vigour that, in spite of all his own power, and the interposition of the King in his favour, he was obliged to submit to the following ignominious penance:—"To walk in his waistcoat, bare-headed and bare-foot, with a wax candle weighing six pounds, lighted, in his hand, through the streets of Norwich, to the cathedral, and there, in the presence of a prodigious concourse of people, to beg the bishop's pardon in the most humble posture and language."

Building churches and monasteries being still believed to be one of the most effectual means of obtaining pardon of sin and the favour of Heaven, prodigious numbers of both were built in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the reign of Henry III. alone no fewer than one hundred and fifty-seven abbeys, priories, and other religious houses were founded in England. Many of the cathedral and conventual churches were very large, lofty, and magnificent fabrics, and were raised at a very great expense of labour, time, and money; and we need only name the cathedrals of York, Salisbury, Lichfield, Worcester, Ely, Gloucester, &c., to confirm our statement, and give some idea of the style of sacred architecture then prevalent. The opulence of the clergy and the zeal of the laity furnished ample funds for building so great a number of churches, and monasteries, and religious houses, but it was with great difficulty that workmen could be procured to execute those pious works, so the Popes—who, for very obvious reasons, favoured the erection and endowment of churches and convents—granted, by bulls, many indulgences to the society of masons, in order to increase their numbers. The indulgences produced the desired effect in those superstitious times, and that society became very numerous, and raised a prodigious multitude of magnificent churches about this time in several countries. "For the Italians, with some Greek refugees, and with them French, Germans, and Flemings, joined into a fraternity of architects; procuring Papal bulls for their encouragement, and particular privileges, they styled themselves Freemasons, and ranged from one nation to another, as they found churches to build (for very many in those ages were everywhere in building, through piety or emulation). Their government was regular, and, when they fixed near the building in hand, they made a camp of tents. A surveyor governed in chief; every tenth man was called a warden, and overlooked each nine. The gentlemen in the neighbourhood, either out of charity or commutation of penance, gave the materials and carriages." Those who have seen the accounts in records of the charge of the fabrics of some of our cathedrals, near four hundred years old, cannot but have a great esteem for their economy, and admire how soon they erected such lofty structures.



RICHARD II.

The arts of refining and working metals are so useful in themselves, and so necessary to the practice of other arts, that they merit some attention in

period. The art of tempering and polishing steel was now constantly practised, and defensive armour and offensive arms continually produced. Statues of brass became common in churches and on monuments, and copper statues were not unknown. The goldsmiths and jewellers were very numerous, and some of them excelled in their profession. Alan de Walsingham, a monk of Ely, was particularly celebrated for his skill in the goldsmith's art; and it is impossible to peruse the description of the gold and silver plate and jewels taken from Piers Gavaston, without admiring both the quantity and the workmanship. Some pieces of the silver plate in that collection are said to have been worth four times the quantity of silver which they contained. At the triumphal entry of Richard II. and his



• FUNERAL OF RICHARD II. (*Froussart*)

good Queen Anne into London, in 1392, the citizens, besides many other gifts, presented a crown of gold to the King, and another to the Queen (both of great value), at the Fountain, in Cheapside; and when the procession had advanced a little further, they presented a table of gold, with a representation of the Trinity upon it, to the King, and another, with a figure of St. Anne upon it, of equal value, to the Queen.

When the palace of the Savoy, belonging to John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," was burnt, with all its rich furniture, in 1381, the keeper of the Duke's wardrobe declared upon oath "that the silver, silver-gilt, and gold plate in that palace would have loaded five carts."

But the magnitude of the work and the number of the workers in precious metals is best shown by the fact that, in 1341, when the goldsmiths of London represented to Edward III. that many of their workmen had lost their sight by the heat of the fire and the fumes of quicksilver, and that several others had become paralysed, infirm, and weak by performing other parts of their work, that Prince granted them permission to found and endow an hospital for the reception of those who had lost their sight or their health in the service.

It is not known to whom we are indebted for the invention of metal clocks, or for clocks capable of striking the hours, but the first that we hear of in Britain was placed in the old clock-tower opposite the gate of Westminster Hall, and is said to have been purchased with part of a fine of 800 marks imposed upon Randolf de Hengham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1288. Soon after this,

another clock, which cost 80*l.* (equivalent to 400*l.* of our present money), was set up in the Cathedral of Canterbury. Most probably these clocks were imported or made by a foreign artist; for, about seventy years after this, Edward III. invited three foreign clockmakers (their very names are still known) to come into England, giving them his royal protection to exercise their trade of clock-making in any part of his kingdom without molestation. By this means clocks became common in cathedrals and conventual churches before the end of the fourteenth century, and the art of making them was soon brought to a considerable degree of perfection—so much so that the astronomical clock made by Richard de Wallingford, Abbot of St. Albans, in the reign of Richard II., deserves especial notice; for we are told by Leland that Wallingford, after being made abbot, resolved to leave a lasting monument of his ingenuity, art, and learning. With this view, he fabricated, at a great expense of money, thought, and labour, a most wonderful clock, which represented the revolutions of the sun and moon, the fixed stars, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, besides an almost infinite number of other lines and figures. When he had finished his work, he composed a book of directions for managing and keeping it in order—that it might not be ruined by the ignorance of the monks!

Although the art of painting was greatly patronized in this century, we fear the talents of the draughtsmen were not of the highest description, and that quantity, rather than quality, predominated. Henry III. was a most munificent encourager of the fine arts, and he kept several painters constantly in his service, who executed many historical pictures for him in his various palaces of Winchester, Woodstock, Westminster, the Tower of London, Nottingham, Northampton, Windsor, Guildford, and Kenilworth. One chamber in the palace of Winchester was painted green, with stars of gold and the whole history of the Old and New Testaments. In the palace of Westminster, the expedition of Richard I. to the Holy Land was depicted. The coronation, wars, marriages, and funeral of Edward I. were painted on the walls of the great hall in the episcopal palace of Lichfield, in 1312, by order of Bishop Langton.

- And so intent was Edward III. upon finishing the paintings in the palace of Westminster, that he granted a precept, dated 18th March, 1350, to Hugh de St. Albans, master of his painters, commanding him to impress all the painters in the counties of Kent, Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, and Sussex; to conduct them to Westminster, and keep them in his service as long as it should be necessary. And, fearing that these would not be sufficient to finish his work, he granted similar precepts, of the same date, to John Athelard and Benedict Nightingale, to impress all the painters in the counties of Lincoln, Northampton, Oxford, Warwick, Leicester, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk, and Suffolk, for the same purpose!



OLD WM. GASCOIGNE.

And so great and general was the taste for paintings in this period, that not only the walls of churches and palaces, but even the bed-chambers of private gentlemen, were ornamented with historical pictures.

It is well known that painting on glass was much practised, and brought to great perfection, at this period; and the same may be said of another species of painting, which was called *illuminating*; and many very beautiful manuscripts, still preserved in the British Museum, attest that the monks and nuns, whatever their other failings might have been, were at least ingenious and industrious. Music and poetry were more intimately connected in the Middle Ages than they are at present. Many musicians were then poets, and sang verses composed by themselves. The secular musicians of those times were called *minstrels*, and formed a very numerous fraternity, possessing many privileges, and held in high estimation by persons of all ranks. They wore a particular dress and certain ornaments, which procured them immediate access to the greatest personages on the most solemn occasions, of which the following remarkable and well-attested fact is a sufficient proof:—

“When Edward II., in 1316, solemnized the feast of Pentecost, and sat at table in royal state at the great hall of Westminster, attended by the peers of the realm, a certain woman, dressed in the habit of a minstrel, riding on a great horse trapped in the minstrel fashion, entered the hall, and, going round the several tables, acting the part of a minstrel, at length mounted the steps to the royal table and deposited a letter. Having done this, she turned her horse, and, saluting the company, departed.” When the letter was read, it was found to contain some severe animadversions on the King’s conduct, at which he was much offended. The door-keepers, being called and threatened for admitting such a woman, readily replied that “It never was the custom of the King’s palace to deny admission to minstrels on such high solemnities and feast days.”

Sacred music was cultivated with as much ardour by the clergy as secular music by the minstrels. The Church had been long gradually departing from the primitive simplicity of the Christian worship, and, after the introduction of organs into churches, so many of the public offices were sung, that the study of music became absolutely necessary to all who were to bear any part in their celebration. Music was, accordingly, taught and studied in all colleges, cathedrals, convents, and capital churches; and we are assured by a writer who has made the strictest investigation and research into the history of music, “that the clergy in the thirteenth century were by much the most able proficient as well in instrumental as in vocal music.” About this date covered gateways were erected at the entrances of burial grounds, and were known by the term of “*lichgate*” (from *leiche*, a corpse). Here rests were provided, upon which the coffin was placed before it was finally carried to the grave.

Commerce, having contributed so much to the prosperity and wealth of this country, is entitled to a distinct notice; but, though the internal commerce of Britain was, unquestionably, an object of great importance at a very early date, yet it does not appear to have been managed to the best advantage; for the prices of the most valuable and necessary commodities were sometimes more than double in some places to what they were in others—for instance, in 1258, a quarter of wheat cost 20s. at Northampton, when it was sold at 8s. 6d. at Dunstable! This could not have happened if intelligence had been regular, and commercial inter-

course safe and easy. A considerable drawback to the internal trade was the great number of petty taxes, some of which were demanded by every town and by every baron through whose boundaries traders conveyed their goods, and at every place where they exposed them for sale.

The foreign trade of England was, probably, more extensive than is commonly imagined; and there is the fullest evidence that Genoa, Venice, Pisa, Florence, and some other free cities of Italy, carried on a trade with England, and some of them with Scotland.

The trade between the English and the Venetians was considerable, as appears from the following incident:—A quarrel happened between the crews of five Venetian ships lying at Southampton, and the people of that town, in which several persons were killed on both sides. Edward II., dreading that this might deter the Venetians from continuing their trade with England, published a manifesto granting a full pardon to all who had been concerned in that unhappy quarrel, and promising the most perfect security and friendly treatment to all Venetian merchants and mariners who should come into England.

And the treaty between Edward III. and the plenipotentiaries of the seaports of Castile and Biscay was so complete, that the most perfect reciprocal freedom of trade is stipulated, and the following remarkable article added:—"The fishers in the dominion of the King of Castile and Biscay may come and fish freely and safely in the harbours of England, and in all other places where they please, paying the King his dues and customs."

The commerce of the English with their own French provinces of Aquitaine and Gascony was very considerable. Of this it is a sufficient proof that two hundred merchant ships from England were sometimes seen together in the harbour of Bordeaux; but the most ancient commercial treaty known was made between Henry III. (during his minority), in 1217, with Haquin, King of Norway; and the intercourse between the two countries was secured and regulated by a more prolix and particular treaty in 1269. A still more remarkable trade, considering the date, was, however, carried on between the people of Blackney, in Lincolnshire, with Iceland, and the commerce was so considerable, that they obtained a charter from Edward II., exempting their sailors and ships from being impressed into the King's service.

The number of regulations and laws relating to commerce at this period prove the anxiety of the kings and parliaments on this subject; but how ignorant they were of its real interests, we see by the very laws then made—*e. g.*, in 1363, Edward III. commanded that no English merchant should deal in any more than one commodity, either by himself or by a factor, in any manner, and required every merchant to fix upon the commodity in which he resolved to trade before the term of Candlemas. It was also made a felony for any Englishman, Welshman, or Irishman to export wool, leather, lead, and tin; and the law of 1314, which fixed a certain price upon provisions of all kinds, producing a famine, had to be repealed instantan.

The introduction of the uniformity of weights and measures, and the Navigation Act, passed in the reign of Richard II.—which compelled English merchants to freight none but English ships—were more effectual measures; but the chief object of the English legislation seems to have been the invitation of foreign merchants to import the commodities of their respective countries, and export those of England.

As none of the writers who flourished in the thirteenth and fourteenth cen-

tures make mention of payment in kind, we may conclude that coins made of precious metals were now become the only representatives of all commodities. Edward II. made many material changes in the state of the coin of this country, by the introduction of groats, half-groats, and by the coining of gold.

The method of coining money was very simple. The metal was cast from the melting-pot into sheets or long thin bars; these were cut with shears into square pieces of exact weight, according to the species of coin intended; these pieces were formed into a round shape by the hammer, after which those of silver were blanchied by boiling; and, last of all, they were stamped or impressed by a hammer, which finished the operation. It was not so easy a matter, in the times we are considering, to exchange gold and silver coins for each other as it is now, therefore Edward III. and several of his successors took this office into their own hands, to prevent private extortion, as well as for their own advantage; and they performed it by appointing certain persons, furnished with a competent quantity of gold and silver, in London and other towns, to be the only exchangers of money, at the following rate:—When they gave gold nobles for silver coins, they took one penny more; and when they gave silver coins for gold nobles, they gave one penny less for every noble; by which they made, in every transaction, one and one-fifth per cent.

The crimes of clipping and counterfeiting the current coin of England, and of importing base money, were very common at this early date. The Jews were the greatest offenders, and their guilt must have been very great indeed, if it was equal to their punishment, for no fewer than 280 were put to death for these crimes in one year (1279), in London alone. At the same time all the goldsmiths in the kingdom were imprisoned, on suspicion of being guilty of the same crimes.

The extravagance of the dress of this period is too well known to be described here; but the proclamation of Edward II. on the subject of meats and drinks is not so often met with, and we subjoin it:—"Edward, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine, to the sheriffs of London, wisheth health. Whereas, by the outrageous and excessive multitudes of meats and dishes which the great men of our kingdom have used, and still use, in their castles, and by persons of inferior rank imitating their example, beyond what their stations require and their circumstances can afford, many great evils have come upon our kingdom, the health of our subjects hath been injured, their goods have been consumed, and they have been reduced to poverty; we, being willing to put a stop to these excesses, have, with the advice and consent of our Council, made the following rules and ordinances:—1mo. That the great men of our kingdom shall have only two courses of fresh meat served up to their tables, each course consisting only of two kinds of fresh meat; except prelates, earls, and barons, and the greatest men of the land, who may have an inter-meat of one kind if they please. On fish days they shall have only two courses of fish, each consisting of two kinds, with an inter-meat of one kind if they please. Such as transgress this ordinance shall be severely punished." This proclamation was issued in the time of a deplorable famine, but it produced so little result that Edward III., in 1363, was tempted to try the effect of another similar law, by which it was enacted that the servants of gentlemen, merchants, and artificers should have only one meal of meat or fish in the day, and that their other meal should consist of milk, butter, cheese, and such other things as were suitable to their station; but alas! this law, too, produced no better effect than its predecessor.

One word about the inter-meats, and we conclude. These were the most expensive singularities attending royal feasts, and consisted of representations of battles, sieges, &c., introduced between the courses for the amusement of the



SAYING GRACE.

guests. The French excelled in exhibitions of this kind. At a dinner given by Charles V. of France to the Emperor Charles IV., 1378, the following inter-meat was exhibited :—A ship, with sails, masts, and rigging, was seen first ; she had for colours the arms of the city of Jerusalem. Godfrey de Bouillon appeared upon deck, accompanied by several knights armed *cap-à-pie*. The ship advanced into the middle of the hall, without the machinery which moved it being perceptible. Then the city of Jerusalem appeared, with all its towers lined with Saracens. The ship approached the city, the Christians landed and made the assault, the besieged made good defence, several scaling-ladders were thrown down, and at length the city was taken. And we smile, and cry forsooth ! and wish,

“As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.”

Ah, well-a-day ! this nineteenth century finds us, no doubt, all moderate eaters and drinkers, and moderate dressers, careful citizens, sober sons, and dutiful daughters. Who will tell, in after days, of our over-dressing, or municipal feasts ? This is the golden age, no doubt, and we the men and women who make it !



Lichgate, Beckenham.

AMONGST THE AMERICANS.

BY F. GERSTÄCKER.

PART V.

THE vessel had now passed Louisiana city and the frontier of Arkansas, which lay extended on the left bank in all its green majesty, while the passengers, after dinner, walked awhile on the open deck, to get as much exercise as the narrow limits of the steamer permitted.

The wind had changed in the meanwhile, and black masses of cloud were collecting on the horizon: the aerial mountains rose higher and higher, in wall-like masses, and soon obscured with their shadow the friendly light of day, which struggled in vain against the dark masses, and was soon shut out by them.

A fine rain drizzled on the deck—at first a refreshing change to the oppressive heat—but, increasing into a tremendous shower, it soon drove everybody back into the cabin.

As nothing else could be done, Simmons had rapidly arranged a game of "encre," in which Mr. Gray, on this occasion, took part: Stewart, the Missouri settler, played also, as Simmons's partner, against Mr. Gray and Captain Wilkins. Mr. Bloomfield, however, had taken his seat close by Stewart's side, partly to observe the game, partly to address his incessant questions to the backwoodsman, and trouble him continually for stories, which, however, were patiently given.

Simmons had several times uttered some oaths, and entreated the New-Yorker not to interrupt their game every moment; but the latter, incurable in his passion, could only be turned from his purpose for an instant, and, at length, even produced his rifle and ammunition, which he showed the Missourian, asking him, at the same time, if he did not fancy that such large bullets would easily "floor a buffalo."

"A little bullet, sent home in the right spot, would floor him with equal ease," the Missourian quietly replied, as he regarded the New-Yorker with his bright, good-humoured eye; then taking up his cards, he threw a rapid glance upon them, and said to his partner, "I help."

"A little ball!" Bloomfield cried in astonishment. "A little ball for a buffalo, Mr. Stewart! You are really not serious?"

"Mr. Stewart, I wish you'd pay a little more attention," Simmons said rather angrily, while trick after trick was being made by their adversaries; "if you'd paid the slightest attention to the cards, we should have made the last trick and been out. You surely must have known that I should have played trumps if I'd had any in my hand."

"I presume the buffalo is fat," the indefatigable Bloomfield cried—"how can it be possible that a little ball can produce the requisite effect?"

"Deuce take large and small bullets!" Simmons said; "spades are trumps, and you, Stewart, are the elder hand."

"Now wait, Mr. Bloomfield," Stewart said quietly, as he played his cards; "as soon as this game is over, which won't take five minutes, I'll tell you a little anecdote of my small-bore gun."

"How many bullets to the pound?" Bloomfield asked.

"That's ours, and that's ours," Simmons cried; "the two highest trumps, the two black knaves. Encred, by Jove! Now, Stewart, let us have your story;

but we'll liquor first, and the captain must pay—I take brandy and sugar—and then, Mr. Bloomfield, if you don't cease to bore Stewart, I give you my word of honour that I'll bewitch your beautiful rifle so that not a single bullet shall come out of it again as straight as you drove it in."

"It's just two years ago," Stewart began, after all had drunk, "when I shouldered my rifle one day, to make the rounds of my farm, as a quantity of squirrels were doing much harm to the Indian corn. I had one of our long rifles, which carry a small ball—one hundred and eighty balls to the pound."

"One hundred and eighty to the pound!" Bloomfield interrupted him. "Why! with that, the most you'd be able to shoot would be a squirrel, hardly a turkey."

"That was my own idea at the time," Stewart continued, without making a pause in his story. "At that time, too, there was nothing but squirrels in North Carolina: now and then we might catch sight of a deer; and, very rarely, a bear would come down from the mountains, in summer, to pay us a visit. Well, bear-tracks had been lately seen in our neighbourhood, and the old fellow had been followed, but, as nothing had been seen during the previous days, we all naturally thought he had gone westward. I myself, at least, would sooner have expected the sky to fall in, than to find a bear in the neighbourhood of my farm."

"But you don't mean to say you killed a bear with a rifle that carried one hundred and eighty to the pound?" Bloomfield again interrupted. "The balls are hardly larger than swan-shot"

"My field was close to the house," Stewart went on, without noticing the objection, "so that the buildings and a little garden formed its southern boundary, while it was surrounded on the other three sides by a high fence—ten bars high. I sauntered slowly along the western side, with my rifle on my shoulder, without having seen even a squirrel, then turned the corner, and went along the north side, looking cautiously round, without finding the least sign of anything worth shooting. I almost despaired of finding a head of game, when I reached the north-east side of my farm, near which was a little sassafras-thicket, through which a small cow-path led, and had scarcely arrived there when I fancied I heard a slight rustling in the leaves. Now, I had only loaded my rifle in order to kill a squirrel, if I saw one, but I never thought, on my honour, of anything larger; still I stopped in my walk, and listened attentively to the noise, that drew nearer and nearer. I had cocked my gun, and was all ready, but still the thick sassafras-bushes hid the beast, whatever it might be: at length I saw the tops of the trees move. It came nearer, and suddenly appeared, hardly twenty paces before me, on a little path that led to my house, and in which I was standing."

"What did the bear do then?" cried Bloomfield, who had listened with breathless attention to the course of the narrative.

"A bear!" Stewart exclaimed in surprise; "what made you think of a bear? It was one of my cows, which was going home to be milked."

"And what did you really shoot?" Bloomfield asked, whereat Simmons began to laugh loudly.

"Well, you don't suppose I killed my own cow?" Stewart replied, with apparent surprise at the question.

"Let him finish his story quietly," Captain Wilkins cried, who seemed

highly delighted at the disappointment of the New-Yorker. "He's got to go round the whole east side of the fence in order to reach his house again."

"Yes," Stewart continued, "it was one of my cows, which the less surprised me, as the six my wife keeps come home regularly about that time. So, uncocking my gun, as no game had been seen on that side for many weeks, I went on gently, naturally not expecting to have a shot here, close along the fence, and ——— reached my house in about ten minutes without seeing anything more."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" Old Simmons burst out. "Let's liquor. Those smooth-bored rifles are really murderous weapons!"

"I am much obliged for the explanation," Mr. Bloomfield replied in a cold tone to Stewart, as he bowed politely, and went off without attending to Simmons's earnest entreaties not to expose himself to the cold night air without a drain of brandy in his inside; and left the players henceforth entirely alone.

"Give me your hand," Simmons said to Stewart, when Bloomfield had shut the door after him. "May I be scalped if you didn't 'sell' him beautifully. I took you for a sheepish Job, but, hang me, you humbugged that troublesome fellow gloriously. I take brandy and sugar."

Both Mr. Gray and the captain laughed heartily at Mr. Bloomfield's disappointed anticipations, and all seated themselves to the table again in the best possible spirits.

"Captain, will you be so good as to speak with the man on shore?" the mate asked, as he thrust his head in at the half-open door. "There's hardly half a cord of wood left, and that on the bank looks good and dry."

"Excuse me a moment, gentlemen," the captain said, as he laid his cards down. "I'll just see what the price of the wood is, and will return in a moment."

"That's what the mate calls looking good and dry," Simmons said, who had walked with the others on to the gallery. "The rain has been pouring on it for hours."

"What wood's that?" the captain cried from the hurricane-deck across to the bank, that was about a hundred yards off.

"Two and a-half dollars," was the answer.

"What wood is it?"

"About sixteen cords," the voice answered.

"But what sort of wood?"

"Yes, you can stop very well just under the cottonwood-tree."

"We must look ourselves what sort of wood it is," the captain said laughingly. "The scamp doesn't or won't understand my question." And, seizing the bell-cord, he rang several times violently, as a signal that he meant to stop and take in wood.

"Wood-pile, wood-pile!" was now heard through the 'tween-decks, and the mate and his helpers went about with lanterns to drive out the by no means pleasantly-surprised passengers into the wind and rain to carry the wet, dripping logs of wood on their shoulders, down the steep, slippery bank, across a narrow, smooth plank, on deck.

The firemen carried burning logs ashore, and kindled two immense fires; and workmen and passengers thronged ashore to get the unpleasant task completed as quickly as possible.

A fireman had his load first on his shoulders, and walked with a firm step on the wet ground, whose sticky mud clung to his shoes. He reached the plank, and

moved a few steps cautiously along it; but one of the logs slipped from his grasp, and, while trying to stop it, he fell with his whole burden into the rapid stream.

"Throw ashes on the plank," the mate cried. "Well, what are you all about?"

"A man overboard!" several shouted.

"The fool! It's his own fault. Lively, boys! carry the wood in!"

"Look after the man," the captain called from the hurricane-deck.

"He's swimming ashore," one of the sailors said. "He's on dry land by this time."

The man had again reached the shore, but would scarcely have made his way through the slime, had not the low branches of a tree assisted him. After having gained the high bank, he once more stepped over the plank, intending to dry his clothes on board, for the poor fellow had no other clothes save those he stood upright in; but the mate met him, and ordered him to help carry the wood in first; he'd have plenty of time to dry himself afterwards—concluding his remarks with, "Who told you to be such a fool as to fall overboard? There is the wood; get to work!"

The fireman, whom his accident had not put in the best temper, pulled out his knife, which he wore at his side like all the sailors, and swore solemnly he'd run it into the mate if he forced him to work in his wet clothing.

• The captain now interfered, and would not allow him to work in his present condition.

For several hours the people worked with indefatigable zeal in carrying the wood aboard, while the mate had only to watch, lest any one retired to the dark recesses of the 'tween-decks to escape the toil. Several Germans, indeed, attempted at first to retire into the forest at a little distance from the bank, and quietly wait there, reclining under a tree, till the others had finished; but sharper overseers than even the mate of the *Oceanic*, drove them to work again—the musquitos, who attacked them in countless swarms, and forced them out of the oppressive atmosphere of the swamp.

At last the long-desired sounds of the bell were heard. "The mate's come on board!" sounded like music in the ears of the tired workmen. The planks were pulled in, the boat pushed off, and the *Oceanic* again clove the waters.

The rain ceased at ten o'clock, and the rising moon scarcely illumined the dark stream; but the pilot was an experienced steersman, who, as he said, knew every inch of the river, and the immense vessel pursued its voyage with only a slight relaxation of speed.

At eleven they stopped at Napoleon, at the mouth of the *Arkansas*, to put passengers ashore, and to take in several who had come down the *Arkansas*. About mid-day on the fourth day, the captain and Mr. Gray, who were on the hurricane-deck near the pilot, saw, just when the white houses of Helena became visible, two boats coming down the river, and evidently racing. Both stopped almost in the same moment at Helena, the one to put passengers ashore, the other to discharge several hundredweight of lead.

With extraordinary speed, so as not to allow the other boat too great a start, the heavy masses of lead were thrown ashore, and the *Oceanic*, which did not intend stopping, came up just at the moment when the second boat, the *General Green*, again started.

Not fifty paces from shore, and scarce a hundred from the *Oceanic*, at the moment when Gray and the captain were looking for familiar faces on the vessel

with their telescopes, white steam filled the engine-room, a terrible crash followed, and shattered corpses and fragments of the boat flew high in the air.

"Run aside of her," Captain Wilkins hurriedly shouted. "Let us save all we can, for the boat must sink immediately. Into the little boat, my boys—three of you—save all the human beings you can, but let the cargo swim."

With the speed of lightning, the *Oceanic* flew onwards, while the water round the unhappy vessel was crowded with living and dead beings, chests and timber. There was no time to lose, as those passengers who had escaped the explosion were still exposed to the danger of drowning; for the wreck was sinking fast. Several little boats also started from the town to furnish help.

The ladies' cabin was almost the only part of the whole vessel which had been spared, but the female passengers had already quitted it, and had taken refuge on the hurricane-deck, which was scarcely a few inches above the edge of the water when the *Oceanic* came up.

The bows of the vessel sank at this moment; and, just as a plank was pushed over to rescue the ladies who were congregated in the narrow space, the wreck began to settle, and appeared about to go down with all on board.

Gray had been looking with a beating heart at the peril of the weak, helpless creatures, when he fancied he recognized a well-known form. "Celeste!" he shouted in horror, and still doubting. A pale face was raised to his. "William!" and the arms were stretched imploringly to him. The vessel sank at this moment, and the waters closed over the beloved face.

"Celeste!" Gray again shouted with a cry of horror, and, without a moment's delay, he sprang into the yawning gulf which had just swallowed his beloved.

The sailors did not like to be behind a passenger in courage. Five of them threw off their blue jackets and sprang after him, and for several minutes, when body after body rose to the surface, it could not be distinguished who was really saved and who lost in this chaos of dead and living things. The passengers of the *Oceanic* stood breathlessly on deck. Gray rose from the waters. On his arm he bore a lifeless body—it was Celeste—and he swam with powerful strokes towards the boat, into which he was pulled with loud shouts of joy from the *Oceanic*. With equal rapidity four other ladies were saved. The rest were never again seen.

Some wherries, too, which had started from shore, moved with practised speed among the fragments of the wreck, and saved from a watery grave many who were struggling desperately with the waves.

After the others, a canoe had left the bank, and flew with the speed of wind towards a spot where a woman was struggling with the waves. "Save me," she implored; and one arm was raised in entreaty. The monster, however, would not have the useless burden in the canoe, but stretched out his hand towards a chest that floated near her, and lifted it into the boat. Once again a white arm gleamed through the muddy waves, and then sank, never to be raised again. The man, however, who, with cold blood, had suffered a helpless being to sink close to him without extending a hand to save her, moved about for a short time to fish up several other valuables and toss them into his canoe, and then pulled slowly, and, as it seemed, perfectly satisfied with himself, towards the bank, to place the fruits of his plunder in security.

But the villain was not destined to escape unpunished this time. The captain,

as well as several of the passengers, had observed everything from the Oceanic, and, with a voice trembling with rage and indignation, Captain Wilkins gave orders to get the boat in readiness.

At the same moment when the man left his canoe, two sailors jumped on shore, and seized the fellow to deliver him to the authorities.

Helena has certainly the worst reputation of all the towns in the Mississippi, and robbery and murder frequently occurred there. Still, the better class of inhabitants were enraged at the villany, more especially as there had been witnesses to it; and the fellow, in spite of his violent resistance, was bound, with the intention of delivering him to the sheriff. This, however, the mob violently opposed.



"Hang him, hang him!" they shouted. "A rope is almost too good for him. Twist some withies, and hang him to the nearest tree."

"Stop!" a respected citizen of the town cried, as he pushed back those nearest him. "Stop! let us vote and see who is for and who against the immediate punishment of the scoundrel."

"Yes, yes, we'll vote!" shouted the mob.

"Well then," proceeded the man who had just spoken, "those who are for immediately hanging the murderer—for we can't regard him in any other light—must go to that side; those who wish to deliver him up to the authorities, who will box him up for a year, perhaps, and thrust him again on society, stay where they are."

"Hang him, hang him!" they yelled; and all moved away from the spot, with the exception of one man, who quietly remained where he was.

"I vote for delivering him to the sheriff, and punishing him according to the laws you have made yourselves," the latter said. "Don't take the law in your

own hands, men of Arkansas, or you will be no better than this outcast of humanity whom you have just condemned."

"Don't listen to Davis," several said with a laugh; "he's a lawyer, and must talk so. But we'll show these strangers that the inhabitants of Arkansas will not suffer such villains among them."

Captain Wilkins now interposed, and also tried to dissuade the mob; but in vain.

"Captain," the spokesman said, "these swamps are full of bad fellows, and you may easily imagine that the man who stands there so pale and downcast (for he knew his fate, from the instant you proposed to hand him over to the sheriff, although he laughed and put on a bold face) is not one of the best. If we set about imprisoning the several members of this band in our easily-broken-open gaols, we should do little else than give these villains cause to laugh at us afterwards; for, on the very first night, a band of his friends, who do not dare make their appearance here in broad daylight, would liberate him; but if he's once hanged we shall have peace, and the country will be spared the cost of keeping him, and lots of trouble. So, boys"—he turned to those around him—"get to work!"

"Away with him!" the mob shouted; and away they dragged the culprit, who now, foreseeing his fate, turned in vain to Captain Wilkins, and implored him not to suffer him to be thus murdered against law and justice. It was, however, useless; the mob dragged him away; and, when Wilkins returned on board, with Stewart and several other cabin-passengers, they saw the mob carrying the criminal, by main force, to an old tree. Several now clambered up the round, wrinkled stem, and bent down the boughs by their weight; others fastened the rope round the victim's neck, bound it to the top of the tree, and, when they let it go, its elasticity again restored it to its proper position—but on it hung the lifeless body of the executed man.

Simmons was standing on the hurricane-deck when the captain returned, and from this elevation he regarded the whole scene; but he shook his head, and, turning to Dalton, gave his opinion—

"Very quick justice in this country, Mr. Dalton! deuced quick! spares the sheriff and the county a deal of trouble, and is, doubtless, very pleasant for the chief personage; for all the torture of examination and awaiting death are here done away with; I must, however, confess—though it's probably a prejudice on my part—that the judicial course would suit me better; if it were only to know how one really left the world. But what's the matter with you? Why are you looking so fixedly down the river?" He now turned to the other, who appeared to be listening with the most eager attention to a distant sound, and was exerting his whole power of vision to look down the river. "What the deuce is the matter with you?" he again asked him.

"Mr. Simmons," the young man said in a half-suppressed tone, as he seized him passionately by the arm, "don't you hear anything?"

"Hear! why not? I hear the fellows down there making a horrid row, as if they were going to hang some one else, out of fun. Well, they all deserve it!"

"Don't you hear a steamer coming up the river? Listen! Now again! Don't you hear it?" Dalton asked timidly. "By Heavens! there's the white smoke rising behind the trees! I am pursued, and we are lying here quietly to

await the arrival of the other boat!" In despair he pressed his hand against his brow, and ran up and down the deck.

"There's the captain coming on board," Simmons said; "we shall probably start directly, and then I'd bet ten to one that the white puffer behind us will never see us again. There! the bell's ringing. Courage, Dalton, courage! You behaved like a man when danger was near you, so don't despair now, because you see a little white smoke behind the trees."

The captain now came on the hurricane-deck, and when he saw the steam of the approaching vessel, and Dalton's despair, he seized the young man by the hand, and seriously begged him to be of good cheer, and not despond.

"Mr. Dalton," he continued, "you have reasons, as you told me, for not being married before you arrive at St. Louis; and I give you my honour that I'll land you both in good condition there, even if the old gentleman, as I strongly suspect, is on the boat behind us. It goes at a deuce of a pace, at any rate, and yet has only one engine," he went on, while protecting his eye from the sunbeams with his hands, and looking down the river towards the boat, which was seen just coming round a bend, though still several miles off. "Roberts!" he suddenly shouted down on deck to one of the firemen, a negro, "what boat's that? The fellow knows every boat on the river if he only sees the smoke." He then turned to Simmons and Dalton, who were looking through the telescope the captain had handed them, endeavouring to recognize the steamer, and to discover whether it was a fast or slow one.

"Can't see down here, massa!" the negro shouted from below.

"Come up, then, sirrah, and give us your opinion."

The negro reached the hurricane-deck in a few bounds, and, after attentively watching the coming boat, and listening to the puffs, which could now be heard more distinctly, he cried, with a grin which displayed two rows of pearl-like teeth—

"Diana, massa!"

"I thought so," said Wilkins stamping.

"The fastest boat on the Mississippi!" cried Dalton despairingly.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

I.

SWEET the hawthorn's opening blossom;
Sweet the primal morn of May;
Sweet the rose-bud's swelling bosom;
Sweet the scent of new-mown hay;
Sweet the song of summer breezes
'Mongst the leafy trees at e'en;
But, sweet as these are, nothing pleases
Me like joy in children seen.

II.

All things rich in lovely Nature,
All things fair on fruitful earth,
Cannot vie with the sweet features
Children's faces have in mirth.
The Bible tells us, in its story,
Of angels bright with heav'nly joys;
And this wide world's supremest glory
Are merry girls and laughing boys.

JOHN SHERRER,

THE SON - IN - LAW.

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

V.

CHAUDIEU, without appearing to be in the smallest degree disturbed by the threat of his interlocutor, continued—

"If I had allowed my firm conviction of your guilt to influence me, I should have unmasked you at once; but it is my habit to act with deliberation; so I resolved not to speak until I had obtained irrefragable proofs to back my words. I left the firm of Messrs. Roux and Jaubert some two years ago—at the time the house transferred its place of business to Marseilles. I wrote immediately to Francis Jaubert, who had preserved among his papers the forged bill. He was in Italy, and, in his absence, the bill could not be forwarded to me. It is about six months since that event took place; and, throughout the whole of this time, faithful to my resolution, I have received at my house—at my table—an individual with whom my wife's family were infatuated—little dreaming that the man whom they entertained was nothing better than a swindler!"

"Liar!" cried Laboissière, rushing upon the speaker.

Chaudieu seized the arm that was about to fall upon his head, and, without attempting to return the blow with which he had been menaced, forced his adversary down into his seat with such easy strength, that little encouragement was afforded to Laboissière for risking a manual encounter.

"One moment's patience," said he at the same time; "I shall soon end. The letter I had been so long expecting arrived yesterday, from Marseilles, and you yourself were kind enough to bring it to me. Francis Jaubert, on his return from Italy, sent me the bill in question, accompanied by all the documents necessary to prove the guilt of the forger. These documents I have here, in my pocket-book; and, if you do not get possession of them before I go, I warn you that, on leaving this room, they will be laid before the nearest magistrate."

Laboissière maintained a deep silence during a few moments.

"What is the price of these papers?" he asked, at length, in a sullen tone.

"The purchase of these shares, and the forty-three letters of Mademoiselle Bailleul."

The speculator extended his hand towards his pocket-book, counted out notes to the amount of the shares, and then, opening his desk, drew forth a little bundle of letters.

"You'll excuse my counting them," said Chaudieu, running through the voluminous correspondence with his finger.

Laboissière smiled slightly, like a man who has already endured too many indignities to allow an additional one to irritate him.

"Forty-three! quite correct!" said Mademoiselle Bailleul's relative, after having counted the letters. "Now, pray be kind enough to put them into an envelope, and seal them with your own seal."

"What is the meaning of that?" inquired Laboissière, as he took from his desk a large sheet of paper.

"I am anxious that Mademoiselle Bailleul may be certain not one line of these letters has been read by me."

Without making another observation, the former lover of the lady of thirty-nine inclosed the tender correspondence in an envelope, and sealed it conformably to the request of Chaudieu. He added to the packet the bank-notes, and presented the whole to Chaudieu, who, at the same time, drew from his pocket-book the "Inexplosible" shares and the forged bill. The exchange was made without a single word being uttered by either person. Whilst Adolphe's husband coolly pocketed the correspondence and the bank-notes, Laboissière contemplated with a sombre air the scrap of paper which the care for his own personal security had compelled him to purchase at so heavy a price. After having examined it with the most scrupulous attention, he lit a taper, thrust into the flame the bill of exchange, and did not cease till he had scattered beneath his heel the last black particle; as if fire did not appear to him a sufficiently effectual destroyer.

As he saw the proof of his crime annihilated, a heavy sigh burst from his lips; then lifting his head, and fixing a furious glance upon the man whose denunciation he no longer feared—

"Before you take your departure," he said, in a voice that escaped between his clenched teeth, "we have a trifling matter to settle. What are your weapons?"

Chaudieu smiled calmly.

"I expected that challenge," he said, "but you might have dispensed with it, for I don't intend to accept it."

"You refuse to fight?"

"I refuse to fight."

"And do you flatter yourself I can't force you!" cried Laboissière in an ironical tone. "You have mortally insulted me; and do you suppose that I shall submit without seeking the most ample reparation? You are mad, my dear sir! You shall fight—and that, too, this instant—on this very spot—if you do not wish me to inflict upon you the chastisement of a coward!"

"I advise you not to repeat that joke again. I may be less patient a second time; and you might make your appearance in the street, without going down stairs. Your chambers are on the third floor, and the fall might hurt you."

With these words Chaudieu negligently deposited on his knees two immense hands, browned by rustic labour, which seemed powerful enough to bring down an ox. This expressive movement allayed the fury of the speculator.

"I speak to you as a gentleman," said the latter, with a smile of contempt, "and you answer like a porter."

"A porter is a better fellow than a gentleman who commits forgeries."

"Listen to me!" said Laboissière, pale with rage. "Here we are alone; and, as you have no spirit, it would be useless to strike you. A truce, then, for the present; but the first time I meet you in public do not allow me to come near you with my stick, for, on my honour, wherever I find you I will strike you across the face! We shall then see if you'll refuse to fight me."

"We shall see," repeated Chaudieu with the utmost calmness. "If you were only a duellist, I might be rash enough to risk my life against yours, notwithstanding the unequal chances; but you are a rogue, and I know of no law or custom that would compel me to fight with a swindler."

"Do you wish me to murder you?" shrieked Laboissière.

"I'm not at all afraid of that!" replied Chaudieu, smiling ironically. For a

man who can put out a candle at a few paces, to call out another man of pacific habits, is no extraordinary piece of heroism ; but to commit murder requires some pluck, and, although you have already defied the galleys, I don't think you're disposed to risk the guillotine."

Chaudieu rose, took up his hat, which, on entering, he had deposited upon the table, and, without saluting the master of the house, walked slowly towards the door. At the moment when he had opened it, Laboissière, seeming to awake from a stupor, rushed after him.

"To-morrow !" said he, in a hoarse and choking voice—"to-morrow I dine at your father-in-law's house—you will be there. There, before all your family, I will strike you on the face, despite your street-porter's fists. I shall be armed, and, at your first movement, I will murder you !"

"Thank you for the warning !" said Chaudieu carelessly.

After taking his leave of Laboissière, Chaudieu immediately returned to his rustic dwelling, and, on arriving there, his first act was to go up to the little drawing-room of which we have already spoken. He discovered his wife's aunt, seated at a table, on which a desk had been placed, and with a heap of letters before her. His father-in-law was placed at a card-table, some little distance away, engaged in a similar occupation ; but he stopped at intervals, and turned his glance upon his sister's countenance with a certain degree of anxiety. Indeed, Mademoiselle Bailleul's features looked ten years older than on the preceding evening.

On observing his son-in-law, M. Bailleul rose suddenly—

"Well, you have come at last ! I must confess you are a pretty fellow !"

"What do you mean ?" demanded Chaudieu.

"Did you not tell me, before starting for Paris this morning, that you had arranged everything with Mademoiselle Bailleul ? And now, it appears, she was entirely ignorant of it, and blames me as though I could divine your private schemes. My dear sister," he continued, addressing Mademoiselle Bailleul, "I wish to have a perfect understanding ! Chaudieu, I charge you to speak : did you not tell me that you had settled everything with my sister ?"

"I told you so," replied the young man.

"Do you dare assert that I said anything of the kind !" cried Mademoiselle Bailleul, reddening with indignation.

"You never said a word to me on the matter," answered Chaudieu calmly.

Brother and sister exchanged glances of astonishment, and then mutually turned to Chaudieu with a puzzled air.

"He has been dining at Paris !" thought M. Bailleul, "and that fox, Laboissière, has been giving him too much wine, the more readily to fleece him."

"Do me the honour to explain the meaning of all this !" demanded Mademoiselle Bailleul, who, in speaking of affairs which concerned herself and her brother, always used the first person singular.

"With pleasure," replied Chaudieu. "I could not dispose of those shares without first becoming their owner ; and I thought the best means of getting them out of your brother's hands was to use your name."

"Have you disposed of those shares ?" inquired M. Bailleul anxiously.

"I have taken that liberty," replied Chaudieu laughing.

"He must have been taking wine," said the old man to himself. "I never saw him so cool before."

"Proceed, sir, if you please!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Bailleul, in a tone of severity that would have caused her brother to tremble had he been the object to whom her words were applied. "Have you any reason for withholding from me why you have disposed of those shares?"

"Not the least," replied Chaudieu. "As they say, night brings reflection—my father-in-law's observations upon the uncertainty of commercial speculations appeared to me very apposite this morning, although I refused to be convinced by them yesterday; so, instead of taking any new shares, I've allowed Laboissière to take the old ones back again."

"Has he taken them back?" demanded both Chaudieu's relatives simultaneously.

"Certainly. Here's the cash."

Chaudieu took from his pocket the bank-notes and deposited them upon the table.

"Then you have withdrawn your money from Laboissière's clutches!" exclaimed M. Bailleul, radiant with joy. "Did he not make a difficulty about it?"

"A little. But we finished by agreeing. There's your ten thousand francs; if you are agreeable, I'll take them on account of Adolphe's dowry. Or you may take them and give me the whole sum together—just as you please."

"We will arrange all that!" said M. Bailleul, who, observing that his sister kept silent, did not venture to take upon himself to decide. "But, first of all, my dear Benoit, I must ask your pardon for an unjust suspicion I entertained with respect to you just now. I thought you had been taken in by that smooth-tongued Laboissière, while it seems, in fact, that you have turned the tables on him. Ah! you're a cunning dog, though you don't look it!"

The bank-notes had put the old man in a very good temper; but, suddenly remembering that his animal spirits had not received the sanction of the domestic autocrat, he turned timidly towards his sister, as if to be excused the liberty he had taken, and to ask permission to be happy.

Since the explanation given by Chaudieu, that lady had not spoken a word; but her eyes remained fixed upon her niece's husband with an expression compounded of astonishment, curiosity, and inquietude. The silent appeal of her brother drew her out of the observant meditation in which she appeared to be absorbed.

"Have you finished directing those letters?" she asked with an affectation of indifference.

"I have only one or two to write," answered her brother.

"I'll direct them if you'll run and tell Peter to get ready. I want him to carry them to Paris immediately."

"Are you sending out a circular?" inquired Chaudieu, pointing to the papers spread out upon the table.

"It is to put off the people whom we had invited to dinner to-morrow," replied M. Bailleul. "My sister is too unwell to receive them."

"I have requested you to fetch Peter," said the mistress of the house.

"I am about to do so, my dear sister," said the good-natured brother, hastening to obey.

As her brother left the room, Mademoiselle Bailleul seated herself in his chair, and commenced busily addressing the letters, without appearing to take any notice of Chaudieu. But, after having written two or three, she cast upon him

an absent look, and inquired, precisely as though she were speaking of the sun or of the rain—

"Then you have seen M. Laboissière?"

"Yes; I have come straight from his house," replied Chaudieu in an equally careless tone.

"When you proposed to him to take back those shares, did he not make any objections?"

"I over-ruled them."

"May I ask by what means?"

"Oh, what matter about the means, when the end is attained?"

Mademoiselle Bailleur buried her nose upon the table and wrote a few more addresses.

"Did nothing pass between you except on the subject of those shares?" she presently asked, seeking to hide her agitation.

"We spoke also of several other matters."

"Ah! But nothing of importance, I suppose—nothing worth the trouble of telling me?"

Chaudieu looked for a moment at his wife's aunt. Despite her greatest efforts at self-control, her features betrayed her violent apprehensions. The good fellow pitied her anguish, and, drawing from his pocket the letters which would restore peace to her mind, placed them on the table without saying a single word.

Mademoiselle Bailleur took up the packet in astonishment. Seeing no address upon it, she looked at the seal, and immediately recognized Laboissière's crest. At sight of this she uttered a stifled scream, and tore open the envelope with a tremulous but rapid hand. The letters fell out upon the table. On beholding them, the stern woman turned red and pale by turns. At one time she was almost on the point of losing her senses; but her natural energy of character preserved her. Presently her features grew calm, her eyes brightened, and, with a sudden movement, as if in obedience to an irresistible impulse, she rose, and, taking both Chaudieu's hands, grasped them convulsively in her own.

"You are my preserver, and I owe you more than life!" she said in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"You had better lock them up before your brother returns," said Chaudieu, whose habitual calmness had remained undisturbed.

Mademoiselle Bailleur collected the letters, and was about to put them into her pocket, when a fresh fear arrested her hand, and she commenced counting them.

"That is quite unnecessary," said Chaudieu. "They are all there!"

"All?"

"There are forty-three."

"Then you have counted them?" she said in some alarm.

"That is all. My curiosity went no farther. They were sealed up just as you saw."

"You are the best and most generous of men! I can never pardon myself for my treatment of you this morning. I had doubted you at the very moment when you were about to render me a service for which I would repay you with my life!"

"You can get rid of the obligation on much easier terms," said Chaudieu.

"Oh! tell me how?" cried Mademoiselle Bailleur, whose harsh and domineering nature seemed completely transformed by her gratitude.

"I see that you are already better. You will pass a good night, and to-morrow you will be entirely recovered. Do me the honour to give your dinner-party."

Mademoiselle Bailleul took the letters putting off the guests, and destroyed them without the least hesitation.

"This is a mere trifle," she said at the same time. "Ask some great service of me—give me an opportunity to show that, if I am sometimes quick of temper, I can, at least, be grateful."

"Here is Peter!" said M. Bailleul, entering the apartment; but, on beholding the letters which he had spent an hour in addressing torn into fragments and driven by the current of air from the door, flying all over the room, he became transfixed with consternation.

"Were they wrongly-addressed?" he asked with a woe-begone air. "I'm sure I took great pains!"

"I've changed my mind, brother; the dinner will take place."

"But, my dear sister, permit me to make one observation. In your state of health, it would be very imprudent."

"I am much better."

"I am sure you think so; but——"

"I tell you I am much better!"

"I'm delighted to hear you say so; but it appears to me impossible——"

"My dear brother, if you desire to make me really ill, you have only to continue. I repeat, I am quite well. Our dinner to-morrow must not be put off for a single hour. Now, will you be good enough to tell Peter that we leave for Paris at seven o'clock this evening, and that he is to get the carriage ready by that hour."

M. Bailleul, finding it useless to make any further opposition, went out to promulgate the counter-order he had just received.

"And now that we are quiet again," said the lady, whose curiosity increased in proportion as her fears were allayed, "tell me what has passed between you and that man; tell me by what magic you have tamed his insolent and pitiless nature."

"Wherefore dwell on details which could only give you pain?" replied Chaudieu gravely. "Let us never again speak of what has passed to-day. As for myself, from the present moment, I shall forget it. You are my wife's aunt. That title, as you informed me this morning, compels my affection and respect; the rest concerns me not. We have got rid of a bad and dangerous man; we must be more careful for the future."

"All is at an end, I trust," replied Mademoiselle Bailleul, blushing deeply; "he was invited for to-morrow, but he certainly will not come."

"He will come!" said Chaudieu.

"He dare not!" cried the disenchanted lady.

"Oh yes, he dare; for it is not audacity that he lacks. But don't be alarmed; I shall be there. Receive him as usual, and leave everything to me."

During the last half-hour, the bearing of Mademoiselle Bailleul and Chaudieu towards each other had undergone a metamorphosis at once sudden and complete. Chaudieu, who, till the night before, seemed to regard subordination as his natural condition, now spoke in the absolute accents of a man prepared to overcome any obstacle he might encounter. On the other hand, Mademoiselle Bailleul,

who scarcely suffered contradiction, and who exacted from every member of her family passive obedience, now listened, for the first time, with deference, and acknowledged a Will of which, until the present moment, she had not suspected the existence. This one fact alone constituted a veritable domestic revolution.

"Truly!" she said with a smile, "I can scarcely believe you are the same person. You have hitherto been so reserved, so peaceable, so easy——"

"And so faint-hearted, eh?" interrupted Chaudieu in a sufficiently ironical tone.

"I did not say that!"

"But you thought so; and that comes to the same thing. Now, I must inform you I have changed in nothing—I am, to-day, precisely what I was yesterday——"

"An enigma!"

"Are you at all curious about the key?"

"I am a woman," replied Mademoiselle Bailleur.

"And I—am a man!" said Chaudieu gravely. "I am a man, and not an automaton, as you have always considered me: that's the key to the enigma! Now that you know me, my conduct during the past five months must appear exceedingly strange to you; two words will explain it. I am neither a hero nor a marvel of learning, but I am a straightforward man, fond of justice, and a slave to duty. When I married, I felt I was entering upon a solemn engagement; I intended to make my wife happy. Excuse my frankness; you have asked for an explanation, and I am about to give it. My attention, my respect, my submission, have been ridiculed by you; and my wife has scrupulously regulated her conduct after your own."

"The faults of your wife are not to be laid to my charge."

"The faults of a pupil not chargeable to the teacher! I beg your pardon! Had she not had your bad example constantly before her, Adolphe would have behaved respectfully, dutifully. Yes, her faults are your work. I saw this the first week after my marriage; for five months I have submitted patiently; but, from this day, we enter upon a new order of things. You are my wife's aunt; you will never find me wanting in duty and respect; but the government of my house henceforth devolves upon me: from this hour, I am sole master here!"

Benoit Chaudieu politely bowed to his relative, and, without giving her time to make a reply, went out of the apartment.

Under other circumstances, Mademoiselle Bailleur would have made a stout struggle for the power of which she had been so unexpectedly deprived; but she found herself, in the present instance, in a position where resistance was impossible. She struck her flag, accordingly, without even the shadow of an opposition, in obedience to that all-powerful summons—necessity.

Nevertheless, the restoration of marital authority was, as yet, only half-accomplished. There still remained another power to capitulate—a charming lady of twenty-three! Arduous enterprise! Consequently, Benoit Chaudieu has not gained the day; and should he even achieve the victory this evening, his triumph will be menaced to-morrow. Laboussière, that implacable foe—who has already killed three men in a duel—has sworn to take the life of the hated, honest man who possessed the secret of his guilt!

PRECEPTS FOR PATIENTS.

PERHAPS, in conjunction with the efforts now being made by Miss Nightingale to improve the practice and extend the knowledge of the "sick nurse," a few hints to the sick "patient," whereby he or she may be enabled to aid the attendants—or, in some cases, dispense with them—will not be considered useless when contributed by those whose experience of illness, in either their own persons or others, qualifies them for the task.

Now, the first maxim dictated by this experience and observation—or, rather, the first opinion to which they give rise—is, that not only may there be, in many cases, too much nursing, as well as too little, but that the former is not, by any means, the least evil of the two. How many a slight cold, or little biliary derangement, has been petted or coaxed into fever or jaundice; how many occasions of feeling not quite the thing, or being a little poorly, have resulted in serious illness; how many trifling pains or weaknesses, little aches or ailments, have ended in disease and death, through over-care and unnecessary attention!

When you, dear reader, have got—as, during this season, you have been especially likely to get—a cold, a common, ordinary cold, you have been in the habit, perhaps, of betaking yourself to bed (an excellent thing; no rational person will quarrel with that), but you have also been in the habit of adding to your usual night-gear half a dozen extra wrappers, and changing your usual diet and your usual hours of eating, into a strange medley of messes taken at all times, whether required or not, whilst your usual routine of quiet employment has been turned, too, into a fussy, fidgety anxiety and attention to your malady. The consequence of all this is, that whereas you arose in the morning with a slight sore throat, and inclination to cough, or sneeze, as the case may be, and a disinclination to eat, or drink, or move, or speak, you find yourself, as night comes on—under the combined influence of hot rooms, hot drinks, embrocations, fomentations, &c.—with a hot skin, an accelerated pulse, a restless inability to sleep, a growing thirst, a great increase of violence in your cough or sore throat—in fact, a very unmistakable tendency to fever or inflammation.

Now, had you simply lain in bed, taking, for your best attendant, an amusing book, if capable of reading; if not, by perfect stillness encouraging the natural propensity to sleep; not drinking unless thirsty, nor eating unless hungry, which the chances are you would not be—indulging, in short, the natural wish for repose and quiet—you would, not probably but almost certainly, have been so much relieved, by the close of the day, as to be able to look forward to rising the next morning with but very little remains of your slight cold. Mind, this advice is quite distinct from the opposite extreme of "shaking off a cold," as it is called by those hardy (foelhardy) people who profess to cure coughs by walking against an east wind, and overcome catarrhs by sitting in wet shoes and stockings.

So, when persons get knocked up by, it may be, either too much work or too much amusement—when the appetite begins to fail, and the complexion grows rather yellow, and the head aches, and the temper becomes irritable, and they are what sympathising friends call a little bilious, rather out of sorts—what then? Send for the doctor? Not for awhile, dear friend, if you are wise. Stimulate the failing appetite by niceties and dainties? Restore strength and relieve lassitude

by delicate soups and nourishing jellies? Soothe the shaken nerves by plaintive little complainings over your ailments, by recapitulations to all your visitors of all your symptoms? By no means, if you have common sense. 'Tis to add fuel to the flame. If you have spent a lazy, inactive, self-indulgent life, up and be doing before it is too late. Set to work, to any work, bodily or mental, which will be absorbing enough to prevent you from thinking of your ailments. Forget that you had an appetite, or want one. Don't you perceive that Nature is doing her own work in depriving you of it for a time? You have been living on the fat of the land, good sir or madam. Not that you have committed any excess, or even been in the habit of eating food too rich or too dainty, but you have never known what it is to be hungry; and let it be whispered in your ear that our physical nature sometimes requires that knowledge.

Should your illness proceed from the opposite cause—of over-work—even here nursing will do no good. Coddling and fussing, fidgety attentions, anxieties, are worse than useless. You want nothing but rest—not idleness or self-indulgence, but rest from whatever labour or exertion you have pushed too far. Have you been sitting day after day over your desk? Go and walk from breakfast to dinner for six consecutive days; each day's dinner will be eaten with a better relish than the preceding: or go to a ball, if you have the opportunity, and dance till morning; you'll sleep the next night. Or have you had too much bodily fatigue? Buy or borrow half a dozen really clever, amusing books, and don't draw on your boots until you have read them.

Even for those who are actually suffering from serious illness—even for those there may be too much done by themselves or others. Even to those we say, do not give your whole time and thoughts to yourself or your malady; do not let those about you be always doing something for you; do not insist upon it. Every whim or fancy, first indulged and then gratified, breeds a hundred other whims, to the irritation of your nerves and the increase of your pain. The couch or cushion which was perfectly easy yesterday, becomes to-day a bed of thorns; and changed for another, that other, after its brief period of conferring comfort or pleasure, becomes, in turn, equally unbearable. You have kind friends about you ever ready to help you change your posture, to prepare some palatable food or drink, to wrap or unwrap you, to let in or shut out the light, to open or close the door; and you very possibly, in consequence, begin to require all those little things to be performed much oftener than is at all necessary, and the result of which is not an alleviation, but an increase of uneasiness from having your mind constantly fixed on the pain or lassitude which you suppose requires such aids for removal.

Another precept is, "*Endeavour to have some employment.*" Those who have no delight in books—and, indeed, much reading is not good for the sick; the constant perusal of light literature enervating the mind, and anything more abstruse requiring too great an exertion—those should have some little mechanical labour just sufficient to interest without tiring. Perhaps the reason why women in general bear illness better than men, is merely because their habitual needle-industry gives them more resources of this nature; for it is sheer nonsense to say that they have really more fortitude, more patience, greater powers of endurance. These qualities are pretty equally shared by each sex; one man has them, another has not; one woman has them, another is without; but women have—oh! what a falling off in dignity—they have embroidery, carpet-work, bead-work; they have knitting,

netting, and crochet! To secure a resource for the hours of illness which may come, every man ought to acquire a knowledge of some occupation—drawing, the use of a turning-lathe, wood-carving, basket-making, and even more feminine employments might be made available to cheer a weary hour.

Another useful rule is, "*Do not, except when replying to the necessary questions, or making the requisite statement of your case, talk of your illness.*" Ignorant or injudicious nurses fancy it is a part of their business to ask a patient perpetually "how he feels?" and suppose that they exhibit marvellous sympathy by encouraging the sick person to talk of all the symptoms and phases of an illness over and over again. Dismiss all such Job's comforters from your apartment. Yet even the afflicted patriarch's friends never went the length of counting his boils, or setting him to do so.

Talk of literature, science, art; converse on subjects social, moral, or political. Nay, talk the veriest gossip; discuss the shape of your visitors' garments, the hue of their complexions; interest yourself in the chances, among your acquaintances, of bridal-wreaths or cradles—anything rather than hold prolonged discourses on the subject of your own infirmitics. Better make your nurse read fairy tales to you, or sing ballads, than allow her to reiterate her useless condolences; better pay "Punch" to exhibit before your window, than encourage a sympathizing (?) friend to sit beside you with a long face, forcing you to reply to queries that had better not be asked except by the doctor.

Again, "*Do not acquire the habit of being ill.*" This may seem an absurdity, although it is a fact that some disorders—nervous ones especially—become habitual, not inevitable; and that convulsions, hysterics, &c., may be postponed or prevented, occasionally cured altogether, by the mere production of something of absorbing interest which shall divert the patient's attention at the usual period of recurrence, and so break the habit. But what is particularly meant here is, rather, "*Do not acquire invalid habits.*"

Now there is this difference in sick persons. Some, being, of course, *accustomed* to take medicine at stated times, allow themselves to acquire a *habit* of expecting it long after it ceases to be wanted; they grow fidgety and restless, mentally disturbed if they have it not, although physical necessity for it has passed away. Others, on the contrary, although, during illness, obliged to *accustom* themselves to the various appliances necessary for their restoration to health, do not acquire a *habit* of using them except for that purpose, but rather a habit of trying to do without them.

The end of all medical treatment, the object of all nursing, in general, ought to be that the patient may do without them. But they are too often used in quite a different manner; and the cases of persons who are only suffering from a temporary malady are assimilated with those who, stricken with mortal disease, are to be kept alive as long as it is possible for care to do it. This mistake must obviously be one for the patient himself to avoid. Nurses and doctors must apply the remedies, and take the necessary precautions; but it is for the invalid to guard against that peculiar state of mental or bodily feeling (perhaps both) which makes him, while anxious for health, yet wretched if not living the life of the sick. There can be no doubt that this retards the recovery of many; and one of the very best methods, perhaps, to prevent it, is to have as few of the appliances of sickness about one as possible.

Some people have a strange fancy for collecting, and keeping near them, all the accessories of a sick chamber. Do you, dear reader, when ill, have everything around you looking as well as possible. What is necessary, absolutely necessary for use, have within your reach ; but get rid of everything unnecessary as soon as possible. Maintain your communication with the world outside your chamber, also, as much as you can. If you are of a kindly, sympathetic nature, this will not be very difficult—there will always be something to interest you apart from your own state—but even if the reverse, you can do it by contemplating your return to other scenes than that immediately around you.

Perhaps it will not be necessary to do more than glance at some rules, which seem, at present, to be known and admitted by every one of even average sense. To use any argument in favour of cleanliness, of order ; to endeavour to convince people of the necessity of air, light, pure water, fresh linen, neatly-prepared food, would be, perhaps, an insult to most persons claiming to be in a state of civilization ; though it would not be difficult to show that the ideas on such matters are not always quite correct, and that, consequently, they may be satisfied with the attention they have been accustomed to pay to such matters—may, indeed, flatter themselves that such attention is rather beyond than within what is requisite, while, in truth, it falls sadly short of what health demands. These matters, however, really, during the time being, belong to the attendants rather than to the patient, so that it is only necessary to impress on the latter the duty, if able to do so, of impressing them on the former ; and insisting, if capable of making a selection, that those in attendance be not deficient in any such absolutely essential qualities as cleanliness and so forth. Thus there can be no doubt that a nurse who herself dreads an open door or window, or evinces a repugnance to cold water, is a very unfit person for her business.

The most important precept of all is, "*Endeavour to cultivate patience and good temper.*" Do not believe that you cannot help being peevish, fretful, exacting, capricious—that it is your privilege to be irritable, tyrannical, or querulous, and the duty of every one else to bear with you. Think of the accession of trouble, and anxiety, and weariness which your illness brings to those around you ; and try to realize the fact that they, too, may have some difficulty in preserving their equanimity and cheerfulness. If the cultivation of a cheery, happy disposition, too, be valuable to those in health, it is invaluable to the invalid—not only does it assist art and Nature to promote his recovery, but it may be considered, in some sort, as the only real enjoyment he possesses. The pleasures of sense have failed or cannot be partaken of ; the purely intellectual, perhaps, require too much exertion ; the encouragement of a ready appreciation of what is pleasant, or alleviating, or hope-inspiring, or merely amusing, is, therefore, in the benefit it confers, above calculation.

ALBUMS.

ALBUMS! What visions of by-gone times does the word conjure up! Visions of days before railway hotels had supplanted the "Georges" of the North-road, and forced sundry well-to-do landlords to retire from the bar; or before our gracious Queen Victoria had succeeded to the sceptre swayed by those four other Georges who have proved so profitable to Mr. Thackeray. Yes, I seem to be transported to "auld lang syne." Shirt-frills, ruffles, and cocked-hats suggest themselves to me; and palpable bonnets, and females innocent of crinoline, obtrude on my notice; for the album mania rages not now as it did when the "fat Adonis of fifty" occupied the throne. And, although we do now and then see a young lady who preserves one of these autographical collections, we generally find them in the possession of individuals who have seen more than one coronation, although they would not care to own it. In these days, the superfluous money and energy of the feminine gender develop themselves in potichomanie, leather-work, fern-cases, and aquaria. But, although these objects are very pretty to look at, I doubt much if imitation china, misrepresented ivy, imprisoned ferns, and bottled ocean will, in a few years, afford half the pleasure to their devotees that a good thick album supplies to all who open it.

I have an album—but then I am not so young as I have been—and whenever I feel lonely, or long for company, it is always called into requisition. A rich treat would it be to Warren, or Marie Couppelle, if they could peruse its closely-written pages; for, if character *do* disclose itself at the nib of a pen (which I am bound to believe it does, from the testimonials appended to the advertisements of graphiologists), what an insight would they gain into the dispositions of my friends and acquaintances! and, as a man is known by the company he keeps,

"What would become of me?"

Here, to begin with, are some verses written by a youthful admirer, which were once thought very clever and touching by the young lady to whom they were addressed; but she must have become more hard-hearted now, for she can't perceive their beauty:—

"I love to see the wild bee fly,
And the blackbird on its nest;
I love to hear the breeze sigh,
But—I love thee much the best."

Etc., *ad nauseam*. Then behold a poem of Byron's, copied by a very sentimental girl of eighteen, who was for ever sighing after ideality, and going about with holes in her gloves. *She* is now the mother of twelve children; and called, the other day, to ask me to give her a recipe for pickling cabbage!

The next leaf contains verses by a dear old friend, who has long since ended his pilgrimage; but, as I read his lines, I hear his voice once more, and am carried back, on the stream of Time, to the happy days of youth.

On the pinkest of pages, with the blackest of ink, and the most delicate of pens, has Mr. Chatterton Fox left his autograph and some verses, which he wishes me to believe original. I have made the effort and failed. I am not "up" sufficiently in the poets to know whom he has plagiarized, so my ignorance is bliss; for Mr. Fox, no doubt, thinks it folly to be wise on any point, as the whole of his knowledge might be concentrated in his little finger nail.

What a thing it is that people will not try their pens before they begin to exercise them on azure paper! That stupid cousin of mine, who thought himself capable of embellishing my album, has left "his mark" in the shape of something which he calls "poetry," which remains to this day in characters worthy of a stick, and disfigures the page which it is supposed to ornament.

But I might go on "for ever and a day" if I were to note all the wonders of my album.

"The verses to — Dash,
And the 'Sonnets to May,'
The stanzas and epigrams
Mournful or gay;
The 'lines' without rhyme,
And the rhyme without reason,
Which celebrate everything
In each season."

The pages of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE will furnish us with flowers culled from amongst the leaves of the albums of the United Kingdom, and many a young lady will doubtless desire to institute an olio of the kind on her own account, that she may transplant the gems, and enjoy them at some future time.

Here is a pretty little bit; though it is from Nora's Album, not mine:—

"TO ONE LONG ABSENT.

"Watching for thee, love! watching for thee!
When morning's first beams glisten over the sea.
All Nature rejoices—night's clouds disappear;
But my night still lingers, for thou art not near.

"Thinking of thee, love! thinking of thee!
At noon, as I lie 'neath the ivy-grown tree.
I glance down the pathway; but vainly I wait
For thy step on the grass, for thy hand on the gate.

"Dreaming of thee, love! dreaming of thee!
At night, when the moon quivers over the sea.
I murmur thy name to my pillow, in sleep;
I waken to meet thee—but waken to weep.

"Oh! could I follow you bird on the wing,
Swiftly I'd fly to thy window, and sing,
'Watching, and thinking, and dreaming of thee,
'Long have I waited—O love, welcome me!'"

What think you of the following invitation, by way of preface, to a volume of original productions?

"Come, look at my album,
And learn ere you look,
That all are expected
To add to my book.
You may quiz as you please,
But the penalty is,
That you likewise leave something
For others to quiz."

ST. SWITHIN.



THIS month might not inaptly be called the "Protean," were there reasons for the many names which have been assigned to it. It is the ninth of the year, reckoned from January, and the seventh from March, whence its name, from *Septimus*, seventh. But it was not always called September. The Roman Senate wished to name it after the Emperor Tiberius, but that worthy coveted not the honour of such a species of immortality for his designation. Domitian, however, called it Germanicus, after himself; and the Senate, under Antoninus Pius, called it Antoninus. Commodus gave it his own surname of Hercules; and the Emperor Tacitus called it Tacitus. These, however, have, each in its turn, given place to September—represented, according to Peachum, by a man with a merry and cheerful countenance, crowned with a coronal of grapes, and robed in purple. It is a beautiful month, albeit that its verdure begins to indicate, by changing hues, the fast approaching period for the fall of the leaf.

"How mixed the many chequered shades between
The tawny, mellowing hue, and the gay, vivid green!"

In it, and the following month, the grape-harvest, or vintage, takes place in those countries where wine is the usual beverage of their inhabitants, or where it becomes an object of extensive commerce to the grower and the manufacturer—as in France, or on the banks of the Rhine. In "merry England," however, it is the season of another kind of vintage.

"Now soften'd suns a mellow lustre shed,
The laden orchards glow with tempting red.
On hazel-boughs the clusters hang embrown'd,
And with the sportsman's war, the new-shorn fields resound."

About the close of the month begins the principal harvest for apples. Then

"The pippin, burnish'd o'er with gold; the moyle,
Of sweetest honey taste; the fair pearmain,
Temper'd like comeliest nymph, with red and white,"

are famous for producing the apple-wines of Herefordshire and Devon. Months previous to this happy season, the blossoms of these delicious fruits have perfumed, with their "odorous gifts," the air of these delightful counties, and greatly conduced, according to medical authority, to

promote that health, and insure that longevity, for which the natives of these counties have, from time immemorial, been distinguished. This has especially been the case with the people of Herefordshire. Did not ten men and women of that county dance a morris in the presence of his Majesty King James the First, when their united ages numbered upwards of one thousand years? And were not the Silurians a most warlike and intrepid race, loving liberty, and delighting in the fruits yielded by their Ariconian vales? Happy England, that possesses counties in which Pomona rivals Bacchus, and where landscapes abound surpassing the hills of Burgundy, or the plains of Andalusia, in fruitful loveliness! With what abundance has the Almighty supplied and adorned thy slopes and plains! Yet we are not content, though, amongst other more substantial things,

"Berries, and bulbous fruits of various kinds,
The promise of the blooming spring, now yield
Their rich and wholesome juices, meant t' allay
The ferment of the bilious blood."

Towards the end of this month, the leaves of the forest will begin to don their autumnal dresses. About the 25th, the plane-tree will be robed in a tawny vestment; the hazel, in a yellow; the oak, a yellowish-green; the sycamore, a dirty brown; the maple, a pale yellow; the ash, a fine lemon-colour; the elm, an orange; the hawthorn, a tawny yellow; the cherry, a red; the hornbeam, a white-yellow; and the willow, a hoary. The whole of these metamorphoses may not be quite completed, but they will be made sufficiently far to be readily observed. With these changes, however, several of the feathered tribes commence their autumnal music.

"The thrush, the blackbird, and the woodlark, now
Cheerer of night, their pleasing song resume;
The stone-curlew his chattering note repeats,
And the wood-owl continual breaks the depth
Of sylvan darkness with discordant moans."

As with these birds, so with many of our poets, who have sung, in mellow strains, the ligated beauties of the Autumnal time.

To the Harvest Moon.

Moon of Harvest! herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh, hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide,
Where innocence and peace reside!
'Tis thou that gladd'st with joy the rustic
throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, the exhilarating
song.

Moon of Harvest! I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wild surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy
way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh, modest Moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy,
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load, of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence! away! the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity!
May no winds, careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all Nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the Heavens thou show'st thy face,
oh, Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes.
He dreams of crowded barns; and round
The yard he hears the flail resound.
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And, while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy
blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo.
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapped in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes;
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune.
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon

KIRKE WHITE, 1785—1806

To Autumn.

SEASON of mists and yellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun !
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-

—eaves run,
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,

To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel—to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease.
 For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or, on a half-reaped furrow, sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
 hook [flowers;
 Spares the next swath, and all its twined
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or, by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring ? Ay, where are
 they ?

Think not of them—thou hast thy music too :
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the soft gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
 Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
 bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now, with treble soft,
 The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS, 1796—1821.

Cornfields.

WHEN on the breath of autumn breeze,

From pastures dry and brown,
 Goes floating, like an idle thought,
 The fair white thistle-down,

O then, what joy to walk at will
 Upon the golden harvest-hill !

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
 Amid a field new-shorn,
 And see all round, on sun-lit slopes,
 The piled-up stacks of corn ;
 And send the fancy wandering o'er
 All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day—I see the field,
 The quivering of the leaves,
 And good old Jacob and his house
 Binding the yellow sheaves ;
 And at this very hour I seem
 To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
 And reapers many a one,
 Bending under their sickles' stroke,
 And Boaz looking on,
 And Ruth, the Moabite so fair,
 Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
 His mother's sole delight,
 God's living gift unto

The kind, good Shunamite ;

To mortal pangs I see him yield,
 And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,

The fields of Galilee,
 That eighteen hundred years ago

Were full of corn, I see ;
 And the dear Saviour takes his way
 'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
 How beautiful they seem !
 The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream.

The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time, and take me there.

A Song for September.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er

With many a brilliant colour ;
 The world is brighter than before—

Why should our hearts be duller ?
 Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,

Sad thoughts and sunny weather !

Ah me ! this glory and this grief
 Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
 The time when friends are flying ;
 And lovers now, with many a kiss,
 Their long farewells are sighing.
 Why is earth so gaily drest ?

This pomp, that autumn beareth,
 A funeral seems, where every guest
 A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
 On some blue morn hereafter,
 Return to view the gaudy year,
 But not with boyish laughter.
 We shall then be wrinkled men,
 Our brows with silver laden ;
 And thou this glen mayst seek again,
 But nevermore a maiden !

Nature, perhaps, foresees that Spring
 Will touch her teeming bosom,
 And that a few brief months will bring

The bird, the bee, the blossom ;

Ah ! these forests do not know—

Or would less brightly wither—

The virgin that adorns them so
 Will never more come hither.

T. W. PARSONS, BORN 1819.

Remembrance of Summer.

HARK ! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
 Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.

O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
 And many a stream allures her to its source.

'Tis noon—'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
 Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,

Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind ;

Its orb so full, its vision so confined !

Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?

Who bids her soul with conscious triumph
 swell ?

With conscious truth retraces the mazy clue
 Of summer scents, that charmed her as she flew ?
 Hail, Memory, hail ! thy universal reign
 Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

SAMUEL ROGERS, 1798—1856.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

Wild Oats and Dead Leaves.

By ALBERT SMITH.

DURING the last ten years of the late Mr. Albert Smith's life, he had appeared so little before the public in a literary capacity that the readers of light literature may almost have forgotten him as a once-favourite "comic author." His "Mont Blanc Entertainment" had proved so popular and remunerative that he was left little time, and perhaps less inclination, to wield the pen. That pen was, however, ready, observant, lively, and humorous. But the man himself was gifted with the same qualities in at least an equal degree; and, although he had by talent and industry won the ear of the public, he abandoned one mode of exercising his abilities for another. He quitted a profession wherein, as he says himself, "an income is fished with a steel pen from the bottom of an inkstand, with the same slippery incertitude that attends the spearing of eels in a muddy pond," for a line where he found liberal encouragement, fair smiles, and plaudits of delight, and where, his room at the Egyptian Hall being constantly overflowed, a satisfactory amount of facility and certainty entered into the calculation of his income.

Why should we object to the change gave us several volumes of pleasant fiction then he chose to gratify us in another fashion with his *Mont Blanc Entertainment*. And, with respect to this latter, no one who has read the many remarks scattered through his writings, or learnt aught of his career, will aver that he was otherwise than deeply in earnest. Indeed, were we not speaking of a prudent, self-restrained, and decidedly unromantic man, we might say he had a passion for his mountain. He was always a favourite with ourselves, and when he ceased to give us novels and sketches, why, we were ready to accept him as the "Prince of Entertainers." He was a good actor, a fair vocalist; his delivery, taste, and manner were unexceptionable; he pleased his audiences and was himself pleased with his new part. To one very large class the late Mr. Albert Smith and his entertainment were an especial boon. To those whose religious scruples stood in the way of their entering the walls of a theatre, the *Mont Blanc* and the *China* were a veritable treat; they were as good as a play, and there was no theological odium attached to them. The steady patronage of this section of the English public was one of the main reasons for the extraordinary success the entertainments met with.

The lamented gentleman's predilection for *Mont Blanc* may be clearly traced throughout his career. Long before he published a single line, long before he became a student of the Middlesex Hospital and the *Hôtel Dieu*, he devoured every book on the Alps he could obtain possession of; and in French, a language he subsequently turned to some account, his earliest efforts were in translating an old four-volume edition of "*De Saussure*." After pass-

ing his examination at the College of Surgeons in 1838, he went to Paris, and in a short time we beheld him, in company with a fellow-student, *en route* for *Mont Blanc*. He returned to England shortly afterwards and went into practice with his father, a surgeon at Chertsey. The profession of surgery seems to have been little suited to his turn of mind, however, for we find him, in 1839-40, lecturing at the small towns in the vicinity of the metropolis, on the Alps, views of which he had prepared. He had previously given evidence of his literary tastes by contributing "*Jasper Buddle*; or, *Confessions of a Dissecting Room Porter*," to the *Medical Times*.

About the year 1841 he settled in the metropolis, where he commenced writing for the magazines. He soon grew into favour with the public, and became decidedly successful with his novels—"The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," "The Scattergood Family," "Christopher Tadpole," and "The Pottleton Legacy." After producing a series of sketches, comprising the natural histories of "The Gent," "The Ballet Girl," "Stuck-up People," and "Evening Parties," he commenced, in 1850, his entertainment called "The Overland Mail." He returned to his first-loved mountain, however, a couple of years afterwards, and became the most successful of "Entertainers" with his "Ascent of *Mont Blanc*." But it is time we said something relative to the Book of the Month. What are these "*Wild Oats and Dead Leaves*?" Mr. Albert Smith tells us they are his "earliest attempts at magazine writing," when he was "quite a young man, with very little trouble and very great spirits;" when he never had "to think of a subject, or to hammer it out when once conceived." The book consists of forty-two chapters, each of them a light and pleasant morsel. There is, too, an excellent and faithful reproduction of Bürger's powerful ballad, "*Lenora*." As a matter of course, we have "*The Mountain*" in the book, and it turns up very pleasantly in the chapter "*About Chamois and Hunters*." The foreign sketches are graphic and humorous. We have Mr. Ledbury revisiting Paris, and ignominiously being expelled from his lodging "*Diligence*" and the "*French School*." Concerning "*Certain Tourists*," the author is very merry. Of the "*Conventional Tourist*," he says, "Mr. Julius Praps may be taken as a type of this class. We will describe him. As August approacheth he saitheth that he hath an invitation to shoot over ten thousand acres of moor, but that it is a bore, and he meaneth to travel. He letteth his mustachios grow thereby, and buyeth a hand-book, a knapsack, and a pair of shoes; he ordereth a blouse, and peradventh London after passports." Finally, "he fatigueth himself for three months about parts of Europe, having become footsore to obtain glory at home, as pilgrims go to Mecca to be put on the free list of the Prophet's paradise; and he remembereth nothing that he hath seen, no more than the passenger by an express train

can call to mind the stations that he shooteth by."

Were not our limits so circumscribed, we might select many amusing portraits from the social sketches contained in the book. Here is one, not the best, but short enough to obtain a place.

"Miss Perkapple's nose was sharp, and always got red in cold weather before anybody else's; and she had very uncomfortable shoulders, with curious points and peaks about them unknown in popular social anatomy. She had also great evidence of collar-bone; and wore spectacles with glasses of a light-bluish tint; and she was accustomed to dress her hair in fanciful designs, the like of which had never been seen before—not even in the imaginative range that begins in the fashion-books and terminates on the waxen brows of hairdressers' dummies. From this it may be conceived by intelligent minds that Miss Perkapple was also literary—in fact, a prancer. Not that all literary characters are like her—very far from it. For some have white, rounded shoulders; and some have finely-chiselled profiles; and, in others, nothing of red is remarkable in the features, except where it ought to be—glowing on the lips and faintly flushing on the cheeks. When we state, in addition to her other characteristics, she wore gloves generally, without regard to temperate, with the tops of the fingers cut off, through which the real ones protruded, as though they had thrust themselves out to see what was going on, like caddis-worms; and was reported to have a fine ankle, which, at times, she needlessly exhibited on a footstool; and was a beautiful figure—not a bit made up—principally from the want of any *appus* for crinoline to rest upon—when we whisper all this, it will be seen at once that Miss Perkapple belonged to the high-purposed rather than the popular style of literature!"

A most interesting chapter is that called "A winter's night with my old books, chiefly concerning ghosts and prodigies," wherein the author, on a long and cold winter's evening, draws the window-curtains, piles up the fire, and sits down to the perusal of some "red-edged, round-cornered, musty old books." He sets before us many strange stories from this ancient store; and when we mention that one of the books, bearing on its title-page, "Omens, voices, knockings, corpse-candles," and eke other "shudderish" subjects, we may expect to spend a sufficiently harrowing half-hour with him.

All who have heard, at the Mont Blanc entertainment, the song of "Galignani's Messenger," and others, are aware that the deceased gentleman was a neat and humorous versifier. To our mind, the following is a graceful little bit of rhyme.

A Letter from an Old Country-House.

DEAR ARTHUR,—

'Tis so very slow,
I can't tell what to do;
And so I've got a pen and ink
And mean to write to you!
You know how intervening space
I reckoned bit by bit,
Until this time; and now
It has not proved a hit.

'Tis very well. The house is old,

With an enormous hall;

I think what learned architects

Elizabethan call.

With mullion'd windows, shutters vast,

And mystic double floors,

And hollow wainscots, creaking stairs,

And four-horse-power doors.

And authors who would write a book

Might subjects find in hosts,

Of civil wars, and wrongful heirs,

And murders, bones, and ghosts.

Now this, you know, 's all very well

'Neath a bright noontide sun;

But when the dismal nightfall comes,

'Tis anything but fun.

* * * * *

And tapestry was on the walls—

Dull work that did engage

Fair fingers, fleshless long ago—

Now dim and black with age.

And when I trod upon the floor,

It groaned, and wheezed, and creak'd,

And made such awful noises that

One's very temples reek'd.

And in the middle of the night,

Half-dozing in my bed,

Although beneath the counterpane

I buried deep my head,

I saw most ghastly phantom forms

... midew'd men and girls,

axe-lopp'd heads, and steel-pierced

breasts,

And long, gore-dabbled curls.

I was so glad when morning came,

For then all fear was o'er;

I slept till Fox had three times changed

The water at my door.

And when I reach'd the breakfast-room

The eggs and game were gone,

And I was tied to marmalade

And haddock all alone.

Now nothing can make up for this,

Nor horse, nor game, nor gun,

Nor yet charades night after night,

Until they lose their fun;

Nor Emily's contralto voice,

And dark and floating eyes;

Nor that young Countess—*belle de nuit*!

Nor Julia's smart replies.

* * * * *

So tell the boys I'm coming back,

No more this year to roam

(Don't send the birds to Collingwood;

He never dines at home).

The second dinner-bell has rung,

I'll finish, then, forthwith,

And so,

Believe me to remain,

Yours always,

ALBERT SMITH.

We must now take leave of a light, agreeable, and diverting little book. Any of its readers will soon discover it to be the production of a shrewd, entertaining, and observant man; while there is not a paragraph contained in it that will not cause those who peruse it to hold the late Mr. Albert Smith's name in affectionate remembrance.

THE FASHIONS.

THE mixture of black and white, which the Parisian ladies have always worn more than our Englishwomen, was never in greater favour than at the present time. We find it in dresses of every material—in silk, grenadine, and even tatarian or muslin—some of the latter being covered with narrow flounces, alternately black and white.

Many Bonnets of white crape, or tulle, are trimmed with black lace, white flowers, and black fruit; and cloaks of any thin material, black and white, are much used. Indeed, those colours which have hitherto been considered mourning are more fashionable than any others.

Some handsome black and white striped silk DRESSES have embroidered bouquets of flowers, a little distance apart; these are all one shade—maize, green, mauve, &c., or mixed colours. An elegant dress for mourning has a number of narrow crossway flounces, one of silk and the next of grenadine. The silk flounces are pinked, and those of grenadine bound with crossway silk. Sleeves trimmed with narrow frills to correspond; also the shawl which is worn with it. A trimming that is as suitable for a coloured glacé as for a black dress, is made of crape, arranged in three bouillons round the bottom of the skirt, each one finished separately with a narrow heading—a space of two inches left between each—and they should be considerably graduated. *Moire antique* has usually been considered too thick and heavy a silk for summer wear, but is really, this season, more pleasant than thin gauze or muslin. A dress of this material should be made as simply as possible; one of the prettiest trimmings being a sash of velvet, either black or the colour of the dress, and velvet epaulettes and cuffs on the sleeves. The skirt very long and full.

For MANTLES, sometimes the scarf-shape is worn, but usually the large, circular, or tightly-fitting long jacket, made of black glacé, either sewn at the seams with white silk, or finished with a double *ruche* of white and black pinked-out glacé.

SHAWLS of rich cashmere will now be taking the place of those of lace and grenadine, which have been so much worn.

Crinoline, white or black, sewn chip, Leghorn, and Belgian straw BONNETS, are the most useful for the *demi-saison*, especially trimmed with some dark shade of velvet, with bouquets of flowers or fruit to intermix. A very stylish bonnet is of black crinoline, with black lace, arranged to form an elegant drapery on one side; the other side has a large bouquet of white water-lilies, green leaves, and grass. Inside, a bandeau of white flowers and green leaves. A pretty bonnet for a young lady is of Belgian straw: round the edge a narrow binding of blue velvet; a double pleating of black ribbon runs round the edge of the crown, which has, on one side, a large bunch of blue cornflowers, a bandeau of the same flowers inside, blue curtain, and wide ribbon strings.

Bonnets are worn quite as large and open as they have been lately; and will, probably, be made larger rather than smaller.

The gold bands for the waist, which have been so much worn—although, perhaps, not in very good taste—will most likely be discontinued before the winter. The clasps are too useful to share the same fate; but nothing is prettier than the broad sash, made of glacé, to match the colour of the dress.

There is not very much novelty in COLLARS and SLEEVES; some, very simple and pretty are made of plain linen, to cross over, and embroidered only at the ends. Both collar and sleeves are fastened, where they cross, with a small clasp of mosaic. More dressy sleeves are also made of thin muslin, but are gathered lengthwise into open-work insertion, in which narrow ribbon or velvet is run; and the wrist-band is composed of a large *ruche* of lace or guipure, mixed with loops of ribbon or velvet. With short or quite open sleeves, under-sleeves are puffed all the way up, and lace insertion or velvet is put in between the puffs.

For ladies who are not in mourning, HEAD-DRESSES composed of black and white lace have been much worn, trimmed with bunches of black and white flowers or fruit.

Many dresses are made for young ladies, with low bodies; and with these an over-body, or *pelerine*, is required. This should be composed of lace insertion, with black velvet put in and out, and puffings of fine, clear, white muslin, with long sleeves, made in the same manner.

With respect to HATS, there has been an innovation recently attempted. Some of them have been made in the shape of three-cornered cocked hats; but we are not aware that this eccentric fashion has been adopted by any of those ladies whose approbation is an authority in matters of fashion and taste. The most elegant riding-hats for ladies are made of Tuscan, of a rather oval form, with turned-up brims, ornamented with herons' or pheasants' feathers. Brown straws, with a long, white feather on one side, and falling behind, are not, as yet, discarded.

We will now mention a few PARISIAN DRESSES which have been very much admired. One, for half-mourning, is made of light grey silk, trimmed at the bottom with three flounces of a dark grey. This dress, all the pleats of which are turned backwards, spreads handsomely in the *fun*-shape, and has a decided train. All the flounces are cut in festoons. The body is plain, and fastens in front with dark grey buttons, with larger buttons placed down the front of the skirt. The sleeves are wide and full, and gathered into a loose band, trimmed with two of the same frills. Another dress was of grey grenadine, with small embroidered bouquets, trimmed on the skirt, about half-way up, with a grenadine pleating, *à la vieille*, with a pinked edge of black silk projecting on each side. This trimming is continued on each side of the dress, up the

skirt, and to the top of the body, quite spreading to the shoulders. The sleeves are plain at the top, gathered in at the wrist, and finished off by a narrow *ruche*, à la *viella*.

CLOAKS are worn of a black and white mixture, with a large square hood, trimmed with a long tassel; others are made of thin cloth—*grey*, striped with blue or violet, and having a black border, turned-up with blue or violet. Three small tabs are placed round the neck, which is edged with black: one, quite short, between two longer ones; and two other tabs across on each shoulder, fasten the pleats of the garment.

The iron reign of **CRINOLINE**, as some of our gentlemen wags have called it, is undoubtedly, but gradually, coming to an end. Still, it is reported in the most fashionable Paris journals, that "*les jupes se font, toujours aussi amples que par le passé*;" but at the Sydenham Crystal Palace—where, perhaps, as much of dress in its most fashionable mode can be seen as anywhere in these islands—we noticed some leaders of *ton* entirely destitute of crinoline. The Parisian ladies are wearing under thin dresses, muslin petticoats, with a series of small flounces carried up as far as the waist, each of these flounces being mounted on a piece of steel.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

1. **BALL DRESS.**—The dress is made of white tulle, trimmed with roses and green leaves, with an under-skirt of pale rose-coloured silk. A sash of *chine* ribbon is worn with it. The body is trimmed with folds of tulle, with a large bouquet in the centre. The sleeves are very short, and are composed of puffings of tulle, looped up with roses and green leaves, to match the flowers on the skirt. The body is round at the waist, with a sash tied in a double bow; these bows and ends are placed on the left-hand side of the dress. The tulle skirt is trimmed with three deep puffings of the same material, fastened down at regular distances by bunches of roses and green leaves. The skirt should be made of double tulle, which tones-down the colour of the silk underneath, and harmonizes better with the soft shade of the flowers. The puffings, or bouillons, should be made of single tulle, otherwise they would look heavy. A bouquet of roses and green leaves is worn at the side of the hair.

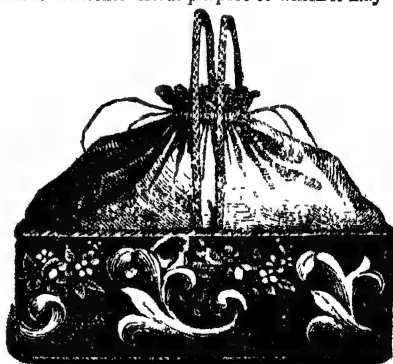
2. **YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.**—The hat is of Belgian straw, bound with black velvet, and is trimmed with a *rosette* in front, and a bunch of cock's feathers. The *rosette* is composed of five rows of black and white blonde, placed alternately, with a small buckle in the centre. The *pardessus* is made of black silk, not quite tightly fitting to the waist. The sleeves are cut to form an elbow, with turned-back cuffs; the cuffs are open at the side, and trimmed to match the skirt. The *pardessus* fastens in front, underneath the trimming, which should wrap over a little on the right-hand side. All the edges are trimmed with a silk pleating about two inches wide, with a small heading, not quite half an inch wide. Dress of green and white checked silk, with sleeves fastening

at the wrist, with plain linen cuffs, to turn back.

3. **LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.**—The dress is made of clear white muslin, with seven flounces, embroidered at the edge; a broad sash of blue silk is worn with it. The body is full, with very small sleeves, composed of a puffing of muslin; and the top is finished off by a piece of muslin embroidery, or a row of narrow Valenciennes lace. The flounces are cut of one width, and the top one should be gathered in to the waist. The sash is made of a piece of silk, cut round at the ends, and is trimmed with a narrow *ruche* of the same; it should be fastened on the shoulder, at the right-hand side, and tied underneath the arm on the left-hand side—the sash crossing the body from right to left. For a juvenile party this dress would be exceedingly pretty, made of white tarlatan, with pinked flounces; or the flounces might be trimmed with a row of narrow satin ribbon, pink or blue. Of course, with whatever colour they are trimmed, the sash must correspond.

THE BERLIN WOOL-WORK PATTERN.

The pattern accompanying this number of our Magazine, consisting of red, white, and pink roses, with beautiful foliage, is useful for a variety of purposes. It may be worked on rather coarse canvas, for the border of a table-cover or the sides of a footstool. On finer canvas, it would look remarkably well for a sofa-pillow, with alternate stripes of black or claret-coloured velvet, inserted between the work. Another useful purpose to which it may



be applied, is for a bag, as shown in our illustration. A strip should be worked of the length required; this should be mounted on a piece of stiff cardboard, of an oval shape, to form the bottom; and the upper part of the bag should be made of any coloured silk, to contrast nicely with the grounding of the Berlin border. By exercising a little taste and ingenuity in finishing off the pattern at the top and bottom, it might be used for a straight chair-back; it would go well with our last month's design, which might be used, as we there stated, for the seat of the chair. As a fender-stool, it would also be remarkably handsome.

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNERS IN
SEPTEMBER.

SOUPS.—Apple Soup, Artichoke Soup, Celery Soup, Soup à la Crécy, à la Julienne, Macaroni Soup, Rice Soup, Vegetable Marrow Soup, White Soup.

FISH.—Brill, carp, cod, eels, flounders, lobsters, mullet, oysters, plaice, prawns, skate, soles, turbot, whiting, whitebait.

MEAT.—Beef, lamb, mutton, pork, veal.

POULTRY.—Chickens, ducks, fowls, geese, larks, pigeons, pullets, rabbits, teal, turkeys.

GAME.—Blackcock, buck venison, grouse, hares, partridges.

VEGETABLES.—Artichokes, asparagus, beans, cabbage sprouts, carrots, celery, lettuces, mushrooms, onions, peas, potatoes, salad, sea-kale, sprouts, tomatoes, turnips, vegetable marrow; various herbs.

FRUIT.—Bullaces, damsons, figs, filberts, grapes, melons, morella-cherries, mulberries, nectarines, peaches, pears, plums, quinces, walnuts.

RECIPES.

Soles with Cream Sauce.

INGREDIENTS.—2 soles, salt, cayenne, and pounded mace to taste; the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon, salt and water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream.

Mode.—Skin, wash, and fillet the soles, and divide each fillet into 2 pieces; lay them in cold salt and water, which bring gradually to a boil. When the water boils take out the fish and lay it on a delicately-clean stewpan, and cover with the cream. Add the seasoning, simmer very gently for 10 minutes, and, just before serving, put in the lemon-juice. The fillets may be rolled and secured by means of a skewer, but this is not so economical a way of dressing them, as double the quantity of cream is required.

Time.—10 minutes in the cream. *Average cost from 1s. to 2s. per pair. Sufficient for 4 or 5 persons.*

*** This will be found a most delicate and delicious dish, and is, indeed, the most appropriate mode of serving soles, the cream harmonizing so exquisitely with the colour and flavour of the fish.

Boiled Fowl with Oysters.

(Excellent.)

INGREDIENTS.—1 young fowl, 3 dozen oysters, the yolks of 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream.

Mode.—Truss a young fowl as for boiling; fill the inside with oysters which have been bearded and washed in their own liquor; secure the ends of the fowl, put it into a jar, and plunge the jar into a saucepan of boiling water. Keep it boiling for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, or rather longer, then with the gravy that has flowed from the oysters and fowl, of which there will be a good quantity, stir in the cream and yolks of the eggs, add a few oysters scalded in their liquor; let the sauce get quite hot, but do not allow it to boil; pour some of it over the fowl, and send the remainder to table in a tureen. A blade of pounded mace added to the sauce, with the cream and eggs, will be found an improvement.

Time.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour. *Average cost, 4s. 6d.*

Sufficient for 3 or 4 persons.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND DIRECTIONS.

—The weather in September is ordinarily fine, and free from wet; the temperature, however, is lower, especially in the morning and early part of the day. The absence of any great heat will, therefore, render watering unnecessary, except it may be a few potted plants. The garden will still be gay with the colours of the geranium, verbena, calceolaria, and fuchsia, heightened by the hue of the stately dahlia and handsome phlox. Annuals will now have exhausted themselves; and care should be taken to have these, and all other useless growths, removed, so that the goddess Neatness may reign supreme.

PROPAGATING PLANTS, &c.—One of the principal employments at this time will be the propagation of plants for the ensuing year. There may be potted now, or planted in the open ground, pinks and carnations which have been struck from pipings and layers, provided they are well rooted. Anterrhinums, delytras, and other flowers which were struck early, may probably be also fit to be planted out. Cuttings of scarlet geraniums may be put in a sunny border, at the beginning of the month, and will there speedily strike; those of fuchsias require more shade; and of roses, if placed under a hand-glass, in some sheltered nook, will generally stand the winter. Verbenas, cupheas, petunias, and such plants, should also now be propagated, by being placed at once in pots.

Bulbs should now be planted; monthly roses increased by cuttings, and other roses, as well as sweet briar, by layers. In a mild season, and nicely sheltered, old rose plants may show flower about Christmas, if cut down now to an inch from the ground. Hardy annuals, such as tall larkspurs, Adonis, and other similar varieties, may be now sown to stand the winter.

THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT TREES.

Fruit trees will not require any particular attention now, if they have been properly looked to in the former months. Wasps and other larcenous visitors must be warned off, so that the fruit is not injured. The old stools of strawberries, and those which have borne fruit for two seasons, should now be removed, and fresh plants planted. A top-dressing with a light, rich soil, may be given to the beds. Old raspberry-canecanes should be removed.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

If this did not receive a dressing last month, it should have it now. Weeds, and any useless growths, should be at once taken away. Celery should be earthed-up as soon as it has grown sufficiently; peas which mildew may have affected should be taken up; and spring cabbages planted out in any ground that may be ready.

When such beans as are past use are removed, the ground in which they stood should be dug and cauliflowers should succeed them. Let onions, garlic, and other such vegetables, be housed for winter use, and herbs also dried and tied up in bunches. In the event of mildew attacking the vegetable marrow, let a little sulphur be sprinkled on the leaves affected.



A LADY asks the origin of "giving a pair of gloves?" The term "Glove-money," as well as that of "Giving a pair of gloves," is found in old law records, the origin of which is said to have arisen from the following circumstance:—When Mrs. Croaker had obtained a decree in Chancery against Lord Arundel, she availed herself of the first New Year's Day after her success to present to Sir Thomas More, then Lord Chancellor, a pair of gloves, containing £40 in angels, as a token of her gratitude. The gloves were accepted as an offering of the heart, but the gold he peremptorily refused, politely remarking, when he returned it, "that it would be against good manners to refuse a gentlewoman's New Year's gift. I therefore accept the gloves, but their lining you will be pleased otherwise to bestow."

Q. O.—We here subjoin two recipes for the removal of freckles, &c., which have been supplied to us by competent authorities. 1. Take one drachm of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain water, half a teaspoonful of spirits of lavender. Mix and apply two or three times a day to the freckles with a bit of linen or camel-hair pencil. 2. The favourite cosmetic for removing freckles in Paris is one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon-juice, mixed with one pint of rose-water. 3. For whitening and softening the hands, nothing is better than fine oatmeal, either made into a thin gruel, or a little thrown into the water when washing. The engaged ring is worn on the third finger of the right hand.

ANFLIA.—As Demosthenes said that action was everything in oratory, we would say that practice is everything in singing; but, as you, also, wish to know the qualities requisite for good singing, we will give you our best advice. They are not many, though they are indispensable, and consist of compass of voice, truth of intonation, clearness combined with sweetness of tone, facility of execution, the capacity to swell and diminish, the hitting of distances with precision, and a free, open shake. To these Burney adds expression, "that indefinable quality which gives to the feeblest voice that power of touching the heart, which the best of voices, without it, will fail to accomplish."

MARTHA BROWN.—Her Majesty and her Majesty's Ministers have, strangely enough, not yet summoned us to impart to our ears the fact of the engagement you mention, as having reached you by report, between the Prince of Wales and the German Princess. He is now in Canada, and will visit the United States. He may, perhaps, be visited by "love's young dream" in the Far West, and endeavour to move Parliament to let him make of a fair Canadian or an American President's daughter, the future Queen of England.

GWALIA asks.—1. What is the meaning of "Et tu, Brute?" Well, it looks very much as if it might be addressed to an unreasonable husband, if such a specimen of the human race could possibly be found—"What a brute you are!" This is not, however, the translation which is most in favour with the learned; and it is usually understood as being the expression made use of by the great Julius Caesar when, falling under the blows of assassins in the Roman capital, he recognized amongst those who were seeking his death his much-loved friend Brutus. "And thou, O Brutus!" is the literal rendering of the passage. 2. What is Platonic love? This demands several pages to properly describe. It shall be our pleasure to enter deeply into its

metaphysics, when Phoebus shines less warmly. 3. The Sultan Solymán did make a pyramid of the bones of the Crusaders. You can read all about it in the last volume of the "Boy's Own Magazine."

Mrs V. RAY.—They thought very strongly on this point, in times gone by, when earnestness *was* in fashion, and a good tale is told by Dean Ramsay which strikingly illustrates the fervour of Jacobite feeling in auld lang syne, as well as the dry, matter-of-fact character of our Northern brethren:—Mr. Stirling, of Keir, a strong Stuartist, attended a secret meeting at the Brig of Turk, in 1708. The government was very anxious to discover the leaders. Keir was suspected, but the miller of Keir swore positively and distinctly that the laird was not there. As it was generally known that Keir was present, the witness was, of course, asked how he could swear to so downright a falsehood. The miller, quite undaunted, and with a feeling of confidence in the righteousness of his cause, approaching the sublime, replied, "I would rather trust my soul to God's mercy than trust Keir's head to their hands." We have another of a minister in the North, who, returning thanks in his prayers one Sabbath for an excellent harvest, began as usual, "O Lord, we thank thee," &c., and went on to mention its abundance and its safe ingathering; but, feeling anxious to be quite candid and scrupulously truthful, he added, "All except a few fields, between this and Stovenham, not worth mentioning." Again, a Scotch preacher, being sent to a country parish, was accommodated in the manse, but in a very small closet. On inquiring "Is this the bedroom?" he was answered, "Deed ay, sir, this is the prophet's chamber." "It maun be for the *minor* prophets, then." A seceding minister of Fife, expounding the 116th Psalm, came to the verse, "I said in my haste all men are liars;" and he added, not quite inaudibly, "Indeed, David, an' ye had been i' this parish, ye might have said it at your leisure."

ADA CHURCHWARD.—You cannot possibly expect that a young man in a parish like yours, where, as you say, there are not more than twenty or thirty people who go regularly to hear their pastor—sometimes not more than twelve—it would be unreasonable to hope that he would not, in the course of a year, deliver nearly the same sermon three or four times. Bear with him, pray, and let us hope he doesn't meet with a rebuff anything like that described in the following:—A young minister, dining after service with a farmer, found his appetite so keen, that he thought it necessary to apologize to his host for having eaten so very substantial a dinner. "You see, I am always very hungry after the preaching." The old gentleman, not thinking very highly of his guest's pulpit performances, replied, after having heard this apology on two or three occasions, "Deed, sir, I'm no surprised at it, considering the trash that comes off your stomach in the morning."

Mrs. ROWLEY.—The device of an anchor in the parish of St. Clement Dunes, London, owes its origin to the following legend in the life of that saint. He having been cast into the sea with an anchor about his neck—a common mode of execution then among the Romans—on the first anniversary of his death, the sea withdrew from the place where he suffered, though three miles from the shore, and discovered to the admiring multitude a superb temple of the finest marble, in which was a monument containing the saint's remains. Nor was this the only respect shown him by the ocean; for a considerable period of time, every following year, the element receded on the same day, continuing thus, for seven days in succession, to admit the Christians to perform their devotions in this miraculous submarine temple. To this legend is ascribed the badge, which is to be seen on the parochial church of St. Clement's, in several parts of that edifice; and an anchor is placed on the boundary marks of the parish, on the hands of the clock, &c.



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CHAPTER XII.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

It is hard to judge people in this world : it is generally much better to leave them for judgment on the threshold of the next, and more consoling too ; because that is immediately followed by an award to some purpose ; for our friends and people we *do* like, heaven—for our enemies and people we *don't* like, the other place. That is the way a philosophical Christian should look at the matter, as indeed he does, so far as I observe. Not that observation is difficult, for we are all philosophical Christians in these days, down to the converted blacks.

So we will not condemn Miss Dacre. She may or she may not have been listening at the keyhole to the discourse which passed between Lady Grovelly and Mrs. Herbert this morning. Listening at a keyhole is such a low thing to do ! Adelaide could not have stooped to that, I think, and it may turn out that she only pressed her shell-like ear to the door : a rather pretty and pensive attitude than otherwise, and very different from the other, as any one capable of drawing fine moral distinctions must perceive, on placing both pictures before his mind's eye.

But that Miss Dacre was somehow acquainted with the conversation that passed between Charlotte and Lady Grovelly is clear, from her subsequent conduct—from the masterly manner in which she capped my lady's warning. One part of the arrangement she regretted for a moment, as she stood by Lotty's side—Lotty staring in through the eye of glass, John Grovelly staring out through it, at her—that she had lent the poor child a veil. That being down, the young lady could not see the full effect of her stratagem, and was therefore deprived of whatever satisfaction, of whatever triumph, its success might have given her. Adelaide's vexation was as blind as it was cruel. Herself a cold creature, with leathern sympathies and none but aggressive passions, she had no conception of the blow she had inflicted on Lotty's mind ; and had she acted on the momentary impulse that urged her to pluck the veil from the young wife's face,

that awful face must have struck terror even into her heart, and punished her in dreams to her dying day. It was a devil that prompted her to pluck away that veil—it was an angel that stayed her hand. You grudge the kindness, perhaps—but wait; and if such a kindness has ever been accorded to you, tremble. Some angels are destroying angels, and this may be one. I wish you well, sweet reader; and were you Adelaide Dacre, I had rather that face punished you in a whole year of dreams than that you should go to your last sleep unconscious of it, and wake to behold it first confronting you on the Dread Day. Apply the moral of this suggestion to your own concerns, Madam, and let us pass on.

In what frame of mind Charlotte passed from that door nobody can ever know; though what I have presently to relate will help you to an inference or so. As for the mechanical part of it, it was *sally* mechanical. When Miss Dacre thought her young friend had had enough of sight-seeing for that morning, she touched her arm, as a hint that they had better be jogging. Lotty took no notice of it: you might as well have tried to prick up a dead man with a pin, as to move that poor little woman with a hint. So Adelaide amended the attempt by plucking *at* the same arm rather sharply. At this Charlotte turned her veiled head with a slow, bewildered expression, very provoking (for time pressed); but not to exhibit anger, and not knowing what else to do on the spur of the moment, Miss Dacre laughed a little laugh—half of amusement, half of scorn, as one familiar with anything terrible laughs at the terror it inspires in others.

"Come," she said, "you have seen enough of him, haven't you?" and put her hands to the curtains to draw them over the door.

This movement attracted Lotty's eyes to the eye of glass again; and what should she see there but John Grovelly's face close upon it, and within a foot of her own. He had advanced to the door in the interim, with reasonable curiosity, and stood smiling and kissing his hand.

"Idiot!" exclaimed Adelaide under her breath, and dashed the curtains across the door; an operation facilitated by Mrs. Herbert, who started back to the opposite wall of the passage with a cry which—to tell the truth—was animal: and there she stood trembling and cowering, like an animal too.

Adelaide was alarmed; but her alarm was energetic. "Come, you little fool!" she said, and linking Charlotte's arm firmly in her own, drew her away. Mrs. Herbert made no opposition. She had nothing to say. She could do nothing. She might have been a blind dog or a blind horse, lately beaten, and beaten out of all consciousness of the smart.

Coming into the open air, it seemed to revive her somewhat; and sensible of the good it did her (if she was sensible of anything), she drank and drank of it again with heavy gasps, as one recovering from a fainting fit swallows water. Miss Dacre was scarcely satisfied, however, that her young friend had herself yet in safe custody. By taking a certain road through the park, Charlotte might leave the Grovelly demesne at a point within four hundred yards of her own home: and so far Miss Dacre resolved to accompany her. So the scarf she wore across her shoulders she drew over her head, pressed Lotty's arm more closely within her own, and walked on. Now there were one or two gardeners, and a groom, sprinkled over the grounds—people who keep a keen and furtive eye about them whenever the master or mistress comes into view: and they had to be imposed on. This was Miss Dacre's duty, and well she did it. To an unbiassed mind, to any person with

an appreciation for downright cleverness and self-possession, nothing could be more admirable than her management of this little walk across the park. Imposing something of her manner upon Charlotte by the magic of will, she sauntered, or seemed to saunter along in the most *déagé*, lady-like way. No hurry, no embarrassment there! Sometimes she addressed her companion with a cheerful air; sometimes she even stopped to pluck a flower, when she found Lotty could stand unsupported for a moment. A scene in the grounds would have been insufferable, especially as Herbert would have been sure to hear of it through his man, the smoke of whose cigar (or more properly his master's) was not unnoticed by Miss Dacre, though he had hidden behind a clump of bushes to escape her observation.

However, the young lady could not help feeling all the while mirth as if she were assisting at a funeral, or conveying a body of her own making to burial. "The body of my brother's son," says that astonishing Ancient Mariner—

"The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me knee to knee:
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he never said aught to me."

And when Lotty's knees moved so mechanically with her own, when the poor girl stood so motionless while the flowers were being picked, when she made no sign in response to the little bits of animated remark with which the way—and the gardeners—were beguiled, Adelaide could but feel herself possessed of the mariner's sensations. 'Twas annoying, as well as unpleasant; but courage, O brave heart! and calmness! The journey is speedily over. The gates are reached. Here is a pretty bit of road for walking—a winding road, much sheltered from observation by a tall hedge on either side—a smooth, well gravelled road, that affords excellent falling. In these respects it satisfied Miss Dacre—the Mill being in sight too—who felt that now she might leave her companion with security.

"Good-bye, dear!" said Adelaide. "You will soon be home now! I didn't suppose for a moment that you would be so overcome. Indeed, I thought, as you seemed so distressed, it might divert the current of your thoughts. It was *very* foolish of me! Good-bye!"

Lotty made no answer still—"the body and I pulled at one rope"—but went on toward the Mill. As she went she drew her shawl close—closer about her. "She seems cold," said Miss Dacre to herself, as she looked after the wavering figure. "The morning is raw—when one has not breakfasted too!" And she went her way.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL ABOARD

It was not because she was cold, or that the morning was raw, or that she had not breakfasted, that Lotty drew her shawl about her so closely. After serving under the control of the mind for a certain time, the body acquires a sort of independent consciousness—becomes capable of thinking and acting for itself, as it were, during any brief absence of mental direction. Lotty's mind was totally absent for a time. She was perfectly unconscious of being, much less of moving: still the wonderful machine went on, actuated by a kind of pity for the absent mind, and a determination to apply its best to the task. But at the moment under

consideration, it began to fall out of gear. The feet lagged now, and now went in advance of the knees; one arm fell, and swung unrhythmically; the too eager heart beat desperately, and the whole fabric felt as if it must fall together in a heap. Then it was as if the other members cried to the arms, "Gird up! gird up!" So Lotty's arms drew the shawl tightly over her chest, and her heart was moderated, and all her limbs worked together again in harmony. If this isn't a true explanation, I have no better to offer.

Looking straight ahead, as she did of course, something red came into Lotty's vision presently. In her then condition, a straw would have knocked her down, and this flash of red seemed to strike sensibly on her brain, like sudden light on a sleeper's eyes. It had the same effect too. Lotty started—and woke; and behold! the something red was a postman's coat.

A Lunacy Commission could scarcely have desired a more beneficent shock for the restoration of Mrs. Herbert's faculties. Suppose it had been her husband's black coat, instead of the postman's red one! Suppose it had been anything to throw her mind back upon that from which it had recoiled, or even to bring it to a stand whence to travel back; as it certainly must have done had no other groove been found for it. And there was only one other groove in which it *could* travel, to escape relapse. Herbert and her father were the Omega and Alpha of Lotty's life: there was nothing between that counted for anything, if it belonged to neither. Now the postman, with possible letters from Hamburg, recalled her father, and to him her mind flew, as to its surest refuge. She loved him so much, better still, he loved her so much, that as she thought of him she seemed to escape from all her trouble into his arms, at a bound. Were she at home with him then, she thought, with the doors fast closed against all the world, she could tell him all the story, and be consoled, and by clinging fast to his affection live content enough, now that the first smart was past. After some great agony, the body often sinks into a blessed torpor of rest, when it seems perfect happiness to lie motionless—never to move again, except to look now and then at the light with half-closed eyes: this was the sort of peace Charlotte promised herself when once at home with her father again, and the doors closed against all the world.

The postman was not advancing toward her: she had overtaken him within a few yards of her father's house; and she stopped in the road to see whether any letter would be left for her. Luckily for her again, all her attention was drawn to this little circumstance; though at another time she would have wondered at the breathless anxiety with which she awaited the event. A letter *was* delivered. "Another furriner!" the postman cried aloud, as he handed it over the gate, and so went on.

Here was something to *do*: to go in and read that letter, which in some sense was to place her at once in her father's arms. No matter what news it might bring, good or bad (though, for my part, I think bad the better, so far as Lotty is *immediately* concerned); anything were better at such a moment than to go into an empty home, with no company but your own misery, and nothing to do but to fling yourself into a chair, to brood and weep. So Charlotte felt as she went in, and took the letter with her into her own room.

The superscription was in the old familiar hand, displayed and feeble, it is true: looking on which Lotty said to herself, "Ah, he is no better, I fear!" But, strange as it may seem, she was in no hurry to read the letter; and by the time

she had thrown off her bonnet and shawl, and sat down to her dressing-table, where the letter lay, she had become almost calm. Brushing aside her hair, which had not been "done up" since Lady Grovelly frightened it out of its bonds, she tapped the letter edgewise on the table, and sent her mind to Hamburg, a-thinking. There was not a thought of Herbert Grovelly, or John Grovelly, or their sweet cousin in her head. Once or twice, indeed, some such thing was about to intrude, but it was instantly ejected, as by a muscular effort of the brain. When she had ruminated long enough, she broke the seal, and read. And this was the letter—

"MY DEAR CHILD,—When I wrote you last, I told you I was mending, and cheerful, and hoped soon to be home again. And so indeed I did, and so I do now; but it is a shifting world, and it is one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Not that I am any worse, my dear, to the best of my judgment (and you will say I ought to know, however the doctors have it); but the fact is, it isn't cheerful work. To a man who cannot be away on his necessary business for a week without thinking a good deal, of nights and mornings as he lies, of his own home and his little maid, it is wearyfull lying weeks and months in a house that is any man's home for paying for it, surrounded by a pack of foreign lackeys. To tell the truth, it is getting too much for me. I have lost heart, my dear, and you must come to me. I know you would have been here weeks ago if you had had your way; but it seemed to me every day that I should be able to set out for home the next—or thereabout—and I didn't like the idea of my little girl travelling so far without better reason than nursing of me. But however, I find I have amused myself long enough with the expectation of getting back to you. I am tired of it: come to me, my child, and that immediately. Elizabeth must accompany you. And pray bring me a small black box you will find in the secretary, which was your dear mother's, now in heaven at rest: don't fail of this. I did mean to tell you to bring that old dog of mine too, but it was a foolish idea; he would be no protection to you, and much trouble. However, don't forget my box, and set out, my child, as soon after this reaches you as suits your convenience. Ah dear! it is tiring to write even to you: so by that judge. Believe me, while I live,

"Your affectionate father,

"EDMUND SAXBY LEESON.

"P.S.—Don't forget the address of my agents here, in case you should need it on arriving."

Here was a letter significant enough. Lotty well knew that her father, a silent, unselfish, sturdy-minded man, would not write in that strain if he did not apprehend himself in extremity, and had lost hope. The letter, too, was evidently written at twice or thrice: and how significant was his request for the little black box, you may judge when I tell you that it contained all the few jewels Lotty's mother used to wear. As for the passage about the dog, that speaks for itself; so does the postscript; but more strange than all, in Lotty's eyes, was the signature: for Saxby was the mother's maiden name, and her husband had never been known to use it before.

Whatever inferences were to be drawn from this painfully scrawled sheet of paper, Mrs. Herbert was mistress of before she laid it down. And how do you think she felt at that moment? Coming so speedily upon the shock she expe-

rienced in the morning, it is natural to suppose it altogether broke her down; but this is not the way such misfortunes act upon unselfish minds like hers. You or I, Mademoiselle, would probably have thought it most unkind of Providence to cast this new trouble upon us, then already borne down by the first; but that is as we should take, and not as He would send it. If you will take all that trouble to yourself which you are only called upon to share and to help, very well. Mrs. Bunce, of Bleeding-heart-alley, sits down and bemoans herself the most wretched of women when her little Johnny breaks his nose over her pail, and even visits her misery upon Johnny himself with untimely "spanks;" and thousands of weak and selfish creatures follow her example in ways untold. But those who, putting aside their lesser share of a common trouble, haste with a single heart to alleviate the greater share of others, lose the sense of their own proper griefs in the process. Monks and nuns, and many religious that are neither, have understood this very well; but we want the practice in the world. And this I say, and thus it is explained, that since Mrs. Herbert Grovelly had to go through these two sorrows, it was a mercy that one did follow upon the heels of the other.

Look you at the result: I will not trouble you with further detail of processes and conditions, though it would make a very pretty chapter of moral psychology. Charlotte is herself again. She feels no more—at present—the first, greatest blow; and the other is not so heavy *because* of the first. Not without strong dread and deep affliction, but still with perfect self-possession, Lotty hastened to obey her father's desire. The most welcome thing she could do, was to quit home at once; already she had yearned to be with him, and for the rest, Heaven only knew what her presence and her nursing might accomplish. The little black box was packed up, and all disposition for the journey made, in an hour. Elizabeth takes two to prepare herself, and then exhibits such strong suspicions that another elopement is contemplated, that her mistress is obliged at last to hand her the letter. The little old-fashioned phaeton appears at the door, and the young wife is again on her way to the railway-station and to Hull.

No packet for Hamburg that day: and those people at the hotel lodge her in the very room she occupied the night before her marriage.

This is a hard stroke of fortune, if you please; and it obliged her, for the first thing, to have her maid's bed made up in another room, contrary to her original intention, framed for security's sake, and (I won't deny it) a little for economy too. The most generous women are observed to be parsimonious on their travels; which is to be explained by their domestic experiences, and the superior love of their own homes. But how could Charlotte endure company, with so great a company of recollections crowding on her? It was impossible; especially as that other party kept up a constant chattering of Don't you remember this, ma'am? and Don't you remember that? The other party was despatched to bed early.

It was then, when alone, that her mistress remembered this, among other things: in flying to her father she was flying from her husband, without reason assigned. This was a serious dilemma; but, luckily, she was prepared to consider all monsters of that nature calmly now, while as for running away from her husband, 'twas exactly the thing she most desired to do. The difficulty was, that as soon as Herbert learned whither she had flown, he would follow her; especially as she would probably be absent a considerable time, and she had left him not a word of explanation or excuse. Was it right to give him neither expla-

nation nor excuse? Was it safe or wise to allow him to follow her? Clearly not, for a dozen reasons. But how to prevent it? There was no other way but to write to him—at once.

She took pen in hand, and wrote, "My dear husband!" Ah, but then! Why then she found that after "My dear husband" she had nothing to write but a tissue of deceptions, or reservations at the best. This brought to her mind the sad foreboding she experienced when, in the sitting-room below, a deceitful story was concocted to begin her marriage life withal; and this again that greater deceit, when she denied her husband altogether. A cruel thought, that, but she justified it in her heart for Herbert's sake, and at the same time salved the wound in that same "noble entrails." Besides, as she had gone so far, further she *must* go; yet, as she was little of a Jesuit, it was hard work concocting that letter, the purport of which was to blind her husband. It was simply to this effect. Here inclosed was a summons lately received from her father: she could do nothing, as her dear Herbert would of course feel, but obey it instantly. Meanwhile, by some trifling indiscretion which he would certainly forgive when he knew it, she feared she had betrayed their secret; and therefore she begged him to be very careful in speaking of her at Grovelly House, in her absence. For the same reason, it was most important that he should not follow her to Hamburg. Her father's condition alone rendered *that* politic, as her dear Herbert need not be told. And then there was some badinage, very weak, and pretty, and melancholy, about his wondering (of course) how she had come to be so artful and knowing; and then some ill-considered, passionate sentences about her love for him, and how he was never to doubt her devotion to his happiness, whatever appeared. "*His*" was underscored twice; when once to do so would have been unwise.

This letter was inclosed to the housekeeper at the Mill, with instructions that it was to be handed to Mr. Grovelly, should he happen to call; and with still more stringent orders that it was to be given to nobody else.

Thereafter a night of sound sleep, with never a dream in it. Punctually next morning the packet steamed out of the harbour, with Lotty on board. And here an end of *this* chapter,

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE SEVERE PARSON TURNS UP.

Lotty's departure was speedily known at Grovelly House. As a matter of human kindness, madam would have been far too anxious about her young friend's condition, to neglect calling at the Mill some time during the day; but she was afflicted with additional uneasiness by Adelaide's story of what happened after my lady had left her in Charlotte's room.

It was not to be expected that the young lady's account would be particularly frank. She reflected that perfect candour might only add to her aunt's distress, and 'tis no use bringing unreasonable blame on oneself: therefore she rendered her account with care.

She almost bustled into my lady's room as soon as she re-entered the house, and putting on a look of mingled sorrow and deprecation, exclaimed—

"Oh, my dear aunt! How pale *you* are, too! You positively tremble! What is all this about?"

"Never mind me, Adelaide!" madam returned impatiently, being then in a frame of mind on which Adelaide's high-bred sympathetics rather jarred—"tell me how you left that foolish, unhappy child. What did she say to you?"

Miss Dacre shook her head as she replied, "She appeared too much overcome to say anything, dear aunt!"

"How did she look? Has she quite recovered?"

"Well, yes, I think so! But she must have been very, very much shocked!" returned Adelaide, looking a little shocked likewise, and as if she hoped Lady Grovelly had not been *too* severe.

My lady did not like the look at all; for though at another time she would



have accepted it as a part of the high glaze of breeding which makes the hollowest ware more pleasant, without imposing on anybody but fools (and if selfishness, or any other of our little sins are to be disguised, why not do it thoroughly?), now she blamed herself so much, and was so sensible of Charlotte's hard lot in this affair, that Miss Dacre's too charming air of commiseration irritated her.

However, my lady felt at the same time that she had little *right* to feel irritated, and so simply said—

"Come to breakfast, Adelaide, and I will tell you what passed between us."

And so she did, fully, from beginning to end; not forgetting how affected she was on seeing Charlotte lying asleep so happy and pretty, nor omitting to dwell upon the contrast that same face presented ten minutes afterward.

Adelaide listened with even more attention than she bestowed upon that dear man, the preacher for whom the altar-cloth was destined, though his eloquence was scarcely less sweet and refreshing than the scents disturbed in his gently-

waisted sleeves, of a Sunday. But not, throughout, with such gravity. When my lady came to that part of the story where Charlotte denied her marriage, a smile *not* of satisfaction revealed Miss Dacre's exquisite teeth, and she looked up from her plate with something like surprise. Lady Grovelly even thought her niece spoke, and paused that she might repeat the observation. But Adelaide only said, "Yes, dear aunt, pray go on!" and so my lady went on, and ended what she had to tell.

Then—toward the latter part of the story—Miss Dacre did exhibit considerable emotion.. By a physiological superiority, which I know most remarkable in a young man who would have become one of the finest actors England ever produced, had he lived five years longer than he did, she grew pale, then red, then paler than before, with momentary flushes passing over her forehead, like expiring ashes in a gentle wind. My lady could see no affectation in *that*, and awaited in some suspense the observation that trembled on those thin, pale lips.

"Aunt!" she said, "I wish I had not heard this—or I wish I had heard it sooner!"

"Sooner! When, child?"

"Before you left me with Charlotte Leeson."

The ladies' eyes met; and there was some *real* guilt in Adelaide's this time, and much severe suspicion in Lady Grovelly's.

"Explain yourself, Adelaide," my lady said, composing herself into an attitude which signified that she was not to be denied. "What have you done?"

"Nothing that I can blame myself for—very much—I hope."

"Then you are more fortunate than I am."

"Though it was foolish, and—oh, dear, I wish I had known!"

"Well, well, what cannot be helped, cannot. Pardon my impatience."

Miss Dacre swallowed a rising sigh, and said—

"It is simply this. Charlotte Leeson, as soon as she recovered, begged me to take her out of the house, and especially she begged—in a perfectly hysterical manner—to leave the house as privately as possible. What could I do, dear aunt?"

"Well!"

"She was so alarmingly eager about the matter, that I was positively afraid to deny her. There might have been some dreadful scene, you know, fatal if it came to Herbert's knowledge. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly."

"So there was nothing to be done but to take her through the Dark Wing, and out through the orchard.* You yourself must have done so."

And then Adelaide paused; as if the rest was a matter of clear inference. My lady would not have it so.

"Well, Adelaide," she said quietly, "there is no harm in that, so far. But is that all?"

"No, aunt—unhappily. We had to pass you know what door. The curtains were drawn away from it. John was looking through the little round window. And she saw him!"

* I ought to have mentioned in Chapter XII., that a staircase in the "Dark Wing," as the servants called it, led into a walled orchard, kept very private; for it was there that the unhappy Mr. John Grovelly used to take walking exercise, under the surveillance of a keeper, and sometimes in company with his mamma.

What Charlotte felt when she saw him, my lady needed not to be told. She felt the shock in her own heart—she who had so often crept along the gallery to look on her son unseen—comparing him with Herbert, too! Either her emotion at this thought, or her indignation, caused her to rise from her chair abruptly, as she exclaimed—

"Adelaide, pardon me; but is this strictly true?"

Now there is such a hatred of lying in the human breast that the most inveterate liars are observed to repel imputations on their veracity with as much anger as the most truthful and choleric of mankind. No wonder, then, that Adelaide Dacre was indignant.

"Really, I do not know how to answer!" said she.

"Nor I to question. Having played out my plot——"

"You suspect me of furthering it."

"Which of course I cannot blame you for!"

(Rather warm work, you see. But all this was said very calmly.)

"But I infinitely regret," Lady Grovelly continued, "that it was not left where I left it. I went far enough, Adelaide, Heaven knows!"

"Meanwhile, dear aunt, you are assuming that I did maliciously take Charlotte Leeson to see poor John, knowing she was prepared for a shock by a conversation which I never heard of till this moment."

"Nay. I cannot assume what you assure me is not true," replied my lady.

"And I do assure you I had only one intention in taking Miss Leeson past that unfortunate door: to show her out by a private way, as she so earnestly requested."

"I am satisfied, my child. However, a more untimely accident cannot be conceived. Did Charlotte seem very much shocked?"

"Dreadfully!"

"It is a dreadful business altogether. She is very much to be pitied, Adelaide. The foolish girl is evidently lost in love for that equally foolish boy of mine."

"A worse business than you think! And she is not so much to be pitied as you think; nor is she by any means so foolish!"

"Adelaide!" cried my lady in astonishment; for with these words Miss Dacre had broken out into a passion—than which nothing in the world was less probable two minutes before. She suffered under accumulated irritation, perhaps from the previous course of the conversation. She answered with extraordinary animation—

"You are deceived, my lady! What was it she said about her marriage?"

"She denied that she was married!"

"And lied!"

"You suppose so, do you?"

"I can convince you of it at this moment! Excuse me."

Therewith the young lady hurried out of the room, leaving Lady Grovelly in a perfectly bewildered condition, as I need hardly say. Before she had time to recover herself, Miss Dacre returned with an open letter in her hand.

"You remember the Wilsons," she said, naming a poor and distant connexion of the family; at which Lady Grovelly inclined her head, saying—

"Several gentlemen of them in orders, I believe."

"Yes; and one has a living at Hull. Permit me to read you a letter from this gentleman. It is dated two months since.

My lady sat down in a chair, like one awaiting sentence, while Adelaide stood before her reading the letter aloud, like one delivering it.

"MY DEAR MISS DACRE,—The paths of duty are as dangerous and intricate as these webbed roads of iron whereon—' but I will skip the rubbish. Let me see—' restless nights matter of extreme delicacy, from which I shrink duty to the noble family with which I have the honour to be connected at length resolve to address myself to a lady whose amiability will absolve me from any apparent impertinence or over-zeal, while her good sense renders her a discreet depository of my little story.' Ah, now he begins. 'Two days ago, a young gentleman of apparently twenty-two or twenty-three years of age waited upon me. I was immediately struck with his appearance. This (said I to myself) is indeed a perfectly well-bred gentleman. Therefore it was with the more curiosity that I glanced at the marriage-licence he handed me. I beheld there the name of Herbert Grovelly. Struck with surprise and (I confess it) a little confused by the distant and perhaps haughty demeanour of the gentleman, I neglected so rare an opportunity of claiming kinship with him—distant though it is. Besides, I could not be sure that the recognition would be agreeable to Mr. Herbert under the circumstances; always supposing too that he was of the family to which I have the honour to be connected. I resolved, then, to remain unknown; and as a stranger and a simple priest, I performed the sacred rite of matrimony between this gentleman and a Miss Leeson. And now I hope I am guilty of no impertinence in avowing that I performed this duty with some reluctance and suspicion. When they had departed, I could not help dreading more and more that I had assisted at a runaway marriage repugnant to Mr. Grovelly's immediate relatives. Unwilling to be deemed an active or consenting agent in such an affair (which as a father and a clergyman I must alike condemn), and not knowing what to do, I have at length resolved to acquaint you, dear lady, with the story. With perfect reliance on your kindness and discretion'—and so on.

"There!" continued Miss Dacre, throwing on the table this epistle of a flunkey, "what do you say to that, my lady?"

AUTUMN SONG.

SWEET summer flowers, adieu, adieu!
 Your drooping heads, and fading hue,
 Foretell stern Winter's gloom;
 Around our hearts ye bind your spell,
 Then dying, breathe a soft farewell—
 A lingering perfume.
 Now Autumn reigns with bountiful display,
 And howling winds around our ingle play.
 The merry warblers of the grove
 No longer twitter tales of love,
 Nor charm us with a song.
 Hushed are their gay and sportive strains;
 Sweet robin only now remains,
 Of all the joyous throng.
 Now Autumn reigns with bountiful display,
 And howling winds around our ingle play.

The landscape, lately decked with green,
 Is now in richer glory seen—
 A glowing robe of gold.
 But soon its beauties fade away;
 Then sombre tints, and sad decay,
 Are all that we behold.
 Now Autumn reigns with bountiful display,
 And howling winds around our ingle play.
 Thus musing Fancy loves to trace
 Its fleeting charms and pensive grace,
 So beautiful, so brief!
 And gladly hails the chilly breeze,
 That moans and sighs among the trees,
 And whirls the yellow leaf.
 Now Autumn reigns with bountiful display,
 And howling winds around our ingle play,
 ELIZA F. MORRIS.

THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

FROM 1399 TO 1461.

THERE are three things in the thirteenth century that ought to have been, and must yet be, named—forming, as they do, very characteristic features of that period. We allude to robbery, and the existence of such men as Captain Warner, who wore, embroidered upon his coat in letters of silver, the following inscription :—"I am Captain Warner, commander of a troop of robbers, an enemy to God, without pity, and without mercy ;" to the introduction of jesters, who now became regular appendages of a princely or noble household ; and to the establishment of the Feast of Fools, from which ultimately sprang the Abbots of Unreason, the Lords of Misrule, and the Boy-Bishops.

With regard to the robbers, they were frequently formed into companies, under the protection of powerful barons, who sheltered them in their castles, and shared with them in their booty. In Hampshire, their numbers were so great, that the judges could not prevail upon any jury to find any of them guilty ; and the King himself complained that when he travelled through that county they plundered his baggage, drank his wine, and treated him with contempt. It was afterwards discovered that several members of the King's household were in confederacy with the robbers. These men plundered all who came in their way, without distinction. A troop of them, commanded by Gilbert Middleton and Walter Selby, assaulted two cardinals, who were escorted by the Bishop of Durham and his brother, Lord Beaumont, attended by a numerous retinue of gentlemen and



CRIMINALS CONDUCTED TO PRISON.

servants, near Darlington. Having robbed the cardinals of their money and effects, they allowed them to proceed on their journey ; but they carried the bishop and his brother prisoners, the one to the castle of Morpeth, the other to the castle of Milford, and there detained them till they had paid their ransoms. Even Peter, King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, who visited England in 1363, was robbed on the highway, and stripped of his money and baggage.

When these audacious plunderers dared to rob kings, cardinals, bishops, and lords, and even to pillage populous towns, we may presume that they were very terrible to ordinary travellers and the inhabitants of the open country indeed all

the historians of those times assure us that travelling was very dangerous, and that the people of the country lived under continual apprehension of being plundered.

The jester, whose office was to divert the jaded spirits of his lord by wit, either intellectual or practical, and to keep the banquet in a roar by his jokes, as well as by the jingling of his bells, and by the grotesque display of his cap and bauble, is well known ; better known, at least, than his cousin the mummer, who, if we may judge from the old illuminations, mimicked certain of the brute creation rather than supported fictitious human characters.

One of the most magnificent mummeries, or disguisings, was exhibited by the citizens of London, in 1377, for the amusement of Richard Prince of Wales, in which no fewer than 130 persons were disguised. A fatal accident happened at one of these entertainments, at the court of France, in 1388. Charles VI., who was then young and frolicsome, with five other young men, appeared like savages, clothed in robes of linen, exactly fitted to their bodies, covered from head to foot



LOLLARDS' PRISON.

with a representation of long hair, made of linen threads, fixed to their robes with pitch. A flambeau accidentally set fire to the counterfeit hair of one of these seeming savages, and in a moment five of them were in flames ; four were burnt to death, the fifth preserved his life by throwing himself into a large vessel of water which happened to be near, and the King was saved by fortunately being at a little distance.

But the Feast of Fools, to which we have already referred, and which was enacted by the populace at large, was the most singular of all these exhibitions. Its celebration took place at Christmas, when a season of universal license commenced, in which all orders and authorities were reversed—the churl became a pope, the buffoon a cardinal, and the lowest of the mob were converted into priests and right reverend abbots. In wild merriment they took possession of the

churches, and parodied every part of the sacred service, singing masses composed of obscene songs, and preaching sermons full of all manner of lewdness and buffoonery. This festival was soon suppressed in England, and never reached the height of blasphemy which it did on the Continent. A part of it, however, long survived here, under the designation of the Dance of Fools, and from this sprang the institution of the Boy-Bishops. This was held at the feast of St. Nicholas, or on the festival of the Holy Innocents, when the boys belonging to the choir of the collegiate churches dressed themselves in full pontificals, and obtained possession of the sacred buildings, while one of their number became prelate for the time, and was adorned with mitre and crozier. After this profane parody, the whole choir sallied into the streets, headed by their juvenile prelate, dancing and singing from house to house, scattering clerical benedictions among the people, and receiving offerings in their progress. So far, indeed, was this nonsense encouraged by the heads of the church, that proper dresses for the pageant were kept in most of those churches where the ceremony was performed, and it maintained its ground until it was suppressed by an edict of Henry VIII. Mary, his daughter, endeavoured to revive the festival; but after her death it was entirely annihilated. One relic of this custom is still to be seen; a tomb of a boy-bishop, of about three feet and a half high, exists to this day in Salisbury Cathedral.

Nothing in the middle ages is more diametrically opposed to this century, than the great scarcity and high price of books. None but great kings, princes, and prelates, universities and monasteries, could have libraries; and even the libraries of the greatest kings were not equal to those of many private men of moderate income of the present day. The royal library of France, which had been collected by Charles V., VI., and VII., and kept with great care in one of the towers of the Louvre, only consisted of 900 volumes, and was purchased by the Duke of Bedford, in 1425, for 1,200 livres. From a catalogue of that library still extant, it appears to have been chiefly composed of legends, histories, romances, books on astrology, and other similar works, which were the favourite studies of those times. The kings of England were not so well provided with books; Henry V., who had a taste for reading, borrowed several, which were claimed by their owners after his death. The Countess of Westmoreland, after his decease, presented a petition to the Privy Council, in 1424, representing that the late King had borrowed a book from her containing the chronicles of Jerusalem and the expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne, and praying that an order might be given under the Privy Seal for the restoration of the said book, which was granted with great formality. About the same time, John, the Prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, presented a similar petition to the Privy Council, setting forth that the late King had borrowed from his priory a volume containing the works of St. Gregory; that he had never returned it, but that in his will he had directed it to be restored; notwithstanding which, the Prior of Shire, who had the book, refused to give it up. The Council, after mature consideration, commanded a precept under the Privy Seal to be sent to the Prior of Shire, requiring him to deliver up the book, or to appear before the Council to give the reasons of his refusal. These facts sufficiently prove that it must have been very difficult, or rather impossible, for the generality of scholars to procure a competent number of books; and, though it is true that the noble art of printing was invented at this period, yet it was many years before it made much progress, or contributed materially to diminish the price of books.

Medicine, though now taught and studied in every university, appears to have been at the very lowest ebb; and it would be difficult to name one physician in England of this period who deserves to be remembered, or whose works merit any attention. Dr. John Fauceby, physician to Henry VI., pretended to be an adept in the occult sciences, and obtained a commission from the King to discover a universal medicine called *the elixir of life*, for the cure of all diseases, wounds, and fractures, and for prolonging life, health, and strength of body and vigour of mind, to the greatest possible extent of time. In connexion with the health of the people, it is chronicled that in 1488 an unknown and very violent disease, called the sweating sickness, appeared in England. In London it carried off two mayors, five aldermen, many other persons of rank and opulence, with a prodigious multitude of common people. It generally caused the death of those seized in seven or eight hours; but those who lingered for four-and-twenty generally recovered.

It was one of the most singular circumstances connected with this disease, that Englishmen residing in foreign countries were seized with it at the same time, while foreigners residing in England escaped. Its symptoms were alarming from the first moment, such as burning heat, excessive sickness, headache, delirium, unquenchable thirst, vehement pulse, and labouring breath. The physicians, as might have been expected, had neither sufficient skill nor presence of mind to administer much relief to their afflicted patients. One would have imagined, in such martial times as these, that the very useful art of surgery would, at least, have been diligently studied and well understood. But this was far from being the case; for anatomy (without a competent knowledge of which no man can be a skilful surgeon) was not merely neglected, but abominated as a barbarous violation of the remains of the dead. The number of surgeons in England was very small, and few of them famous or much respected for their skill. When Henry V., in 1415, invaded France with a great fleet and army, he carried with him only one surgeon, Thomas Morstede, who engaged to bring in his company fifteen persons, twelve of them of his own profession, and three of them archers. Morstede was to have the pay of a man-at-arms, and his twelve assistants the same pay with common archers; and, on his second expedition, the same Prince had so much difficulty in procuring a competent number of surgeons to attend his army, that he was obliged to grant a warrant to the same Thomas Morstede to press as many surgeons as he thought necessary into the service, together with artists to make their instruments!

With regard to education generally, it was, at least in its earlier stages, rarely conducted at home; but both sexes were instructed in the court or houses of nobles. Chaucer mentions reading and singing in the education of little children in his time, and notices a girls' school at Bow, near London, where French was taught; and, as another branch of polite education, they were instructed not to wet the fingers deep at meals (forks not being introduced into England until the reign of James I., when they were brought from Italy, and much ridiculed here as an effeminate piece of finery; before this, skewers of silver or gold were used for forks in carving). An Italian writer of the same period describes a wife as "young and beautiful in her person; mistress of her needle; no man-servant waiting better at her master's table; skilled in horsemanship, and in management of a hawk; no merchant better versed in accounts."

We obtain an interesting glimpse of the state of female education about this

time, from a curious book of "Advice to Young Ladies," written in the year 1371. At this time, in the upper ranks, the education of girls was, as we have already stated, either conducted in the family of some relative or friend of superior rank, or in the monasteries. But whether the education was conducted at home or abroad, its character seems to have been nearly the same. It consisted of needlework, confectionery (or the art of preserving fruits, &c.), surgery (or a knowledge of the healing art), and the rudiments of church music; to which, in an education at a monastery, was, perhaps, generally added the art of reading. The prejudices of the times, and particularly of the male sex, were opposed to any higher degree of cultivation of the mind, arising, probably, from a suspicion that it might render women an over-match for their admirers. In this spirit, even the accomplishment of reading, as has just been hinted, was by no means universal; nor is it certain that, where it was so, its effects were beneficial, from the absurd and corrupting books in which some persons were taught. "Instead of reading bokes of wisdom and science," says the old writer, "they studye in nought but the bokes that speak of love's fables and other worldlie vanities." There were men at this time who maintained that wives and daughters should not read their Bible. Our knight opposes this opinion, and thinks it good that women should be taught to read the Scriptures; but he regards writing as dangerous and unnecessary, and thinks it better "if women can nought of it." He appears to have set two priests and two clerks to select a book of "ensamples," consisting of extracts from the Bible, the acts of kings, the chronicles of France, Greece, and England. In speaking of the state of female manners, one of the chief faults which our knight takes occasion to correct, was that of levity—a very natural consequence of ignorance and under-education. The conduct of women at mass (at which the grossest irreverence and disorder are known to have prevailed) excited his deepest ire. Nor need we wonder; for the church, during the celebration of service, seems to have been an established scene of gossip and flirtation. The men came with their hawks and dogs, walking to and fro to converse with their friends, to make bargains and appointments, or to show their splendid coats.

When education was in so low a state among those of high rank, and learned professions so ill supplied, we may safely conclude that the education of the lower orders was almost, if not entirely, neglected; and indeed such was, for too long a time, the case. It was not till the time of Henry IV., that villains, farmers, and mechanics were permitted by law to put their children to school; and long after that they dared not educate their sons for the church without a license from their lord. Parochial grammar-schools in villages did not occur till the fifteenth century; this brings us to the commencement of grammar-schools, properly so called. To prevent the growth of Wickliffeism, it had been made illegal to put children to private teachers. This edict had such an effect upon the grammar-schools, that, in 1477, the learning carried on within their walls was of so low a standard, that several clergymen of London petitioned Parliament for permission to set up schools in their respective churches, in order to check seminaries conducted by illiterate men. These schools, held in rooms over the church-porch, flourished for many years, and are alluded to by Shakspeare; and we find this custom continued so late as the seventeenth century; John Evelyn, the son of a gentleman of fortune (born 1620), having been taught to read, by the village schoolmaster, over the porch of Wooton Church, in Surrey.

During the thirteenth century, the study of alchemy was prosecuted with more intensity than any other branch of art. It was even encouraged by Government during the reign of Henry VI., who afforded protection to the alchemists from the fury of the people, who believed they were assisted in their operations by infernal spirits.

But though learning in Britain was, at this period, not in a very flourishing condition, yet universities were founded in Glasgow and in Edinburgh, and three colleges added to both of the English universities—one, viz., Queen's, of Cambridge, being founded by Margaret, the active and ambitious consort of Henry VI.

Agriculture fared no better than learning during these warlike times, for the unhappy rustics, being liable every moment to be called from the plough to the field of battle, either by royal proclamations or by the mandates of their own arbitrary lords, found it impossible to pursue their humble toil with safety or satisfaction either to themselves or their employers. Multitudes of them, too, of course, fell in battle, or were destroyed by the accidents and fatigues of war, which occasioned loud complaints of the scarcity of labourers and of the high price of labour. Many laws were consequently made to regulate and fix the price of labour, and to restrain these men from leaving the plough, or other agricultural occupations. To meet these difficulties, it was enacted "That whosoever had been employed at the plough, or cart, or any other husbandry work, till he was twelve years of age, should be compelled to continue in that employment during life." It was also ordered that none who had not lands or rents of the value of 20s. a year (equivalent to more than 10% of our present money) should be permitted to put any of their sons apprentice to any other trades, but should bring them all up to husbandry.

But, as might be expected, these laws produced little or no effect; the scarcity of labourers continued, and at last produced a memorable revolution in the state of agriculture, which made a mighty noise for many years. The prelates and other great proprietors of land kept extensive tracts of ground round their castles (called demesne-lands), which they cultivated by their "villains" and by hired servants under the direction of bailiffs. But these great landowners having led their followers into the field of war, the number of the villains was gradually diminished, and hired servants could not be procured on reasonable terms. This obliged the prelates and other gentlemen to inclose the lands around their castles, and to convert them into pasture-grounds. This practice of inclosing became very general in England about the middle of this period, and occasioned prodigious clamours from those who mistook the effect of depopulation for its cause. For, when we consider that the importance, the honour, and the security of the gentlemen of those times depended more upon the number of their followers than on the greatness of their estates, we cannot suppose it possible that the generality of them would have agreed to expel their faithful followers from these demesne-lands in order to cover them with defenceless flocks and herds, if they had not been compelled to do so by some very general and powerful reason.

Another proof of the imperfect state of agriculture was the frequency of dearths. In the present day it is accounted a very bad thing when grain is double its ordinary price; but in those times it was frequently triple or quadruple its usual price, which must have produced a grievous famine. When such was the case, the common people endeavoured to preserve their wretched lives by drying

the roots of herbe and converting them into a kind of bread ; at the same time, it must be confessed that, occasionally, at this period all kinds of grain were exceedingly cheap, and, in the winter of 1455 in particular, wheat in some places was sold at 1s. a quarter. But this was not so much owing to any improvements in husbandry, as to an extraordinary importation of corn from the Continent, in order to procure a supply of English wool.

Though greater attention was paid to the breeding and feeding of sheep and cattle in this than in any former period, yet the sowing of grasses and the manuring of pastures were quite unknown, and even the art of making salt, all important as it was in those days of salted provisions, was very imperfectly understood in England. Henry VI., however, being informed that a new and better method of preparing that mineral had been invented in the Low Countries, invited a gentleman of Zealand, with sixty persons in his company, to come to England to instruct his subjects in the new method of making salt, promising them protection and encouragement.

The arts of spinning, throwing, and weaving silk were brought into England about this time, and practised by a company of women in London called *silkwomen*. Upon a petition of this female company to Parliament, in 1455, representing that the Lombards and other Italians imported such large quantities of silk thread, ribbons, corseas, &c., that they were in danger of being reduced to great poverty, an act was made, prohibiting the importation of any of the articles manufactured by these silkwomen. These articles consisted only of laces, ribbons, and similar fabrics. From such small beginnings did the present great silk manufacture of England derive its origin ; but do not let us forget that, before 1480—at which period men began to engage in this manufacture—the silk trade had been wholly carried on by women.

The manner of raising soldiers was so unique, and is so little known, that we venture to give an indenture made on the 29th of April, 1415, when Henry V. was preparing for his first expedition into France. This indenture was made between Henry V. and Henry Lord Scrope ; and it was stipulated “ That the said Lord Scrope should attend and serve the King one year, in an expedition into France, with thirty men-at-arms and ninety archers on horseback ; himself to be one of the men-at-arms, the rest to consist of three knights and twenty-six esquires. That Lord Scrope should receive, for his own daily pay, 4s. ; for each of the knights, 2s. ; for each of the esquires, 1s. ; and for each of the archers, 6d. And that, besides this pay, the Lord Scrope should receive the usual *douceur*, at the rate of 100 marks for thirty men-at-arms. That all prisoners taken by Lord Scrope and his troops, in the said expedition, should belong to him, except kings, kings’ sons, generals, and chieftains, who should be delivered to the King, on his paying a reasonable ransom to the captors.” This was, for the time, high pay, which they pretended was merited by the shortness of the service and the great expense they were at in furnishing themselves with horses, armour, arms, clothing, victuals, servants, &c. But, however just these pretences might have been, the expense of an army of this kind soon exhausted all the revenues of the Crown, and almost all the resources of the country ; and Henry V. not only expended all the treasure he had been amassing for two years, by borrowing and by every other art, but was obliged to pawn his crown and his most valuable jewels before he embarked on his first expedition against France.

Armies that were so suddenly raised, and, after a short service, as suddenly dismissed, could not be well disciplined; and Henry V. seems to have been the first of our kings who was sensible of the importance of regular movements and united efforts, and was at much pains to teach his troops to march in straight lines, at proper distances, with a steady, measured pace—to advance, attack, halt, and even fall back, at the word of command, without breaking their ranks; and it is said that to the superior discipline of his troops this Prince was indebted for his success in general, and for his great victory at Agincourt in particular.

The men-at-arms, covered with polished armour, were, of course, the most splendid and most expensive troops, but it may be doubted whether they were the most useful; indeed, we may say, without much hesitation, that the archers formed the chief strength of the English armies of this period, for they frequently gained great victories without the least assistance from the men-at-arms; and the superior dexterity of our archers gave them a great advantage over the French and the Scots, their two most implacable enemies. The French depended chiefly on their men-at-arms, the Scots on their pikemen; but the ranks of both were often thinned and thrown into disorder by flights of arrows before they could reach their enemies. Well might Sir John Fortescue say again and again,



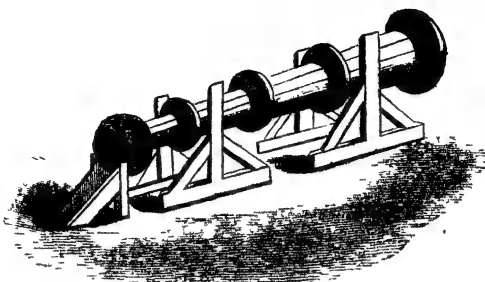
LONG-BOWMAN.

“that the might of the realme of England standyth upon archers.” It may, at first sight, seem strange that, for so long a period after the invention of gunpowder, that most efficient article of war should have lain dormant; but it must be remembered how exceedingly difficult it was, in those days, to find instruments to manage and direct so impetuous an agent as gunpowder. For almost two centuries, the instruments used for that purpose were called by the general name of cannon, though they were of very many different kinds, shapes, and sizes, and known by names as different and as uncouth as their shapes; being designated scorpions (and, if we were to believe the chroniclers, some of them discharged balls of 500 lbs. weight, and required fifty horses to draw them); also basilisks, serpentes, fowlers, and the like, which were all species of cannon. On the other hand, some of these cannons were not much heavier than a musket, and were carried by one or two men and fired from a rest.

Many of the cannon-balls used at this time were made of stone, and in 1419

Henry V. gave a commission to John Louth to press a sufficient number of masons to make 7,000 cannon-balls in the quarries of Maidstone Heath.

But great as were the wars and the engines of war in those days, and much as the victories of our warlike forefathers did for us, they were all as nothing when compared



MOUNTING OF CANNON.—(From Froissart.

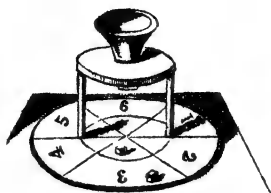
to that broad basis of commercial enterprise which our countrymen were silently but surely spreading, and upon which the eventual prosperity of this country was most certainly built. Only to think that, at the great fairs of Brabant, where every variety of goods was brought from Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Scotland, Ireland, and England, it was the English who always bought and sold more than any other nation!

The London merchants were, of course, the wealthiest men in the kingdom; nor are the names of Whittington and Norbury forgotten even at this day. But the richest man of that period was one William Canning, five times Mayor of Bristol, and from whom Edward IV. took at one time (it is alleged for some misdemeanour in trade) 2,470 tons of shipping; amongst which were one ship of 900 tons, one of 500, and one of 400—vessels of no inconsiderable size for those days. But the greatest part of our commerce, it must be confessed, was carried on in foreign vessels, and ship-building in Great Britain was for a long time nearly stationary. James Kennedy, the patriotic Bishop of St. Andrew's, was as much celebrated for building a ship of uncommon magnitude, called the "Bishop's Berge," as for building and endowing a college. John Tavener, of Hull, also obtained various privileges and immunities, in 1449, from Henry VI., because he had built a ship as large as a great carrack—i. e., a Venetian vessel—a sufficient proof, if any were required, that few such ships were then built in England.

It has been supposed, we know not with what accuracy, that, to the lower and middle ranks of life, living was at this period nominally ten times, and really five times, cheaper than at present. The average price of a quarter of wheat in the fifteenth century appears to have been about 5s.; all other kinds of grain were cheaper in proportion to wheat than they are at present, and animal food of all kinds cheaper still. The price of a cow was 7s.; of a calf, 1s. 8d.; of an ox, 13s. 4d.; of a sheep, 2s. 5d.; of a hog, 2s.; of a goose, 3d.; claret, 1s. a gallon; ale, 1½d. a gallon.

If we may judge from the investigation made at Colchester, in 1296, of the condition of the country generally, we may infer that almost every family kept in the house a small store of barley and oats—usually about a quarter or two of each

(wheat and rye are seldom mentioned)—so it was well animal food was abundant, for it was more necessary than in later times. Then the dainty stomachs of even beggars refused, after the advent of new wheat, to “eat bread that in it beanes were;” so soon were dried roots and the bark of trees forgotten.



ANCIENT DIAL-BOX.

And so we grew great; victory crowned our wars, success our merchants. There was, it is true, early rising and late taking rest, and the bread of carefulness eaten; but there was, better than all, the keeping of the city by Jehovah, without which blessing the rest would have availed us nought, and we, like other watchmen, must have watched in vain.

M. S. R.

THE SON - IN - LAW.

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

VI.

THE time-piece in M. Bailleul's drawing-room indicated the hour of half-past six in the evening. All the guests, with a solitary exception, were assembled; Adolphine and her aunt were, however, the only ladies present. The company consisted of old friends of M. Bailleul—pacific and portly representatives of the good old middle-class.

With respect to these honest folks—two or three were still young men who, although forming the minority, compensated for their smallness in number by their energy and loquaciousness. These representatives of modern France had, ordinarily, the best places in the good graces of Mademoiselle Bailleul, who, like all ladies of a certain age, usually reserved her sympathies for youth. At the present moment, however, Adolphine's aunt appeared too much disturbed in spirit to prove as amiable as was her wont on these occasions. The inquietude of her mind was betrayed in her manner; her eyes were constantly wandering towards the time-piece, and from that to the door of the apartment; and the sound of the bell, which might announce the arrival of the tardy guest, caused her to tremble in spite of herself.

The dinner was for six o'clock precisely, and the guests, regular and methodical people, began to think the delay irksome. The conversation flagged, notwithstanding Chaudieu's efforts to sustain it; for unappeased appetite induces silence and melancholy. M. Bailleul, who for some time had not uttered a syllable, and seemed to be resolving some extraordinary problem in his head, at length summoned resolution enough to approach his sister.

"My dear," he began in a whisper, "it is nearly seven o'clock. Laboissière will certainly not come; and besides, I don't think we ought to trouble ourselves about him. Had we not better order dinner?"

The sound of a bell, at this moment, forestalled Mademoiselle Bailleul's reply. On this occasion, the eyes of the whole company, as well as her own, were turned towards the door, which opened, very much to the gratification of the guests.

"M. Laboissière!" cried a domestic.

In days gone by, the young chevaliers of the royal household went to the lists in their most resplendent surcoat, their richest lace, their most jaunty perukes: now, the man of equivocal speculations, whose manners would have suited a company of musketeers, appeared desirous of perpetuating that martial coquetry. Never had his costume—at all times careful to a fault—presented so much magnificence of detail; he was all diamond buttons and gold chain. So superbly was Laboissière attired that it would have been difficult to decide which was the more important—the man or his garments. As he strode across the apartment, his head was carried aloft, and an insolent smile was on his lips.

Even as ordinary people have dresses for week-days and others for Sundays, so Laboissière, a business man by occupation and a bully by temperament, changed his skin according to the occasion. After a laborious week, devoted to speculations more or less sound, he had put on his Sunday clothing of the duellist, firmly resolved to pass his Monday in the Bois de Boulogne.

The lynx—for never was any one more worthy of the name—went straight towards Mademoiselle Bailleul and bowed, throwing into the salute as much of the insolent as that mark of respect would admit; he dropped towards the master of the house a "good-day" not less impertinent, and cast upon Adolphine a look that caused her to blush crimson. Then, throwing his eyes round the apartment, he singled out the victim whom he had promised himself to immolate on the following day at the very latest. Chaudieu, with his back turned, was chatting in the embrasure of a window. As he perceived him, Laboissière raised his shoulders, threw back his head, and appeared to take the attitude of a game-cock eager for the fray. In this position, and from one end of the drawing-room to the other, he addressed his enemy in a tone so unexpectedly haughty that all conversation instantly ceased.

"I am much astonished, M. Chaudieu, to find you here when you knew that I should come! I warned you yesterday not to again make your appearance wherever you would be likely to come in my way; but, as you have such a bad memory, I must remind you of it."

A murmur of disapprobation greeted this uncalled-for outrage. The guests, who had hitherto only thought of dinner, instantly lost their appetite. Adolphine and her aunt rose, pale with terror. M. Bailleul, who did not lack firmness except when confronted with his sister, directed his steps towards the man who had committed so great a breach of good manners; but was restrained by one or two of his more prudent friends.

In the midst of the general confusion, the individual insulted alone preserved his coolness. He waited patiently until Laboissière had finished his speech, and then made a sign with his hand, which might be interpreted to mean, "In a moment I shall be at your service." Then, addressing the men who were near him, he said in a whisper—

"Messieurs Ruault and Milarge, and you, Boyer, have the goodness to accompany me; and Boyer, just say to Joliat, who is standing near the piano, that I shall require his services also."

After having selected, as witnesses of the scene that was about to take place, the four youngest men of the company, Chaudieu took a few steps towards Laboissière, and said to him calmly—

"Sir, have the goodness to follow me into the ante-chamber."

"To China if you like," replied the duellist, striding towards the door with a triumphant air.

Several of the company attempted to interfere, but the two adversaries went out without paying any attention to their efforts at reconciliation.

Just before leaving the room, Chaudieu turned round—

"Don't let the dinner be delayed," he said; "we shall not be more than five minutes at the most."

With these words he closed the door, and rejoined his antagonist and his friends.

"Gentlemen," cried Boyer, "before we proceed further, it appears to me——"

"Boyer, not another word," interrupted Chaudieu. "You, gentlemen, will do me the pleasure to take your places in the embrasures of the windows, so as to leave the stage free for the actors. This is a tragi-comedy, which will be played out in a very few moments; all that I request of you is to keep silence and not to interrupt us."

The husband of Adolphine spoke in so absolute a tone that the four guests obeyed mechanically. All this while, Laboissière had remained immovable in the centre of the ante-chamber, his arms crossed upon his chest, defiance in his eyes, contempt on his lips—disdainful and resplendent. Chaudieu, when his friends had taken their places according to his request, broke the silence in a firm voice.

"This man, whom you all know," he said, pointing to his adversary, "desires that I should fight with him. If he were a duellist only, I might comply with his request; but as he is a felon, I cannot accept his challenge."

"Liar!" cried the speculator, whose insolent self-possession had been restored since the destruction of the forged bill of exchange.

"But, on the other hand," continued Chaudieu, disregarding the interruption, "I don't consider it proper that an honest man should allow a rascal to insult him with impunity. I have already warned M. Laboissière that I should resent any fresh insult. Gentlemen, you have just heard me publicly outraged; now for the satisfaction of a gentleman!"

By a sudden movement, Chaudieu armed himself with a stout cane, left by one of the guests in a corner of the apartment.

"Chaudieu, what are you doing?" cried his friends, rushing towards him.

"Stand back!" cried he in a loud voice, and pushing them vigorously aside.

"Don't you perceive that my antagonist has placed himself in a state of defence?"

All eyes were instantly turned towards Laboissière, who had suddenly uncrossed his arms; in his right hand gleamed a dagger, which he had taken from his coat pocket. On seeing this, the alarm of the guests was redoubled, and two of them rushed towards the duellist, with the evident intention of disarming him—but this act he forestalled by stepping backwards till he reached a corner of the apartment.

"No interference, gentlemen," said he in an imperative tone.

"No interference," repeated Chaudieu. "He wants a duel; this is one, and the weapons could not be better chosen. A dagger suits the hand of a felon, as a stick does his shoulders."

With these words he strode towards Laboissière.

"I take you all to witness that I am attacked, and only act in self-defence!" cried the latter, placing himself in a position appropriate to this singular duel—his left arm thrown forward before his face, ready to parry the first blow, the dagger firmly grasped in his right hand, prepared to give a deadly thrust in reply.

The two antagonists remained motionless for an instant, leaving three paces' distance between them, while each seemed to watch eagerly for the slightest movement of his opponent.

"Blow for blow!" cried Laboissière, observing his adversary lifting his right arm.

He had no time, however, to speak further, nor to execute the thrust he had meditated. After having made a feigned blow at the head of Laboissière, Chaudieu, with a sudden flourish, so rapid that the eye could not follow it, whirled his stick round so as to describe a semicircle, and struck the arm of his adversary, just above the wrist, with great force, and the dagger flew out of Laboissière's grasp. Then, rushing upon his foe, Chaudieu seized him by the collar, dragged him by main force into the middle of the apartment, and applied to his shoulders half a dozen heavy blows from his stick.

"There!" said he, suddenly releasing him; "if that will not suffice, I am prepared to give you a second application."

Ten times in his life had the duellist seen the point of a sword a few inches from his throat, or a pistol aimed at his breast, but had never lost his self-possession. Now, however, the humiliation to which he had been compelled to submit seemed to have completely broken his spirit. He appeared overpowered with a sudden vertigo; his knees trembled as he tottered towards a sideboard, against which he supported himself, half-dead with shame and rage.

Although the scene we have just described had lasted for a few seconds only, the witnesses selected by Chaudieu had not been the only spectators of it. The field of battle, it is true, had been scrupulously respected, for the dagger of one and the vigorous stick-play of the other had caused the boldest to keep at a respectful distance; but at both doors of the ante-chamber were crowded the curious or alarmed faces of the guests and domestics. M. Bailleul, his sister, Adolphe—all had been witnesses of every detail of the tragi-comic scene just enacted.

Everybody was too deeply moved to break the silence which reigned. Relative, stranger, valet—all appeared transfixed with wonder.

"Gentlemen," said Chaudieu at length, "the piece is played out. The best thing for us to do now is to go down to dinner. Peter, give M. Laboissière his hat and conduct him to the door. M. Guichard, will you take my wife?"

Benoît Chaudieu, who, until this instant, had never dared to give an order in his father-in-law's house, now saw himself obeyed with marvellous punctuality; so true it is that a victory—even a victory gained by the vigour of one's arm—enlarges one's importance in the mind of the beholder. Laboissière, literally overwhelmed with the chastisement he had received, allowed himself to be shown to the door without offering any resistance, and found himself in the street as if just awoke from some horrible nightmare.

"Such an outrage offered to me!" he repeated to himself—"to me, after killing three men in duels and wounding four! This is surely some after-dinner dream!"

During this time the other personages were making their entrance into the promised land of the dining-room. Before passing into the apartment, Chaudieu signed to the four men who had been witnesses of the late encounter.

"Gentlemen, a word before we sit down," he said with a smile.

The four friends eagerly surrounded him.

"I have already stated that a certain reason prevented my fighting a duel with M. Laboissière. I know not whether you consider my conduct needs further explanation. But, if my motives have been misunderstood, I am willing to offer proofs that I have acted as a gentleman!"

The four guests unanimously proffered their hands to Chaudieu, who grasped them cordially.

"You have behaved like a worthy man," said one. "We have no need to be told in what way M. Laboissière has wronged you. We all know him to be a worthless adventurer."

"Physical vigour, my dear sir," added another, a worthy gentleman of some five feet two—"physical vigour is a noble quality. It appears to me that Brittany folks have a heavy hand."

"Then you approve of my conduct?" inquired Chaudieu.

"Completely!" answered the four friends.

"In that case, let us dine."

Long before that dinner was ended, the veil which had covered the eyes of Adolphe was withdrawn. Laboissière was now clearly enough an undisguised rascal. Indeed, both aunt and niece thanked Providence for their escape from the tender mercies of such an unscrupulous man.

When the last guest had taken his hat, Chaudieu whispered into Mademoiselle Bailleul's ear—

"Send your brother away; I wish to speak for a moment with my wife, before you alone."

"My dear brother," said the lady immediately, "will you do me the favour to run to the apothecary? He has not yet sent me my pills."

"Certainly—but it is past ten o'clock. Couldn't a servant——"

"A servant would be certain to make some mistake. I can only depend on you."

Habituated to passive obedience, the worthy man went away on his errand.

When they were quite alone, Chaudieu took his seat before both the ladies.

"My dear Adolphine," he began, in a grave and impressive tone, "I wish to offer you a little advice which circumstances have rendered indispensable. I am neither a marvel of beauty nor wit; that is my opinion of myself. Yours is a little more severe; you consider me positively dull and stupid."

"My dear Benoit! how can you speak thus?" cried the young wife, disconcerted at such a strange preamble.

"I ask for nothing better than your affection; but if Nature has refused me the qualities so valuable in a lover, I am not willing, on that account, to forego the rights of a husband. I desire to have these rights respected. And I must tell you that your conduct with respect to Laboissière has been thoughtless and unseemly. I can excuse a first imprudence; I should be less indulgent towards a

second; and I could never pardon a grave fault. It is for you to reflect, and to make your choice."

Overcome by these severe remarks, Adolphine, in a trembling voice, essayed to speak some words in her own justification; but her husband suddenly interrupted her—

"Not another word on the subject. As you act, so shall I act."

And when he had said this, he went from the room, as though nothing of importance had occurred during the whole day.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Madame Chaudieu, when her husband had left.

"It means," said Mademoiselle Bailleul, "that our sheep is a wolf. We must beware of his teeth."

"I am quite alarmed. Did you notice the expression of his face as he spoke? I am sure he looked a perfect Othello!"

"He is a stern man, my dear niece; so we must have no more coquetry—no more giddiness!"

A slight tremor passed over Adolphine's white shoulders. A quarter of an hour later, Chaudieu and his wife were speaking calmly together.

After having projected the most sanguinary revenge, Gustave Laboissière felt that, with a determined adversary, who would not accept a challenge, and endowed with the strength of Hercules, the only possible mode of vengeance was murder. But, as Chaudieu had said, a rogue recoils from a crime, the price of which is his own head. The encounter, with every detail exaggerated, as a matter of course, was known the next day to all his friends and acquaintances—a fact which rendered his stay in Paris most inconvenient. Certain prudential considerations, moreover, suggested to him the necessity of taking his leave at once. The speculator and duellist therefore removed his household gods to Brussels—a common refuge for adventurers of his species. We must, however, render justice to all the world. Gustave Laboissière left behind him, at Paris, many sorrowing friends—we mean those individuals whose cash he took away with him in exchange for his shares.

Chastened by the lesson she had received—and warned, moreover, by a few grey hairs, that the time for coquetry was at an end—Mademoiselle Bailleul awoke, one morning, a confirmed devotee.

Without having conceived for her husband one of those romantic passions so seldom seen in married life—and, we might add, so unnecessary—Adolphine became attached to her husband by ties of perfect affection. Two smiling children were a further bond of loving union. We naturally expect that when a lady becomes a mother she will cease to be a coquette—Madame Chaudieu obeyed that salutary influence, and, in the society of her fair cherubs, she gradually lost her taste for a dangerous flirtation. Her children would have become her guardian angels—that is to say, supposing her husband had not fulfilled the part of a loving protector—for he had awakened, and his wife was not willing that he should go to sleep again. Thanks to his firmness and patience, Benoit Chaudieu banished from his home all the stormy and discordant elements that had so long reigned therein.

An affectionate, but not weak husband, he is master in his own house!

AMONGST THE AMERICANS.

BY F. GERSTÄCKER.

PART VI.

"DEUCE take her! I'll try if she can catch the Oceanic, though!" the captain shouted, pulling violently at the bell, so that all who were still ashore ran on board, for fear of being left behind. "Let go the ropes," he shouted down; "push off, men—push off!"

"But the lady whom Gray saved?" cried Simmons to the captain; "she is still on board, and did not appear to be bound for St. Louis."

The latter answered with a smile—"She must have changed her plans very lately, then; for, as far as I could understand Mr. Gray, she seemed very much inclined for a trip to St. Louis, and prefers the healthy air of the North to the yellow fever of the South."

The steamer left the bank, and glided along past the forests.

"Was the lady all alone, then, on the unhappy vessel?" Simmons asked.

"There were two gentlemen with her, I believe; but the one has disappeared without a sign, and the head of the other lies beneath that tree."

"Horrible, horrible!" Simmons replied with a groan. "Yes; this shameful racing has cost many lives; and I consider it the greatest sin to patronize, or even suffer it."

"On the other hand," the captain answered, "there is something remarkably attractive in it, that causes us to forget danger and death, when every wish is felt to keep before another boat. I, myself, disapprove of this racing; but I openly confess there are times when I am only restrained by the terrible responsibility I have taken on myself—for hundreds of lives might be lost by my carelessness—from hazarding my life, and that of all the rest, to keep a couple of wretched boat's-lengths before another steamer. I was going, once, to New Orleans, and had a lady on board, who would only take passage with me on condition I promised never even to try to keep before another boat. I promised; but when we got below Bayou Tunica, we had nearly caught up a steamer during the night, and approached close to it the next morning; but the latter, being short of wood, threw fat under the boilers, as I could perceive from the black smoke, and then began going more quickly, and we could not gain an inch on it from that moment. At first the lady had appeared much terrified, and I was forced to promise her again not to try and catch the boat; but afterwards she said nothing more about it, and in the evening said, with a smile, she would give ten dollars if we could pass the other vessel. I had a couple of cords of pinewood on board for torches; this I had put under the boilers, for I was beginning to grow savage, and before dark we were up with her, and reached New Orleans ten minutes before her."

The Oceanic was now going at full speed; it shot through the sluggish water with the velocity of an arrow; and the tortoises that were lying on stumps in the warm sunshine, dived down to escape the fancied danger; while the waves behind the vessel, rising against the steep banks, undermined, as if in sport, large masses of fertile soil, and swallowed them with mad merriment.

The firemen had soon recognized the Diana, which was trying to catch them,

and did all in their power, without any further urging, to leave the swiftest boat on the river behind them. Spite of all their exertions, however, and the really terrible speed with which the Oceanic pursued its course against the powerful currents, it could not escape the pursuer; the white smoke drew nearer; and louder and more distinct sounded the measured puffs with which the steam was expelled.

The passengers had gone below into the saloon with the captain, and found Gray there, walking up and down in deep thought, but with a smiling face.

"I take brandy and sugar," he said to Simmons, as the latter entered the saloon.

"By Jove!" Simmons said merrily, "that is the selfsame idea I had at the moment, and a stiff glass into the bargain, for I feel quite queer after the hanging affair."

"Heaven be thanked!" Gray replied, "I saw nothing of it—such a thing leaves a bad impression behind."

"And how's the young lady?" the captain asked.

"She's asleep," Gray replied; "but, captain," he continued with a smile, "I am in your debt; I paid my passage-money in New Orleans for myself, it is true, but I didn't know that I should end my voyage in such pleasant company, and——"

"Nothing of the sort," said Wilkins; "the young lady is my guest. Mr. Gray, of course, thinks that I'll have people pulled out of the water, and then take passage-money of them? Would to Heaven!" he continued with a sigh, "we had the three other poor girls here, who now lie at the bottom of the Mississippi. I would gladly take them gratis to St. Louis, and back again to New Orleans; but, alas! they require no further help; they are on a journey where the passage-money is paid—with life."

"But I shall not accompany you, now, all the way to St. Louis," Mr. Gray continued. "The business I had to attend to in St. Louis is now arranged, and I intend to leave you at Cairo, and take advantage of the first steamer up the Ohio, as far as Point Pleasant."

"If the boat behind us had any other name except Diana," Captain Wilkins replied, with a shake of his head, "I would say, you could wait for her in Cairo, but I'm almost afraid that we shall make acquaintance with her sooner than is exactly pleasant. Still, if Mr. Dalton——; but where the deuce is he? he was here just now," he broke off, as he looked round.

"He's looking after the other boat," Simmons said, as he stirred up the sugar in his glass, and, by a rapid, clever motion, sent the contents of the glass to the place where so many of the same sort had preceded it.

The mate now came into the cabin, and whispered something to the captain.

"Confound it!" the latter cried, starting up; "that won't do; I won't have my vessel blown up!"

"What's the matter?" all cried simultaneously.

"Dalton," the captain said laughingly, "is bribing my firemen, and has bought two casks of old fat from the cook, to be taken to the fire, and thrown under the engines."

"Very good," said Simmons; "if the young hothead has such a desire to blow himself and his Dulcinea into the air, I must most politely decline being of the party. I have particular business to attend to in St. Louis, and should not like

to be floated back piecemeal to New Orleans, instead of drinking my glass of brandy comfortably in the Mississippi Hotel."

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," said the captain, as he walked to the door; "I will speak, myself, with the engineer. I see, indeed, that it is useless. We cannot escape the Diana; and she must catch us, at any rate, at Memphis, for I must land passengers there."

Simmons, who had followed the captain, returned after awhile, and whispered something in Gray's ear, as he seized him by the arm and led him away—

"Hång it! it's very annoying; but, indeed, I'd give fifty dollars if we could escape. Still, I shouldn't like the captain to hear me say so, for I believe that he would be pleased that I, who spoke so zealously against racing, should now vote



for it. But tell me, Gray, how was your charmer induced to quit New Orleans, in August, leaving you to perish there, in all probability, by that accursed yellow Jack?"

"She told me all the circumstances briefly," Gray replied, shaking the old man's hand heartily. "She is not married; and they were shameful lies that Old Taylor spread about in our neighbourhood. But if she had been so, she would now be free; for Old Taylor is missing, and Hutchinson's head lies in Helena. The body had not been found, so Stewart told me, when we started. It was Taylor's intention to go to Matamores, and thence to Mexico. What he intended to do there, I don't know; but his plans are confounded, and Celeste is mine. I intend to take passage with her in the first boat going up the Ohio. In a few days, we shall be at Point Pleasant, and my plantation is only 120 miles thence, in a south-western direction. And Simmons," he said, seizing the young man's hand, "if you take half as much interest in my happiness as I believe you do, visit me when

you have finished your business in St. Louis. I can give you some brandy that will astonish you. But, in any case, we shall find plenty of amusement to kill time."

"Done!" said Simmons, shaking Gray's hand. "I shan't go to Washington in autumn, and, as my son is now on my Atchafalaya plantation, I can get away for a couple of weeks. But, hullo!" he broke off, "what does that ringing mean? By Jove! there is Memphis, and there is the Diana too," he cried, as he walked with Gray and Stewart (who had just joined them) to the boiler-deck. "I'm afraid we shall have a constable on board, if we don't make haste and get off again."

The Oceanic, when it arrived under the town of Memphis, that lies high on the precipitous banks, passed the first of the two wharves, to the upper one, to land her passengers, and take on board several others, who were dragging their chests and boxes down the hill in a great hurry; while the Diana stopped, at the same moment, at the lower one, some 300 yards from them.

The cabin passengers of the Oceanic, and especially the ladies, who took the greatest interest in the fate of the runaway young lady, were nearly all on the hurricane-deck—with the exception of Celate, who had heard the poor girl's story, and now remained with her to console her.

Captain Wilkins had his telescope to his eye, and anxiously examined the passengers who sprang ashore from the Diana, to recognise the well-remembered figure of the old gentleman among them; while every eye was fixed, partly on his features, partly on the other vessel, although it was not easy to pick out an individual in the dense throng that covered her deck.

The bell on the Diana was rung, and all not belonging to the vessel sprang rapidly ashore, while the firemen closed the boiler down, and poked up the fire with their long prongs, so that dense masses of smoke poured from the funnels.

"Ring the bell, Mr. Blackheath," Captain Wilkins said to his mate; "I really believe the Diana intends to bring the old fellow aboard us; there's just such a figure standing on the boiler-deck. He may jump on board, but I'm hanged if he shall take the young folks from my vessel against their will; and it's not very likely that they'll go readily. If the old tyrant insists on remaining with us till we get to St. Louis, I'll put you and your lady, Mr. Dalton, ashore during the night, at Kaskaskia, or some other little town on the bank, and take the old man, while you are being married at your leisure, to St. Louis, where he may go look where I landed you. Go ahead!" he shouted to the pilot, and rang the bell again, while the Diana went past them; but from the other jetty, where she had lain to, a man bounded, shouting and yelling, and frantically swinging his cap, which he held in his hand, hulloing at the same time, at the top of his voice, "Stop, stop! in God's name, stop!" and a shout of joy answered from the 'tween-decks of the Oceanic.

It was the German, who, separated from his family in New Orleans, scarcely hoped ever to find them again, but had taken advantage of the first vessel going up the river—fortunately the Diana, for no other could have caught the Oceanic—and who appeared now to have arrived only in time to see the boat that bore all that was dear to him in the world start again without him.

"Push off!" cried the mate from below; for the men delayed, and wished to wait for the German—"push off, hang it—push off!"

"Hold!" cried Captain Wilkins, who had heard the woman's cry of delight. "Stop! Take the man on board!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" the mate answered. The ropes were thrown ashore once again, and fastened to the wharf.

At this moment the *Diana* glided past.

"How are you, Captain Wilkins?" cried a tall young man who was standing on the hurricane-deck and waving his hat. It was the Captain of the *Diana*.

Dalton pressed Gray's hand convulsively, and looked with a grateful glance to Heaven, when the boat flew past with the much-feared father on board.

Attention was now attracted to the scene which was taking place in the fore-part of the vessel, when the man left behind at New Orleans sprang on board, and his wife and children fell with joy on his neck, embraced and kissed him, wiped the perspiration from his brow, addressed innumerable questions to him, and would not allow him to speak; for they interrupted him again and again with fresh embraces and kisses.

The very firemen and deck-hands—rough fellows, hardened against all gentler feelings—did not laugh, although the whole was carried on in a language they did not understand. The pure, all-forgetting love of the poor people affected even their hearts, and some of them actually went up and shook the man's hand, who, scarce arrived in a foreign hemisphere, saw himself robbed, as if by some cruel destiny, of all to which his heart cleaved, and who now recovered all so suddenly.

The captain, Dalton, Gray, Simmons, and Stewart went down to him; and Stewart, who, as a native of Pennsylvania, spoke tolerable German, asked the man where the vessel had stopped, and if passengers had not wished to come on board, or made signals on shore, this side of the last city, Vicksburg.

"I don't know if any made signals," the German replied; "but an old gentleman came along in a boat pulled by two negroes, and waved a handkerchief and shouted, and an American told me that he wanted to come aboard. But we were a little too far off; and it was said our captain had laid a wager to reach Louisville in six days: he stopped nowhere to take in passengers, except where he had any to set ashore. From deck passengers," he continued, when he saw that all were listening attentively, though only Stewart understood him, "he took no money if they would only help to carry wood."

"Well, Mr. Dalton," the captain turned to the young man, with a smile, when Stewart had translated the German's statement to him, "now you are safe; for not a boat of all those that lay at New Orleans can catch the *Oceanic*, even if they were to burn pitch and sulphur. On the 7th, by the latest, we shall be at St. Louis; if your future father-in-law is a sensible man, he'll remain on his plantation; and, if he wants to vent his spite on any one, he's got his blacks."

The *Oceanic* had, in the meanwhile, acquired her full speed, and behind her the buildings of Memphis were fading away, until they, at length, only gleamed in the twilight like a white streak, which soon became confounded with the surrounding scenery.

When it had grown quite dark, the boat stopped once more to take in wood, and then pursued its way through the numberless sharp curves which the Mississippi makes at this part (of which one is so large that the sailors call it the "Devil's Elbow," for it makes a circuit of twenty miles, and returns to within a mile and a half of the starting-point), towards the mouth of the Ohio.

Mr. Simmons, however, on this evening, was obliged to look out for a fresh individual to make up his card-party; for Mr. Gray was too happy, too much

removed from this world, to think of card-playing, and (which in Simmons's eyes was even worse) of brandy-drinking. He was sitting by Celeste's side, and, holding her hand in his, telling her of all the suffering he had undergone, till the large dark eyes of the young lady grew dim; and she, smiling through her tears like a pleasant April morning, returned his loving look, saying that nothing in this world should ever separate them more.

Dalton, in the feeling of newly-acquired security and peace, was spending equally blessed hours with his beloved; and rarely, or never, did the saloon of the *Oceanic* contain four happier beings than those who looked in each other's eyes, and replied to the inquiring glance of affection with joyful smiles, as the vessel raced up the river.

Not so romantic, but not the less cordial, was the happiness of the poor German family; and, with not less attention than that with which Gray caught every word that fell from Celeste's lip, did the poor wife harken to the description of his fear and trouble as he remained, alone and deserted, in the immense city.

"In despair," continued the poor German, "when I saw myself laughed at and ridiculed by all on the *Levéé*, I ran back to the German inn where we had lived for the two days we remained in New Orleans; and after placing in a corner the coffee and sugar, and the milk I had bought for the baby, all of which reminded me more painfully of my loss, I sank into a chair and sobbed aloud. There were none but Germans in the room, but not a single one took compassion on me; and, instead of bidding me be of good cheer, and consoling me, they made their coarse jokes about my misfortune, and laughingly said that I should not have to bother about my family, for I should never see them again as long as I lived. But what consolation and friendly advice would, probably, not have effected, was done by the rage I felt at the shameful behaviour of my countrymen. I jumped up, and ran back to the wharf, fully determined to go on board the first steamer about to sail, and follow you; although I had not a penny-piece, as all our money was on board, in the great red chest, and I had spent my last cent in making the purchases which I thought necessary on that unlucky morning. There was no boat at the wharf going up the river the same day—they had all left the *Levéé* before the *Oceanic*—and mourning, and with gloomy thoughts, I returned to the inn, where I found the bar-keeper examining the things I had bought. I told him of my helpless condition, and begged him to keep the things, and give me for them a bed and a bit of food. They were worth double; but he seemed to have no inclination; but at last was persuaded, and gave a lump of bread and cheese, and a bed for the night, but no mosquito-bar, so that the wretched vermin almost devoured me. Very hungry, I set out the next morning, and began again my inquiries about a steamer. Fortunately, the *Diana* was ready to start, and the captain took me, as well as all the other 'tween-deck passengers, gratis, on condition we helped to carry wood. Oh, God! I would so gladly have been stoker, if they had let me, in order to catch you up the sooner, but there were workmen enough; and with frightful rapidity we steamed up the river, and caught every boat we saw. Oh! how my heart beat every time when I saw the white smoke rising before us, and hoped it was the right one! But, now I have got you again, nothing shall ever, ever separate us!"

He took his children on his lap, and kissed them, and the tears ran down his sunburnt cheeks.

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

DON PASQUALE.

IN a sumptuously-furnished saloon, from the windows of which Rome, the city of the seven hills, can be seen, a tall, pompous, heavy old man is striding backwards and forwards with short, impatient steps. It is plain, from the old man's flurried manner, that he is agitated with emotions more disturbing than he has experienced for a very considerable period. He rushes up to the window, as if seeking to catch sight of some long-expected figure approaching the house. He turns suddenly away, casts an uneasy glance at the door, and finally observing, from the richly-ornamented time-piece on one of the side-tables, that it is nine o'clock in the evening, throws himself into a capacious arm-chair, overcome by disappointment and anxiety. Altogether, it is easy to see that Don Pasquale, rich old Roman bachelor, and proprietor of the country for miles around, is seated in the handsomest villa in Carneto, in a most uncomfortable frame of mind.

"Nine o'clock!" he breaks out in spasmodic impatience. "Where can that doctor be? Hush! was that a knock? No; it was only the wind. Ah! my dear nephew!" he exclaims, wagging his fat fist at some imaginary figure in the centre of the apartment. "Ah! most affectionate relative! Call me a donkey if I don't give you some little uneasiness! I have prepared for you——"

A sharp tap on the outside of the chamber-door, quickly followed by "May I enter?" interrupts Don Pasquale's soliloquy.

"Walk in, walk in!" the old fellow exclaims, jumping up from his seat, and seizing the hand of his visitor, before he has fairly entered the room. This visitor, with his easy, good-tempered face, and his calm, deliberate manner, presents a strong contrast to the Don.

"My dear Doctor Malatesta, how long the time has been! I am all impatience! Have you seen the young lady?"

"I have! She is everything you can desire," replies the doctor. "The old ninny!" he adds to himself. "Shall I give you her portrait," he continued aloud, turning to the old Don.

"Yes, yes. I am all attention—all ears."

"She is as beautiful as an angel—fresh as the lily which opens in the morning! Eyes which speak and smile; glances which subdue the heart; hair blacker than jet; an enchanting smile!——"

"And this is my future wife!"

"Her modesty is unequalled," continues the doctor, scarcely heeding the interruption of the Don, "her grace unrivalled; benevolent, gentle, good, affectionate! In short, she is a being sent to this wicked earth to make her husband's heart overflow with every joy."

"Pray proceed, my dear doctor. Her family, her name?"

"Is wealthy and honourable. The name is Malatesta."

"She is your relation, then?" said the Don with surprise.

"Well!" replied the doctor with a sly smile, "she is only my sister!"

"Thanks, dear doctor; I cannot ask for more. Ah! when shall I be allowed to see her?"

"To-morrow evening!"

"To-morrow! I wish to see her instantly, my dear doctor!"

"Well, calm yourself, and I will bring her at once."

"My dear friend!" exclaimed the Don, grasping the doctor's hand, at the same time half-dragging him towards the door; "but hasten, dear doctor."

"One word——"

"Go at once. I cannot endure this suspense. I feel as young as when I was twenty. Hasten to bring me my bride." And the Don pushed his friend through the door.

"Now," said he, pulling down his waistcoat, and casting an admiring glance at his figure, reflected in the glass—"now, Ernesto, my dear nephew, we will see what stubbornness leads to. You'll refuse the bride I have selected for you! You'll marry that good-for-nothing coquette, Norina, will you? Then you are no longer my heir, that is all. Farewell, my dear nephew, to all your hopes of succeeding to my property; for I am about to take a wife myself!"

Let us leave the old Don to enjoy, undisturbed, his thoughts of vengeance on his nephew and his prospects of future happiness, and enter a charming little rustic dwelling, lying between Carmeto and Rome. As we pass through the doorway, all overgrown with vines and creeping-plants, we see a lovely young woman seated at the cottage-window. She is not alone, and we may guess, from the fire which still lingers in the large dark eyes of the lady, as well as from the pouting, red lips, that a very lively conversation has been kept up between herself and her companion, who is no other than Don Pasquale's friend, Dr. Malatesta.

"I tell you I will have nought to do with this business!" cried the young lady, with true Italian warmth.

"How!"

"Read this," said the young woman, snatching a letter from her bosom, and handing it to the doctor.

The latter, taking the epistle, read it aloud:—

"My dear Norina,—I write to you with a broken heart.' 'We'll soon repair that!' exclaimed the doctor with a laugh. Then reading once more: 'Don Pasquale, advised by that scoundrel, by that false, double-faced Dr. Malatesta' ('Many thanks, my friend Ernesto!'), 'is about to marry a sister of his. He turns me out of doors. In a word, he disinherits me. Love makes it a duty in me to fly from you. I shall leave Rome this very day, and soon shall quit Europe. Adieu! be happy—it is the most ardent wish of, ERNESTO!' 'This is some of his usual folly,' added the doctor, handing the letter to Norina.

"But if he should fly from me?" cried Norina, in a doleful voice.

"He will not fly from you, I'll answer for it. I will soon acquaint him with our plot, and he will become more affectionate than ever."

"But may I know the nature of this grand plot?"

"To punish his nephew, who opposes his wishes, Don Pasquale is resolved on matrimony."

"Yes, yes; you've told me all that before," interrupted Norina impatiently.

"Well! Seeing he was bent upon it, I have devised a scheme for aiding your own and Ernesto's views. Don Pasquale knows I have a sister at the convent. I shall require you to personate her. He does not know you. I shall present you. He no sooner sees you than he falls desperately in love."

"Most excellent!"

"He marries you instantly. I have made arrangements with my nephew Charles, who will act as the notary. The rest I leave to you—'tis your business to drive him mad. The old man will be distracted; we may then manage him as we please. Do you think yourself equal to the part?"

"I am ready, provided I do not lose the affection of my beloved. I will create scenes and confusion. I will show what I can do," replied the young lady, waving her fan energetically. "Come, quick! teach me my part. Will you have me haughty or gentle? Am I to weep—am I——?"

"You must be a simple, modest maiden."

And straightway the young woman proceeded to hang her head, to droop her fan, to bend her neck, to blush, to curtsy, and to mutter a few simple, rustic phrases.

"Bravo! Capital!" cried Malatesta, in the greatest admiration. "You cunning jade! we shall get on famously like this. Let us proceed at once to this old miser's house."

An Italian girl's toilette is soon completed; and, in less than half an hour, Don Pasquale's domestic announced Dr. Malatesta and his sister.

The vain and crotchety old bachelor had arrayed himself in the richest costume of his wardrobe, and was now engaged in surveying his figure by the aid of a large cheval glass.

"Come now!" he said to himself, "for a man of seventy, it must be confessed that this elegant attire becomes me remarkably well! Besides, I am active and healthy as a man half my years. Hush! they are coming!"

Dr. Malatesta led in the closely-veiled Norina, whose maiden modesty seemed to overpower her as she entered the gay saloon of Don Pasquale.

"Her shyness may be easily understood," said Malatesta apologetically, as he introduced his supposed sister. "You see, my friend, she has only just left the convent."

"Brother!" half-shrieked the veiled Norina in alarm, as Malatesta endeavoured to quit her side.

"Fear nothing!" said her brother, taking her hand encouragingly.

"Ah! how miserable I shall be, to be thus left alone!"

"My dear, you are not alone. I am here—Don Pasquale is here!"

"What, a man! Quick! let us fly from this place!"

"What charming simplicity!" cried Don Pasquale, lost in admiration.

"Yes, dear sister, this is the house of Don Pasquale, the kindest of friends, and the best of gentlemen," said Malatesta, placing the hand of Norina in that of the old man, who pompously conducted her to a seat.

It is quite impossible to say how long Don Pasquale might have entreated the bashful maiden to raise her veil, had not her brother been at hand to assist the old lover in obtaining a sight of the lady's face. Her maiden modesty overcome, her veil lifted, what words could describe Don Pasquale's rapture at beholding the young lady's beautiful face.

"I am struck through the heart," he cried. "Dear doctor, ask your sister if she will have me. I cannot utter a word."

"Take courage, sister," replied Malatesta.

A low-toned "Yes" escaped the lips of Norina. It was almost a whisper, but the eager Don caught the sound.

"Oh! I am the happiest man on earth!" he cried. "Send for the notary!"

"I foresaw what might occur," replied Malatesta. "I have brought mine with me. He is in the ante-room. I will introduce him."

"The dear doctor thinks of everything!" said Don Pasquale, in admiration of his friend.

An Italian marriage by contract is a sufficiently rapid affair; and, in the present instance, thanks to the foresight of the worthy Dr. Malatesta, who had all the documents prepared, nothing being wanted but the signatures of the parties and their witnesses, the ceremony was likely to prove an extremely short piece of business. Before affixing his signature, the old Don, however, in the effulgence of his affection, dictated to the notary, "And the said Don Pasquale makes over half his goods and property, by a deed of gift before his death, to his most beloved wife. And it is his intention and wish that she should be acknowledged, both in his house and out of it, as the absolute mistress, to be served and obeyed with zeal and fidelity;" and scarcely had the lawyer written these words, when Don Pasquale wrote his name beneath them.

"Dear sister," said Malatesta, leading the bashful maiden to the table, "now is the time for you to sign."

"I do not see the witnesses," cried Norina. "One is not sufficient."

And, at the same instant, the voice of Ernesto was heard outside, in angry altercation with the domestics.

"Stand back, scoundrels!" he shouted out. "I will enter!"

And he rushed, like a madman, into the room, and went straight to the table where the lawyer was seated; but when Norina recognized her furious lover she dropped the pen with a terror that, far from being feigned, was of a most painfully real nature. As for Malatesta, he saw all his artfully-laid plans about to be foiled by the folly of the enraged Ernesto.

"Sir," said the young man to his uncle, "I have come to take leave of you before my departure, and I am debarred from your presence as if I were a thief!"

"We were busy," answered Don Pasquale drily; "but you come opportunely. We wanted a witness for the marriage. Now let the bride advance!" he said, turning to the terrified Norina with all the gaiety of a young bridegroom.

Norina, on her part, feared to come forward lest her lover should recognize her, and so spoil all. But the impatient old man took her hand and led her to the table. When Ernesto beheld his Norina, he displayed an emotion which would have excited his uncle's suspicions had not the wary Malatesta cunningly interposed himself between the nephew and Don Pasquale.

"What do I see? Norina? I must be dreaming!" said the young man, on first discovering the lady.

But the doctor almost drowned his words by the vigorous tone in which he broke out at the same instant—the while addressing himself, with a significant look, to Ernesto.

"That is the bride, Sophronia, my sister!"

"Sophronia! his sister? Oh! am I mad?" exclaimed Ernesto, with all the passionate force of his ardent nature.

"For Heaven's sake be silent!" whispered Malatesta to him. "Silence! I entreat you. Would you spoil everything?" Then, turning with his most blinding air on Don Pasquale, he added, "Excuse him, my friend; it is a painful

sight to him, but I will try to calm him. Keep silent, Ernesto," he added to the young man, as he took Norina by the hand and led her towards the table. "If you wish to lose Norina you will continue to act as you now do. Now," he said, assuming a calm and deliberate air—"now let us sign the contract!"

Ernesto, not comprehending the meaning of Dr. Malatesta, half attempted to prevent Norina signing the deed. This movement on the part of his nephew was, luckily, assigned to a totally opposite cause by old Don Pasquale, or the nuptials would have been broken off, even more speedily than they had been commenced. When both signatures had been affixed to the document, the notary, rising from the table, took the hand of Norina, and placed it in that of Don Pasquale, saying, "You are man and wife!"

The old man was almost faint with joy, and was about to embrace his charming young bride with all the ardour of a bridegroom of twenty, when the little lady turned round abruptly, her large dark eyes flashing, the colour rising into her cheeks, a saucy smile playing about her ripe lips, and repulsed him with her hand. "Softly, I pray!" said she, with a most decided air. "Calm that fiery ardour; you should ask permission first."

Don Pasquale was somewhat taken aback at this abrupt alteration in his young bride's demeanour. He, nevertheless, contrived to stammer out submissively, "But you will grant it?"

"No!" answered the lady firmly, and without the least hesitation. Though not at all fathoming the mystery of these proceedings, Ernesto could not refrain from laughing at the discomfiture of the old bridegroom. Don Pasquale turned upon him instantly, "You are merry, Mr. Impertinence! Begone instantly! Quit this house, sir!"

Norina here, however, interposed. "Oh, fie! What rudeness! I shall not hear it. Remain, my good young man. I'll teach you better manners," she added, turning to her astonished husband, who, as if doubting the evidence of his senses, cried to his friend in the greatest consternation—

"Doctor, this is quite another woman!"

"Don Pasquale," replied Malatesta, in the same tone, "I am petrified!"

"A decrepit old man!" continued Norina, her voice ascending to the shrillest notes in the vocal scale of a confirmed shrew. "Cumbrous and fat! how can you take a young wife for a walk? I must have a person to give me his arm; this handsome young fellow will do me the favour. He shall be my cavalier!"

"I will not allow this!" exclaimed Don Pasquale, foaming with rage.

"Now, dear Don Pasquale," said the young woman in a softer strain, "I entreat you to forget that word—'I will.' Let it be a rule that 'I will' is to be spoken by me only. It is for you and all in this house to obey. I alone have to command." Don Pasquale here tried to interpose—

"Silence, fool! Understand me! I have tried kindness until now, but," he shrieked out the fiery bride, making a most significant demonstration with her fingers—"but if you persist in annoying me, I know how to use my hands."

"Take—take me away," implored the old man, consternation personified, and addressing the doctor, who appeared only too eager to assist his crestfallen friend out of the apartment.

As soon as the door closed upon them, Ernesto clasped his Norina's hand.

"All is clear now!" he said. "Love alone has induced you to play this part."

"Wait till I have concluded," replied the lady. "It is not mid-day yet. We shall see what happens ere nightfall."

The first day of Don Pasquale's honeymoon promised to prove the most miserable in his whole life. For a young lady educated in the simple and severe habits of a convent, his new bride displayed a marvellous love of finery and display. To say nothing of the havoc wrought among those pet household arrangements which formed the chief delights of his heart during his happy bachelor days, his poor old head was distracted with the incessant arrival of milliners, porters laden with new and costly furniture, and perfumers' wares. The whole establishment was given over to anarchy. Everywhere—on the chairs, on the tables, on the floor—articles of luxury were strewn. Silks, ladies' dresses, furs, scarfs, lace, handboxes, dressing-combs, pomatum, hair-powder, and curling-tongs flowed in upon the house. And, as if to complete the old bridegroom's misery, an army of tradesmen overran the place, leaving long bills as a record of their incursion. Nothing could be distinguished throughout the house save a continual slamming of doors and a storm of orders and counter-orders from the bride. My lady wanted her scent-bottles, her fan, her gloves, her veil. It was made painfully clear to Don Pasquale that his young bride contemplated going out. Presently the lady herself appeared, attired after the most resplendent mode. Apparently unwilling to divert his thoughts from the tradesmen's bills which lay heaped before him on the table, she was hurrying through the apartment.

"Madame, will you be good enough to inform me where you are going?" said Don Pasquale with a strong effort to speak calmly.

"Certainly. I am going to the theatre. I want a little amusement."

"But perhaps your husband might object to it?"

"My husband will do nothing of the kind. He will be good enough to keep a silent tongue."

Don Pasquale could control himself no longer. He jumped up from his seat and placed himself between his bride and the door of the apartment.

"You shall not go out!" he said, stamping his old foot on the floor.

He had scarcely delivered himself of these words, however, ere he received a smarting box on the ear from the convent-educated bride, who, clearing her path in this vigorous manner, bounced through the door. In her haste, however, a little paper dropped from her hand. Don Pasquale snatched it up quickly, and read, as well as his eyes filled with the tears brought into them by the effect of his young bride's energetic little fist would allow—

"Adored Sophronia,—Between nine and ten I shall be at the north end of the garden. For greater security, endeavour to admit me through the secret door."

Poor Don Pasquale had hardly strength enough left to ring the bell and desire a servant to bring Dr. Malatesta to him instantly. This worthy brother of a graceless bride was overwhelmed with the disgrace and unhappiness she was about to bring upon the honourable house of Pasquale. Resolved, however, to forget the claims of kindred, he concerted with his friend to surprise the false fair with her gallant in the garden, and to assist Don Pasquale in discarding for ever a woman who was about to prove herself unworthy of a place in the affections of a husband.

At nightfall two figures, heavily cloaked, with dark lanterns in their hands,

lurked noiselessly as shadows among the tall trees in the garden of the Pasquale villa. Suddenly one of the dark figures sprang out from the concealment and turned his lantern full on a lady's face. That lady was Sophronia!

"Thieves! Help!" cries the lady.

"Silence, madame," replied Don Pasquale sternly. "Where is your gallant?"

"Who?"

"The individual with whom you were conversing just now. Wretched woman, leave my house——"

"I shall do nothing of the sort. This is my house, and I shall remain in it."

"Hear me, sister," said Dr. Malatesta, coming forward. "I speak for your welfare—I would spare you shame. To-morrow a new bride will come to this house."

"Whose bride?"

"Ernesto's—Norina."

"That woman—that coquette of a widow here! Never! I'll leave the house first."

"But here comes Ernesto himself," continued the doctor, as the young man, attracted by the lights and the voices, came down the path leading from the house.

"Your uncle grants you the hand of Norina," he said, addressing Ernesto.

"Dear uncle, can it be true?" cried the latter in an ecstasy of delight.

"I will not listen to this," shrieked the energetic Sophronia.

"Yes, yes, I consent," broke in Don Pasquale. "Hasten to fetch Norina, and I promise to unite your hands instantly."

"We need not go far," replied the doctor; "the bride is here."

"How? explain!" replied Don Pasquale, amazed.

"This is Norina!" said the doctor, leading the late Sophronia forward.

"This Norina! Oh, treachery! Then Sophronia——"

"Has never left the convent," answered Malatesta drily.

"And the marriage?" Don Pasquale gasped out.

"Was only an idea of mine to unite you in deceptive bonds, and so prevent you from contracting real ones. The rest of the romance you may easily guess."

"Scoundrel! Still I dare not believe it——"

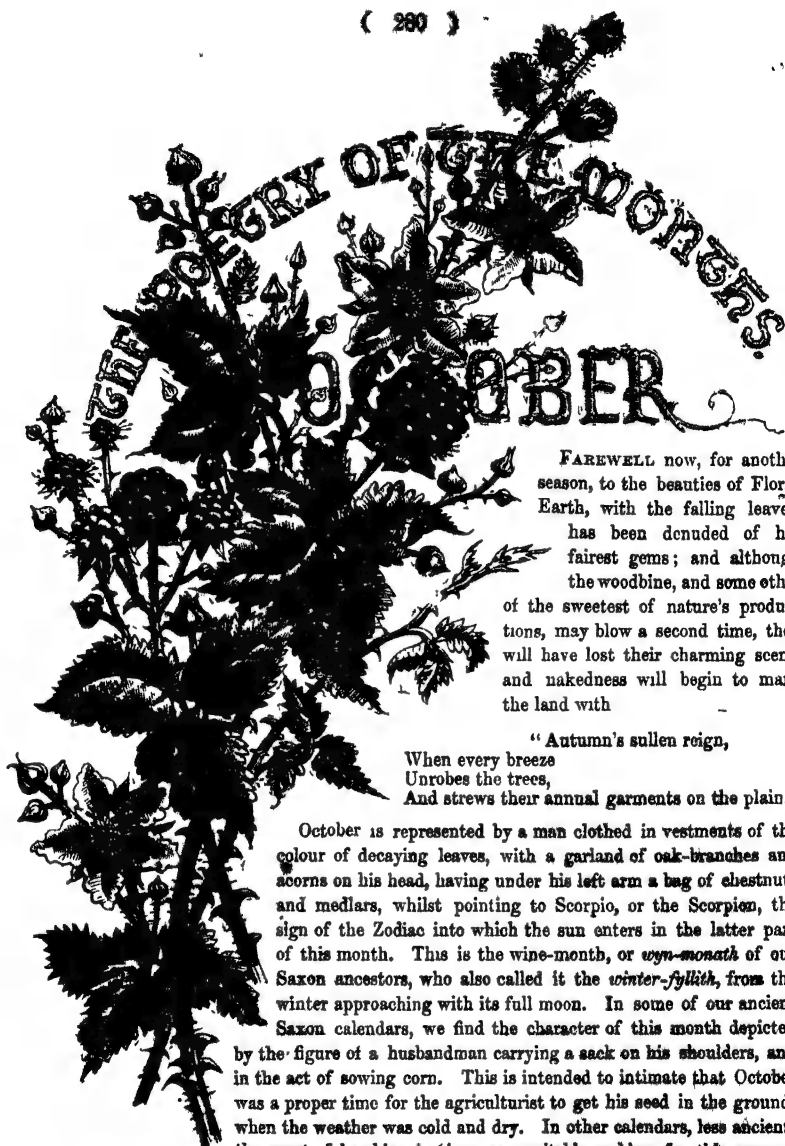
"Come, be generous, Don Pasquale," answered Malatesta with a good-humoured smile.

"Uncle, forgive us," implored the ardent Ernesto, who, with Norina, knelt and took the old man's hand.

Don Pasquale was silent a moment; then, with a sigh of relief, as though a great inward struggle had been raging and had been overcome, he said—

"I forget all. Be happy! May Heaven unite you as I do!"

"The moral of all this may be easily guessed," said the delighted Norina. "A man must be mad to marry in his old age; it is as if he invited vexations and annoyances."



FAREWELL now, for another season, to the beauties of Flora Earth, with the falling leaves, has been denuded of her fairest gems; and although the woodbine, and some other of the sweetest of nature's productions, may blow a second time, they will have lost their charming scent, and nakedness will begin to mark the land with

"Autumn's sullen reign,
When every breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain."

October is represented by a man clothed in vestments of the colour of decaying leaves, with a garland of oak-branches and acorns on his head, having under his left arm a bag of chestnuts and medlars, whilst pointing to Scorpio, or the Scorpion, the sign of the Zodiac into which the sun enters in the latter part of this month. This is the wine-month, or *wyn-monath* of our Saxon ancestors, who also called it the *winter-fyllith*, from the winter approaching with its full moon. In some of our ancient Saxon calendars, we find the character of this month depicted by the figure of a husbandman carrying a sack on his shoulders, and in the act of sowing corn. This is intended to intimate that October was a proper time for the agriculturist to get his seed in the ground, when the weather was cold and dry. In other calendars, less ancient, the sport of hawking is given as a suitable emblem for this season; and it is, doubtless, the favourite time for rural sport, especially for those of shooting and hunting.

"For now the pack, impatient rushing on,
Range through the darkest covers one by one;
Trace every spot; while down each noble glade
That guides the eye beneath a changeful shade,
The loitering sportsman feels the instinctive flame,
And checks his steed to mark the springing game."

In the calendar of the Roman Romulus, this was the eighth month of the year, as is still implied by its name, although it is the tenth in the calendar of Julius Cæsar. Like some of its predecessors, it has had various designations bestowed upon it, but it still retains the original.

Yet, "what's in a name?" Would not any other name smell as sweet, albeit it is so wonderfully distinguished for its ale? This potent beverage is a mighty favourite with our rural population.

"Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of *thirty years*; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie."

So sings Thomson, whose genius, like old October ale, always "flames" with a "light refulgent" when he comes to speak of country life and customs. This is also the month of the vintage in the wine countries of Europe, and the "luscious grapes" is gathered in and celebrated with festive rejoicing equal to that which distinguishes the gathering of the harvest in this country.

This is also the season for the taking of the honey from the bees. These industrious collectors of this precious article must now fall a sacrifice to the cupidity and appetite of man; and thousands upon thousands of them "tumble from their honeyed domes," convulsed and agonizing in the dust.

"And was it, then, for this you roamed the spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,
Ceaseless, the burning summer-heats away?
For this in autumn searched the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? For this sad fate?"

In this month, too, the taking of wild-fowl commences; and the decoy business is, by the close of October, at its greatest height. But these are "things unsuitable" for our "ENGLISH-WOMAN'S" page. Let us rather listen to the songs of our poets in this season of "vast variety of hues," when

"All the woods are hung
With many tints."

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

MOORE, 1779—1852.

Autumn Flowers.

Those few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store
How lovelier far!

And why? They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred,
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those better moments
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings!

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That Time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half-uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day—
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY. 1786—1851.

Moan, moan, ye Dying Gales!

Moan, moan, ye dying gales!
The saddest of your tales
Is not so sad as life;
Nor have you e'er begun
A theme so wild as man,
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, then withered leaf!
Autumn scars not like grief,
Ner kills such lovely flowers;
More terrible the storm,
More mournful the deform,
When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush, hush, then trembling lyre!
Silence, ye vocal choir!
And thou, mellifluous lute;
For man soon breathes his last,
And all his hope is past,
And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,
And when the leaves are dying,
And when the song is o'er,
Oh, let us think of those
Whose lives are lost in woes,
Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

H. NEALE, 1798—1828.

Autumn's Sighing.

AUTUMN's sighing,
Moaning, dying,
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows
O'er the meadows
Walk like widows
Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,
Fall unfailing,
Dropping, sailing,
From the wood,
That, unpliant,
Stands defiant,
Like a giant
Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisp,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

From th' unseen land,
Frozen inland,
Down from Greenland,
Winter glides;
Shedding lightness,
Like the brightness
When moon-whiteness
Fills the tides.

Now bright Pleasure's
Sparkling measures
With rare treasures
Overflow!
With this gladness
Comes what sadness!
Oh, what madness!
Oh, what woe!

Even merit
May inherit
Some bare garret,
Or the ground;
Or, a worse ill,
Beg a move!
At some dear-all,
Like a hound!

Storms are trailing,
Winds are wailing,
Howling, railing
At each door.
Midst this trailing,
Howling, railing,
List the wailing
Of the poor!

T. B. READ, BORN 1822.

The Departure of the Swallow.

AND is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer,
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies
From its surrounding clay.
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? Wherefore doth it go?
'Tis all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

W. HOWITT.

A Gift of Autumn.

AND, still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum, hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first feast of Mondamin,*
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

LONGFELLOW.

* Indian corn.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

The Sand-hills of Jutland. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

In her own beautiful and distant realm sat Queen Fancy; and it chanced, one day, that her eldest daughter, Fairy-tale, returned from the earth with a sorrowful air.

"What has befallen thee, Fairy-tale?" said the Queen; "why hast thou become so sorrowful and downcast since thy journey?" "I will tell thee, dear mother. Thou knowest how much I love the society of mankind—how I love to sit beside even the poorest peasant, and to while away an hour with him when his labour is over. In former times I was greeted with gladness whenever I came; and, on my departure, I was followed with smiles of delight. But, alas! it is so no more!" "Poor little Fairy-tale," said the Queen, stroking her cheek; "but perhaps this is all a fancy of thine?" "Oh no! it is only too true," replied Fairy-tale. "They do not love me any more; wherever I go I am received with cold looks. Even the children, who were once so fond of me, now put on a frown, and look wise, and turn their backs upon me." Queen Fancy hung her head a moment in silent thought. "How comes it, my daughter, that earthly folks are so changed?" "Men have put cunning sentinels on the watch," replied Fairy-tale; "they are called critics on the earth; and they are always prying into and testing everything that you send them. And if they meet with a messenger of yours who is not to their taste, they make a great fuss, and thrash him, and tell such tales about him (and earthly folks always believe what they say), that he is driven away in disgrace. Ah, dear mother! how I envy my little brothers, the Dreams, who care not a fig for these cunning folks, but skip down to earth so lightly and merrily, and visit people when they are asleep, and depict to them all sorts of charming things, to gladden their hearts and please their eyes!" "Thy brothers are light of foot," answered Fairy-Queen, "but thou hast no reason to envy them. Yet must I tell thee that I know these sentinels very well; and earthly folks are not so unwise in placing them on the watch, for many a self-conceited creature has given himself out as a messenger from us, who, after all, has only been able to catch a glimpse of my kingdom from some distant mountain or other." "But why should they ill-treat me, your eldest daughter? Ah! if thou couldst see their looks! They actually called me an old maid; and threatened never to let me pass their gates again!" "What, shut out my daughter, Fairy-tale, from their city!" cried Queen Fancy, her cheek flushing with anger. "But I know who has been the cause of this. Thy spiteful aunt has been spreading false reports about us." "Fashion! meanest thou, dear mother?" cried Fairy-tale. "Impossible! she has always pretended to be so kind to us!" "Oh, I know the wicked jade!" replied Queen Fancy; "but we must try again, in spite of her. If the old ones, who are

befooled by Fashion, despise us, why then, we must make friends with the young! They are my favourites; to them I send my prettiest pictures, by your brothers, the Dreams. Aye! and I have many times gone down to them myself, and caressed them, and played games with them; and they know me right well, too. It is true they don't know my name, but I have often watched them looking up and wondering at my stars at night, and clapping their hands for joy in the morning, when my snow-white lambs were moving across the sky. Nor do they cease to love me when they grow older; for then I teach the pretty girls to fashion garlands of many brilliant colours; and the noisy boys are quieted when I sit beside them, calling up huge castles and glittering palaces from the misty veil of the far blue hills, and forming troops of bold riders, and motley pilgrim-bands, from the crimsoned clouds of evening!" "Oh, dear mother, I will pay a visit to the children!" cried Fairy-tale; and she went down to the earth, and approached the cunning sentinels. "Halt!" cried a rough voice; "call out the watch!" and there immediately rushed out a number of angry-looking old men, carrying sharp-pointed pikes in their hands, which they turned upon Fairy-tale. "Away with you! Be off this instant!" cried they. "I only want to pay a visit to the children!" entreated Fairy-tale. "There is quite rubbish enough of your sort at present in the country," cried one; "you do nothing but talk nonsense to our children!" But one of them, as good luck would have it, said, "We will see what she has got this time!" And, thereupon, Fairy-tale waved her little hand in the air, and gay forms were seen to pass: splendidly-accented knights, and dames, and churches, palaces, kings and queens, with their equipages and courtiers—giants and dwarfs—birds, beasts, and fishes—and quiet woods, and busily-peopled cities—all floated by, a brilliant and chequered throng. But the old fellows cared not for these things, and one by one they gradually fell asleep. And at that moment, Fairy-tale saw a man approach her; he took her by the hand. "Make haste and slip through the gate," said he; "they will not know you are in the country; and you will be able to go on your way unnoticed and without interruption. I will conduct you to my children, and give you a snug little place in my chimney-corner, where you may talk to the little ones as long as you please."

Does the reader inquire the meaning of this preamble? Well, it is simply this. We hold it to be positively irrelevant to criticize Andersen. What could we do better than to reproduce the above pretty little introduction, which a great German fairy-tale writer prefixed to a collection of these, the most delightful of all literary efforts? Our only regret is, that, although we have Perrault, the Countess D'Aulnoy, the Brothers Grimm, and Basant's "Tales from the Norse," and "The Russian Popular Tales"—we cannot get more than one Andersen

to exist at a time. We take it for granted that all our readers know "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and that, consequently, they are all eagerly asking us whether these "Sand-hills of Jutland" have sent us anything as good? And to this question we unhesitatingly answer yes; and, as we must not criticize what is so much above the "fault-finder's" art—Andersen being a true messenger from Queen Fancy's domains, come to charm us with his delicate humour and brilliant imagination—we will open the welcome volume, and endeavour to give a hint as to what it contains. Nothing more than a hint, however; for did we imagine that in these days, when Mudie and his followers are an institution of the country, and when every one can borrow the book for himself, that anything we might say would be considered to afford a sufficient idea of this charming book, we should not have done so great an injustice to it as to talk about it at all.

Now, then, for an examination of our little treasure. "The Sand-hills of Jutland" contains some eighteen tales. To a fantastic mind, we can imagine no greater treat than the story of "The Girl Who Trod upon Bread" will afford. In the "Mud-King's Daughter," Andersen presents us with the picture of a wonderful stork-couple. As for the mother-stork, who, poor feathered matron, is worn-out with continual egg-hatching, the author compels us to feel the deepest commiseration for her misfortunes. Premising that the lady has grown irritable through the pressure of her incubating duties, we will select a little passage of beak-clapping between herself and lord. One evening the male stork remained out very long, and when he came home he looked rumped and flurried.

"I have something very terrible to tell thee," he said to the female stork.

"Thou hadst better keep it to thyself," said she. "Remember, I am sitting upon the a fright might do me harm, and the eggs: it be injured."

"But it *must* be told thee," he replied. "She has come here—the daughter of our host in Egypt. She has ventured the long journey up hither, and she is lost!"

"She, who is of the fairies' race? Speak, then! Thou knowest that I cannot bear suspense while I am sitting."

"Know, then, that she believed what the doctors said, which thou didst relate to me. She believed that the bog-plants up here could cure her invalid father; and she has flown hither in the magic disguise of a swan, with the two other swan-princesses who every year come hither to the North to bathe and renew their youth. She has come, and she is lost!"

"Thou dost spin the matter out so long," muttered the female stork, "the eggs will be quite cooled. I cannot bear suspense just now."

"I will come to the point," replied the male.

No one but Andersen could have made such delightfully quaint talkers of the hare, the

snail, the mule, and the fly, the sign-post and the wooden fence, as we find in the tale of "The Quickest Runners." How much we should like to extract something from the charming story called "The Neck of a Bottle!" but our readers must wait for this treat till they get the book for themselves. Then there is "The Bell's Hollow," the "Soup Made of Sausage-stick," the "Row of Pearls," and the "Old Bachelor's Nightcap." We want to make an extract, but we are embarrassed with the store of wealth Andersen has laid before us. So, as we are anxious to select something, and can't decide which is the most beautiful bit, we must invoke the aid of chance. There, we have shut the book up; and now, opening it at random, we light upon—"The Pen and the Inkstand." These implements lie upon the poet's table, and the Inkstand begins, addressing itself to the Pen, "and to everything else that could hear it on the table." "It is really astonishing, all that can come from me! It is almost incredible! I positively do not know, myself, what the next production may be, when a person begins to dip into me. One drop of me serves for half a side of paper, and what may not then appear upon it? I am certainly something extraordinary. From me proceed all the works of the poets. These animated beings whom people think they recognize—these deep feelings, that gay humour, these charming descriptions of nature—I do not understand them myself, for I know nothing about nature; but still it is all in me. From me have gone forth, and still go forth, these warrior hosts, these lovely maidens, these bold knights on snorting steeds, these droll characters in humble life. The fact is, however, that I do not know anything about them myself. I assure you they are not my ideas." "You are right there," replied the Pen. "You have few ideas, and do not trouble yourself much about thinking. . . . You supply me with the means of committing to paper what I have in me. . . . It is the Pen that writes. Mankind do not doubt that; and much men have about as much genius for poetry as an old inkstand!" "You have but little experience," said the Inkstand. "You have scarcely been a week in use, and you are already half worn out. Do you fancy you are a poet? You are only a servant, and I have had many of your kind before you came—many of the goose family. I know both quill pens and steel pens. I have had a great many in my service." The poet comes home late in the evening, and sits down to write his thoughts; but when the envious, egotistical pair are left alone again, the Pen renews the conversation by saying to the Inkstand, "Well, madam, you heard him read aloud what I had written?" "Yes, what I gave you to write," said the Inkstand. "It was a hit at you for your conceit. Strange that you cannot see that people make a fool of you! I gave you that hit pretty cleverly. I confess, though, it was rather malicious." "Ink-holder!" cried the Pen. "Writing-stick!" cried the Inkstand. They both felt assured that they had answered well; and it is a pleasant reflection that one has made a sharp reply—one sleeps comfortably after it. And they both went to sleep."

THE FASHIONS.

One of the results of the late inclement weather, quite different to that of previous seasons, has been to produce a singularity and oddness in dress which have never before been so much remarked. Muslin dresses, or dresses of a light material, worn with mantles or scarfs to match, may be seen in the same promenade with woollen dresses and cloth mantles; as well as straw and Tuscan hats, and tulle bonnets, by the side of silk ones made up with a mixture of velvet.

Piqué, or quilting, still continues in favour, and is usually braided. We must describe the toilets of two young sisters, whose appearance attracted great attention at a recent *fête* in Paris. They wore piqué dresses, braided in black at the bottom; long jackets, braided in the same manner, came to the top of the braiding on the skirt. Their bonnet: were of white tulle, trimmed with black velvet prim-roses with gold centres, and a bandeau inside to match. Two other young girls at the same *fête* had muslin dresses, with sixteen little flounces gathered; with this dress they wore a long burnous of the same material. Cerise nets confined their beautiful black hair, on which rested, in the most graceful manner, charming little Tuscan hats, with turned-up brims, trimmed with cerise velvet, and long white feathers, falling very low behind.

Another grey dress, with a long jacket, was braided with green; with this was worn a small grey straw hat, trimmed with green velvet and green leaves, the latter arranged in the shape of a feather. This original toilet was in excellent taste.

For the sea-side, DRESSES of nankeen quilting appear to be the general favourites; one we noticed was braided in white, thus. — Three straight rows, then a scroll, then three straight rows, a scroll, and so on, up to the waist. The bottom of the long jacket was trimmed in straight rows, and the body was very elaborately braided. A brown straw hat and feather would be a suitable accompaniment to this dress. The two last-named toilets are specially adapted for morning wear or the sea-side.

For visiting, or more dressy morning wear, the following is a very *recherché* toilet:—A silk dress of the new shade (rose-grey), with five graduated flounces, each one finished off by a heading. The bottom flounce, nine inches in depth, is trimmed with five rows of narrow black velvet at the bottom, with two rows of the same on the heading; the second flounce has six rows of velvet at the bottom; the third five rows, and so on to the top, always keeping two rows for the heading. With this dress a white muslin scarf should be worn, with two deep frills, each of these frills being trimmed with three smaller ones, to make the muslin look full and puffed. A white tulle bonnet completes this toilet, trimmed with a black lace lappet, the ends of which fall on each side over the curtain; over this lappet is placed a wreath of small blue flowers. The curtain is composed

of white tulle, covered with black lace. A bandeau of blonde, with small rosettes of black lace, alternately with tufts of blue flowers, to correspond with those outside the bonnet, completes the inside trimming, with white silk ribbon strings.

Although not altogether so new as some other toilets, but yet not altogether unfashionable, we saw a myrtle-green silk dress, with a double skirt, each skirt trimmed with a broad row of black velvet, carried up the skirt each side as far as the waist, forming a sort of tunic. The body and sleeves were also trimmed with broad black velvet. Over this dress was worn a handsome black Spanish lace shawl, and with it a white crinoline bonnet, trimmed with bunches of roses, fastened by a white tulle lappet, with the same flowers inside the cap.

We must not forget to mention a grey grenadine dress, with sixteen flounces, bound alternately with black and cerise chiné silk. The body was plain and high to the throat, with buttons up the front of red and black silk, to match the trimming on the flounces. The sleeves were large, and under them were worn puffed white sleeves of fine embroidered muslin. The pardessus, of the same material as the dress, was a shawl with round corners, each corner trimmed with three frills to match. The bonnet, of rice-straw, was trimmed with a wreath of oleanders, mounted on a lappet of Chantilly lace; inside, bunches of black grapes were placed alternately with tufts of oleanders.

Grey silk dresses are now very fashionable, either of pearl or steel grey. Two, we remarked, were made with plain skirts, but extremely full, with tight bodies, buttoned up the front, and pagoda sleeves, with two puffings at the top. Over the steel-grey dress might be worn a black embroidered shawl, ornamented with a wide lace; and, to complete the toilet, a rice-straw bonnet, trimmed outside with bunches of lilac, with a wreath inside of the same flowers. With the pearl-grey dress, a pretty accompaniment would be a plain black shawl, trimmed with wide Maltese lace, and a tiny heading of black jet. A bonnet of black crinoline, trimmed outside with long willow-leaves, and inside with a single poppy surrounded by wheatears, would be a suitable finish to this toilet.

GLOVES are now worn, fastened with three gold studs, and sewn with silk, to contrast with the colour of the glove; for instance, lemon-coloured ones sewn and embroidered with blue or cerise silk.

CRINOLINE still continues in favour. The circumference of the dresses does not appear to be diminishing, although certain toilets have been noticed entirely without it; but this peculiarity is as much opposed to good taste as the contrary exaggeration. For full and ball-dresses, steel petticoats are worn, covered with flounces or puffings of muslin or tulle.

The PARDESSUS and mantles for the approaching season, whether made in silk, cloth,

or velvet, will be like those of the preceding season, very large and very long. There are in preparation several elegant patterns, some of which we will describe in our next number.

Small silk embroidered muslins, trimmed with lace, are fashionable under piqué collars, with ends crossing in front. These ends are fastened by a large gold button. Sleeves to match, with the ends crossing, and fastened by a large button, should be made up on balloon sleeves of thick muslin.

We have seen some few *PURSES*, made of a network of gold and silver, with several divisions inside. They have handsome clasps, and may be fastened to the waist by means of a gold or silver hook. The taste of a lady is as well seen in the selection of these little matters as in the choice of her principal articles of dress; and, to assist this taste, we shall endeavour, in future numbers, to initiate our readers into some interesting little mysteries.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

AUTUMN DRESS, No. 1.—The bonnet is composed of white silk and black velvet, trimmed with bunches of roses and black lace. The front of it is bound with black velvet, and has a loose crown, which should be made of white silk. A bunch of roses and black lace is placed quite on the top, with two large bows of black velvet on each side. The curtain, of white silk, is gathered at the top, and finished off at the bottom with black velvet and narrow lace. The bandeau in front consists of roses to match those on the outside of the bonnet, with a cap of white blonde, and white ribbon strings. The dress, of green silk, is trimmed with ruches of black lace. The body and skirt are in one piece, with a large pleat on each side. The pelérine belonging to the body is small, and is trimmed with a puffing of silk, two inches wide, between two ruches of lace, with a frill of silk at the bottom, three inches wide, to make a finish to it. The pattern for this sleeve has been forwarded to us from Paris, and will be found on the back of the Embroidery Sheet of Patterns accompanying this number. The skirt is trimmed with buttons placed up the front, and extending as far as the neck. The puffings on the skirt are six inches wide, and are divided by ruches of black lace.

AUTUMN DRESS, No. 2.—The bonnet is made of black and violet-coloured velvet, trimmed with black and violet feathers and two bunches of snowdrops. The foundation and crown are in violet-coloured velvet; the front is bound with black velvet, and the curtain is made of the same material. Violet feathers tipped with black are placed on each side of the bonnet, and the bandeau is composed of two rows of violet-coloured velvet, with a bunch of snowdrops placed at the two extremities of the bows. The cap is of white blonde, with violet-coloured strings. *Blasé* mantle in black silk, trimmed with narrow velvet and picked silk frills. At the top, this mantle forms a large plastron, which crosses from right to left, and is fastened on the left shoulder. The plastron is composed

of a series of small gathers, crossed by narrow bands of velvet, and finished off at each end and in the middle by a button. This plastron, which is in the shape of a V, is surrounded by a little frill an inch and a quarter wide, secured at the points to about half an inch. The back of the mantle is composed of three large plaits, and in the front, on each side, one large plait. The whole of the mantle is trimmed with a narrow frill, headed by a row of velvet. The dress is of violet-coloured silk, made with a band, short waist, and bishop's sleeves gathered into a band at the wrist. The skirt has several narrow flounces, each one about three inches wide, and bound with black velvet; to the top flounce there should be a little heading, also trimmed with black velvet.

LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—Cardinal hat, parades of dark cloth turned up with black velvet, and a Scotch plaid dress.

PATTERN FOR SILK, VELVET, OR SATIN PATCHWORK.

With a view to variety, and also to acquiesce in the wishes of many of our subscribers, we this month give a design for patchwork. This pattern is suitable for innumerable purposes—counterpanes, table-cover borders, sofa-pillows, &c. It is composed of a series of perfect octagons, in dark colours, geometrically connected by four lighter-coloured pieces. Pieces of thick cartridge paper should be cut, of precisely the same size as indicated by the pattern. The silk or velvet must then be tacked on to the paper, turning the edges over; and then the various pieces should be neatly sewn together with fine silk, on the wrong side; taking care, in the arrangement of the pattern, to contrast the colours nicely, as shown in our illustration. Let it be remembered that, in patchwork, order and symmetry must be observed; thus, every second or third octagon should be similar—or some such kind of regularity be displayed—so that the general effect may be satisfactory. When all the pieces are sewn together, remove the tacking-threads, take away the pieces of paper, and the patchwork will then be ready to make up for any purpose that may be intended.

STOCKING DARNING.

"Darning Wholly Superseded" has been the heading to an advertisement of some Patent Renewable Stockings. We can with confidence pronounce this invention to be a most useful one, and entitled to meet with a large amount of patronage. Owen and Uglow's Patent Renewable Stockings are likely, indeed, to supersede darning, since, by a simple but effectual invention in the process of manufacture, the toe and heel-pieces of these stockings can, when worn, be removed, and replaced by new ones (purposely manufactured) without the necessity of seaming, or oversewing, and without in any way disturbing the fabric. Selfedges secure the threads of the stocking when the worn parts are cut away; and we may add that, when this is done, it gives amount of needle ability is necessary to convert the old stockings into new.

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNERS IN OCTOBER.

FISH.—Brill, cod, crab, eels, flounders, halibuts, lobsters, mullet, oysters, plaice, prawns, skate, soles, tench, turbot, whiting.

MEAT.—Beef, mutton, pork, veal, venison.

POULTRY.—Fowls, geese, larks, pigeons, pullets, rabbits, turkeys, widgeons, wild ducks.

GAME.—Blackcock, grouse, hares, partridges, pheasants, snipes, woodcocks, doe venison.

VEGETABLES.—Artichokes, beets, cabbages, cauliflowers, carrots, celery, lettuces, mushrooms, onions, potatoes, sprouts, tomatoes, turnips, vegetable marrows; various herbs.

FRUIT.—Apples, bullaces, damsons, figs, filberts, grapes, pears, quinces, walnuts.

SOUPS.—Jerusalem Artichoke Soup, Celery Soup, Spanish Chestnut Soup (very good), Soup à la Crêpe, Soup à la Julienne, Partridge Soup, Pheasant Soup, Rabbit Soup, Oyster Soup.

RECIPES.

Roast Partridge.

INGREDIENTS.—Partridge; butter.

Choosing and Trussing.—Choose young birds, with dark-coloured bills and yellowish legs, and let them hang a few days, or there will be no flavour to the flesh, nor will it be tender. They may be trussed with or without the head, the latter mode being now considered the most fashionable. Pluck, draw, and wipe the partridge carefully inside and out; cut off the head, leaving sufficient skin on the neck to skewer back; bring the legs close to the breast, between it and the side-bones, and pass a skewer through the pinions and the thick part of the thighs. When the head is left on, it should be brought round and fixed on the point of the skewer.

Mode.—When the bird is firmly and plumply trussed, roast it before a nice bright fire; keep it well basted, and a few minutes before serving, flour and froth it well. Dish it, and serve with gravy and bread sauce, and send to table hot and quickly. A little of the gravy should be poured over the bird.

Time.—25 to 35 minutes.

Roast Pheasant.

INGREDIENTS.—Pheasant, flour, butter.

Choosing and Trussing.—Old pheasants may be known by the length and sharpness of their spurs; in young ones they are short and blunt. The cock bird is generally reckoned the best, except when the hen is with egg. They should hang some time before they are dressed, as, if they are cooked fresh, the flesh will be exceedingly dry and tasteless. After the bird is plucked and drawn, wipe the inside with a damp cloth, and truss it in the same manner as partridge. If the head is left on, bring it round under the wing, and fix it on the point of the skewer.

Mode.—Roast it before a brisk fire, keep it well basted, and flour and froth it nicely. Serve with brown gravy, a little of which should be poured round the bird, and a tureen of bread sauce. Two or three of the pheasant's best tail-feathers are sometimes stuck in the tail as an ornament; but the fashion is not much to be commended.

Time.— $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to 1 hour, according to size.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND DIRECTIONS.

—This month a considerable increase in cold and dampness will be observable; the nights become long, and the prevalence of moisture will spoil the colour of the flowers, whose reign is nearly over. This is the time to reflect on what alterations and improvements you may wish to make to your walks, lawns, &c.; so that next month you may be ready to set about them.

PLANTING, &c.—Those asters which flower late, dahlias and chrysanthemums, will be, generally speaking, the only plants which have a flourishing appearance at this season. The latter will now be in their glory, pale as that is compared with their summer brethren gone before; they should be neatly staked and tied up, and all faded flowers quickly removed, and will, thus, look well for some weeks. Frosts will now certainly come; and as soon as the dahlias exhibit an appearance of having been attacked, then geraniums, petunias, heliotropes, and the like, will be in danger of being cut off. If not before done, let the dry roots of anemones and ranunculuses be planted, as also the bulbs of crocuses, hyacinths, and tulips; Guernsey and belladonna lilies should be placed in pots, if required to flower next year. Carnation layers and young plants should be protected from the damp and frost; and potted plants must not be left in the open air at nights, or, if it be very cold, in the daytime.

THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT TREES.

Slips of gooseberry and currant-trees should now be planted, so as to get a relay of young trees, and, if it be approved, the old ones may be pruned at the latter end of the month; many, however, prefer not to commence this operation till the turn of the year. Any young trees that may be wanted to be transplanted, can be carried at the end of the month. Fruit for keeping through the winter should now be gathered and stowed away in some cool and airy place: lightly handled, and laid so as not to touch each other, apples, pears, and the like, may be preserved for many months.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Asparagus-beds should receive a dressing, and, to keep the garden neat, this may be covered with some light soil. Celery should be earthed-up during dry weather; savoye, leeks, and such vegetables hoed. Transplanting cabbages, and other green plants, should now receive attention. The old peas will now be all cleared away, and any new ones required for an early crop should be sown in such a place as that, being exposed to cold, they may become sufficiently hardy to resist the frosts of winter, during which they should, however, be well protected. Horseradish, endive, and lettuce may be planted, and old crops and beds be removed and thoroughly cleaned, so that the whole may have a neat appearance. Parsley should have the tops cut off, to make it sprout again, and, should the weather be very severe, let it be covered, at night, with straw, or some light material.

or velvet, will be, like those of the preceding season, *very large and very long*. There are in preparation several elegant patterns, some of which we will describe in our next number.

Small silk embroidered cravats, trimmed with lace, are fashionable under piqué collars, with ends crossing in front. These ends are fastened by a large gold button. Sleeves to match, with the ends crossing, and fastened by a large button, should be made up on balloon sleeves of thick muslin.

We have seen some new PURSES, made of a network of gold and silver, with several divisions inside. They have handsome clasps, and may be fastened to the waist by means of a gold or silver hook. The taste of a lady is as well seen in the selection of these little matters as in the choice of her principal articles of dress; and, to assist this taste, we shall endeavour, in future numbers, to initiate our readers into some interesting little mysteries.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

AUTUMN DRESS, No. 1.—The bonnet is composed of white silk and black velvet, trimmed with bunches of roses and black lace. The front of it is bound with black velvet, and has a loose crown, which should be made of white silk. A bunch of roses and black lace is placed quite on the top, with two large bows of black velvet on each side. The curtain, of white silk, is gathered at the top, and finished off at the bottom with black velvet and narrow lace. The bandeau in front consists of roses to match those on the outside of the bonnet, with a cap of white blonde, and white ribbon strings. The dress, of green silk, is trimmed with ruches of black lace. The body and skirt are in one piece, with a large pleat on each side. The pelerine belonging to the body is small, and is trimmed with a puffing of silk, two inches wide, between two ruches of lace, with a frill of silk at the bottom, three inches wide, to make a finish to it. The pattern for this sleeve has been forwarded to us from Paris, and will be found on the back of the Embroidery Sheet of Patterns accompanying this number. The skirt is trimmed with buttons placed up the front, and extending as far as the neck. The puffings on the skirt are six inches wide, and are divided by ruches of black lace.

DRESS, No. 2.—The bonnet is made of black and violet-coloured velvet, trimmed with black and violet feathers and two bunches of snowdrops. The foundation and crown are in violet-coloured velvet; the front is bound with black velvet, and the curtain is made of the same material. Violet feathers tipped with black are placed on each side of the bonnet, and the bandeau is composed of two rows of violet-coloured velvet, with a bunch of snowdrops placed at the two extremities of the bows. The cap is of white blonde, with violet-coloured strings. Ristori mantle in black silk, trimmed with narrow velvet and pinked silk frills. At the top, this mantle forms a large plastron, which crosses from right to left, and is fastened on the left shoulder. The plastron is composed

of a series of small gathers, crossed by narrow bands of velvet, and finished off at each end and in the middle by a button. This plastron, which is in the shape of a V, is surrounded by a little frill an inch and a quarter wide, reduced at the point to about half an inch. The back of the mantle is composed of three large pleats, and in the front, on each side, one large pleat. The whole of the mantle is trimmed with a narrow frill, headed by a row of velvet. The dress is of violet-coloured silk, made with a band, short waist, and bishop's sleeves, gathered into a band at the wrist. The skirt has several narrow flounces, each one about three inches wide, and bound with black velvet; to the top flounce there should be a little heading, also trimmed with black velvet.

LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—Garibaldi hat, pardessus of drab cloth turned up with black velvet, and a Scotch plaid dress.

PATTERN FOR SILK, VELVET, OR SATIN PATCHWORK.

With a view to variety, and also to acquiesce in the wishes of many of our subscribers, we this month give a design for patchwork. This pattern is suitable for innumerable purposes—counterpanes, table-cover borders, sofa-pillows, &c. It is composed of a series of perfect octagons, in dark colours, geometrically connected by four lighter-coloured pieces. Pieces of thick cartridge paper should be cut, of *precisely* the same size as indicated by the pattern. The silk or velvet must then be tacked on to the paper, turning the edges over; and then the various pieces should be neatly sewn together with fine silk, on the wrong side; taking care, in the arrangement of the pattern, to contrast the colours nicely, as shown in our illustration. Let it be remembered that, in patchwork, order and symmetry must be observed; thus, every second or third octagon should be similar—or some such kind of regularity be displayed—so that the general effect may be satisfactory. When all the pieces are sewn together, remove the tacking-threads, take away the pieces of paper, and the patchwork will then be ready to make up for any purpose that may be intended.

STOCKING DARNING.

"Darning Wholly Superseded" has been the heading to an advertisement of some Patent Renewable Stockings. We can with confidence pronounce this invention to be a most useful one, and entitled to meet with a large amount of patronage. Owen and Uglow's Patent Renewable Stockings are likely, indeed, to supersede darning, since, by a simple but effectual invention in the process of manufacture, the toe and heel-pieces of these stockings can, when worn, be removed, and replaced by new ones (purposely manufactured) without the necessity of seaming, or overlapping, and without in any way disturbing the fabric. Selvedges secure the threads of the stocking when the worn parts are cut away; and we may add that, when this is done, no great amount of needle ability is necessary to convert "stockings into new."

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNERS IN
OCTOBER.

FISH.—Brill, cod, crabs, eels, flounders, laddocks, lobsters, mullet, oysters, plaice, prawns, skate, soles, tench, turbot, whiting.

MEAT.—Beef, mutton, pork, veal, venison.

POULTRY.—Fowls, geese, larks, pigeons, pullets, rabbits, turkeys, widgeons, wild ducks.

GAME.—Blackcock, grouse, hares, partridges, pheasants, snipes, woodcocks, doe venison.

VEGETABLES.—Artichokes, beets, cabbages, cauliflowers, carrots, celery, lettuces, mushrooms, onions, potatoes, sprouts, tomatoes, turnips, vegetable marrows; various herbs.

FRUIT.—Apples, bullaces, damsons, figs, filberts, grapes, pears, quinces, walnuts.

SOUPS.—Jerusalem Artichoke Soup, Celery Soup, Spanish Chestnut Soup (very good), Soup à la Crêpe, Soup à la Julienne, Partridge Soup, Pheasant Soup, Rabbit Soup, Oyster Soup.

RECIPES.

Roast Partridge.

INGREDIENTS.—Partridge; butter.

Choosing and Trussing.—Choose young birds, with dark-coloured bills and yellowish legs, and let them hang a few days, or there will be no flavour to the flesh, nor will it be tender. They may be trussed with or without the head, the latter mode being now considered the most fashionable. Pluck, draw, and wipe the partridge carefully inside and out; cut off the head, leaving sufficient skin on the neck to skewer back; bring the legs close to the breast, between it and the side-bones, and pass a skewer through the pinions and the thick part of the thighs. When the head is left on, it should be brought round and fixed on the point of the skewer.

Mode.—When the bird is firmly and plumply trussed, roast it before a nice bright fire; keep it well basted, and a few minutes before serving, flour and froth it well. Dish it, and serve with gravy and bread sauce, and send to table hot and quickly. A little of the gravy should be poured over the bird.

Time.—25 to 35 minutes.

Roast Pheasant.

INGREDIENTS.—Pheasant, flour, butter.

Choosing and Trussing.—Old pheasants may be known by the length and sharpness of their spurs; in young ones they are short and blunt. The cock bird is generally reckoned the best, except when the hen is with egg. They should hang some time before they are dressed, as, if they are cooked fresh, the flesh will be exceedingly dry and tasteless. After the bird is plucked and drawn, wipe the inside with a damp cloth, and truss it in the same manner as partridge. If the head is left on, bring it round under the wing, and fix it on the point of the skewer.

Mode.—Roast it before a brisk fire, keep it well basted, and flour and froth it nicely. Serve with brown gravy, a little of which should be poured round the bird, and a tureen of bread sauce. Two or three of the pheasant's best tail-feathers are sometimes stuck in the tail as an ornament; but the fashion is not much to be commended.

Time.— $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to 1 hour, according to size.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND DIRECTIONS.

—This month a considerable increase in cold and dampness will be observable; the nights become long, and the prevalence of moisture will spoil the colour of the flowers, whose reign is nearly over. This is the time to reflect on what alterations and improvements you may wish to make to your walks, lawns, &c., so that next month you may be ready to set about them.

PLANTING, &c.—Those asters which flower late, dahlias and chrysanthemums, will be, generally speaking, the only plants which have a flourishing appearance at this season. The latter will now be in their glory, pale as that is compared with their summer brethren gone before; they should be neatly staked and tied up, and all faded flowers quickly removed, and will, thus, look well for some weeks. Frosts will now certainly come; and as soon as the dahlias exhibit an appearance of having been attacked, then geraniums, petunias, heliotropes, and the like, will be in danger of being cut off. If not before done, let the dry roots of anemones and ranunculuses be planted, as also the bulbs of crocuses, hyacinths, and tulips; Guernsey and belladonna lilies should be placed in pots, if required to flower next year. Carnation layers and young plants should be protected from the damp and frost; and potted plants must not be left in the open air at nights, or, if it be very cold, in the daytime.

THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT TREES.

Slips of gooseberry and currant-trees should now be planted, so as to get a relay of young trees, and, if it be approved, the old ones may be pruned at the latter end of the month; many, however, prefer not to commence this operation till the turn of the year. Any young trees that may be wanted to be transplanted, can be carried at the end of the month. Fruit for keeping through the winter should now be gathered and stowed away in some cool and airy place: lightly handled, and laid so as not to touch each other, apples, pears, and the like, may be preserved for many months.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Asparagus-beds should receive a dressing, and, to keep the garden neat, this may be covered with some light soil. Celery should be earthed-up during dry weather; savoys, leeks, and such vegetables hoed. Transplanting cabbages, and other green plants, should now receive attention. The old peas will now be all cleared away, and any new ones required for an early crop should be sown in such a place as that, being exposed to cold, they may become sufficiently hardy to resist the frosts of winter, during which they should, however, be well protected. Horseradish, endive, and lettuce may be planted, and old crops and beds removed and thoroughly cleaned, so that the whole may have a neat appearance. Parsley should have the tops cut off, to make it sprout again, and, should the weather be very severe, let it be covered, at night, with straw, or some light material.



VENTRILLO.—There is no "royal road" to matrimony; you leave us in doubt, moreover, as to whether you have even a single member of the opposite sex among your acquaintances. As a matter of course, the elements of a husband are to be found in men only; you will, consequently, perceive the necessity for knowing one, at least, of that sex from which husbands are selected.

MARY W. BRADSHAW.—The pattern of a slipper with flowers shall be given, as you desire, in a month or so; but we have many, very many wishes to gratify.

QUERY.—Mr. Alexander Ross, to whom we have applied, declares that the depilatory which he manufactures is perfectly harmless.

C. MICKLEBURGH.—The best lithographic chalk is manufactured by Lemerier, of Paris, sold by Messrs. Barbes, Quadrant, Regent-street. It can be kept crisp and hard by putting it in tin boxes and using it in porte-crayons.

J. G.'s humorous contribution is declined with thanks. We regret not having space for its insertion.

W. J. P. (Malvern).—We regret that this contribution is too lengthy for our limited space.

E. F. MORRIS.—Will insert if possible.

E. H. FLEMING.—Declined with thanks.

We are sorry we cannot find space for A. H.'s contribution.

M. WHITE.—Every purchaser of the twelve numbers of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* has a chance of sharing in the Distribution of Prizes given by the Art-Union of London. These Cheques have to be sent, in April next, to the Publisher, with the name and address of the Subscriber written on them. This proves that they have purchased the twelve numbers.

EMMELINE.—Rowlands' Odonto is, we believe, the best dentifrice.

MEDICUS.—It is a very safe and wholesome preparation, we understand.

MISS E. BRADLEY.—"The Eird Tribe," respectfully declined.

MARIA B.—*Bal-mor-al*.

KATHERINE MAY DAT.—We regret the verses are too long for our limited space.

HANNAH P.—(Birmingham).—We shall endeavour, probably, in our next volume, to meet your wishes. The subjects are in preparation.

A BRATING HEART.—Request the "young man" to plead his cause and your own before your parents. Hope and wait.

BESSIE WILLIS.—Inclose the MS. to any music publisher; if suitable for publication, he would, doubtless, comply with your request.

A. T.—We earnestly hope that matters are not so bad as you describe, but that, in a moment of wounded feeling, you have unconsciously overdrawn the picture of your trials. Surely, if you were to state your case to your parents as clearly as you have to us, some mode of obviating the annoyances to which you are subjected would be devised.

YEARN.—To your first query, yes. With respect to your second, we are not acquainted with any "safe, simple, and efficacious recipe" for increasing the growth of eyelashes. The art of beauty is still in a very imperfect condition. In a generation or

two some great discoverer may arise and turn his attention to the subject. But, on the other hand, it might possibly happen that eyelashes might then be deemed decidedly unfashionable; in which case the great discoverer would, of course, endeavour to find out the best mode of eradicating them. So you perceive there is no certain present or prospective help for us; hence, we had better leave Nature and her eyelashes alone in this respect.

ESPERANCE.—We have to express regret that our want of space will not permit our inserting the names of contributors who kindly supply us with extracts for the "Poetry of the Months."

TIT's contribution is respectfully declined.

HONESTICES' verses are pretty, but want of space prevents our inserting them.

WALTER WEVER.—Respectfully declined.

W. H. C. N.—Your lines are so good that we regret we cannot find space for their insertion.

MRS MERKILIES.—The verses are very pretty, but we are compelled to decline them.

VIOLET.—We are somewhat at a loss what advice to give as you have not informed us what are your accomplishments. If you can draw and colour well, you might try water-colour or oil-painting.

A SECOND FLORA MACDONALD, Edinburgh.—Humour, perhaps, and not wit, is the proper designation for the kind of thing produced in the North; and, although the distinction between wit and humour is undoubtedly real, yet there is some difficulty in defining it. Sidney Smith declared that one point of the distinction in which Scotchmen fail is their insensibility to the wit of others, although they are capable themselves of saying shrewd, sarcastic, and "pawky" things. "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding," said the Canon of St. Paul's; but then he was hardly a fair witness, for there is no doubt his spirit was provoked by the hard, practical estimate which the canny men of the North formed of his peculiar irony.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—C. D., Gracechurch-street; S. E. R., Maria Shand, "Twirling the Hat," T. U., "Lines from an old Album," M. A. C., H. B. C., J. C. T., Adeline Stewart, Topsy, Frances B., Kathleen, Jane Park, Lottie, J. I. S., Miss Webb, An Old Man's Story, E. L. Spencer, Mary Hudson, "A Governess Pupil," "Esperance," Olivia G., L. F., Mr. G. Italy, "A Fragment," Lily, "The Echoing Horn," May Lillian, E. O., M. A. H., E. Turich, C. D. F. G., Carlisle, "Legend of a Country Village."

* * * The Editor cannot answer queries concerning the receipt of cheques. A space equal to the whole of the Magazine would be necessary, if we undertook to acknowledge the safe arrival of some 40,000 differently-numbered cheques.

* * * We have received many angry letters from our subscribers, complaining of the non-receipt of their numbers of this Magazine. In a few instances we have been unable to supply the demand sufficiently quickly, as the elaborate nature of the Fashion-plate and Berlin Wool-work Pattern demands great care in their manufacture; but frequently our fair correspondents are themselves to blame, for not seldom we receive orders without sufficient address, and sometimes without any address at all; and there have been one or two cases in which stamps have been received without any name or address whatever. We would ask, therefore, our subscribers to be kind enough to write their names and addresses perfectly clearly and legibly, and at full length; for although, in the letter itself, we are enabled by the context easily to understand what is required to be forwarded, yet in the matter of proper names it is not so easy for our clerks to decipher these. Much disappointment, inconvenience, loss of time, and money, would be saved both to our subscribers and the publisher if, in the instances we refer to, greater care were exercised.

* * * It is impossible for the Editor to undertake to return rejected contributions.

